Jan. 17, 1959

THE NEW YORKER

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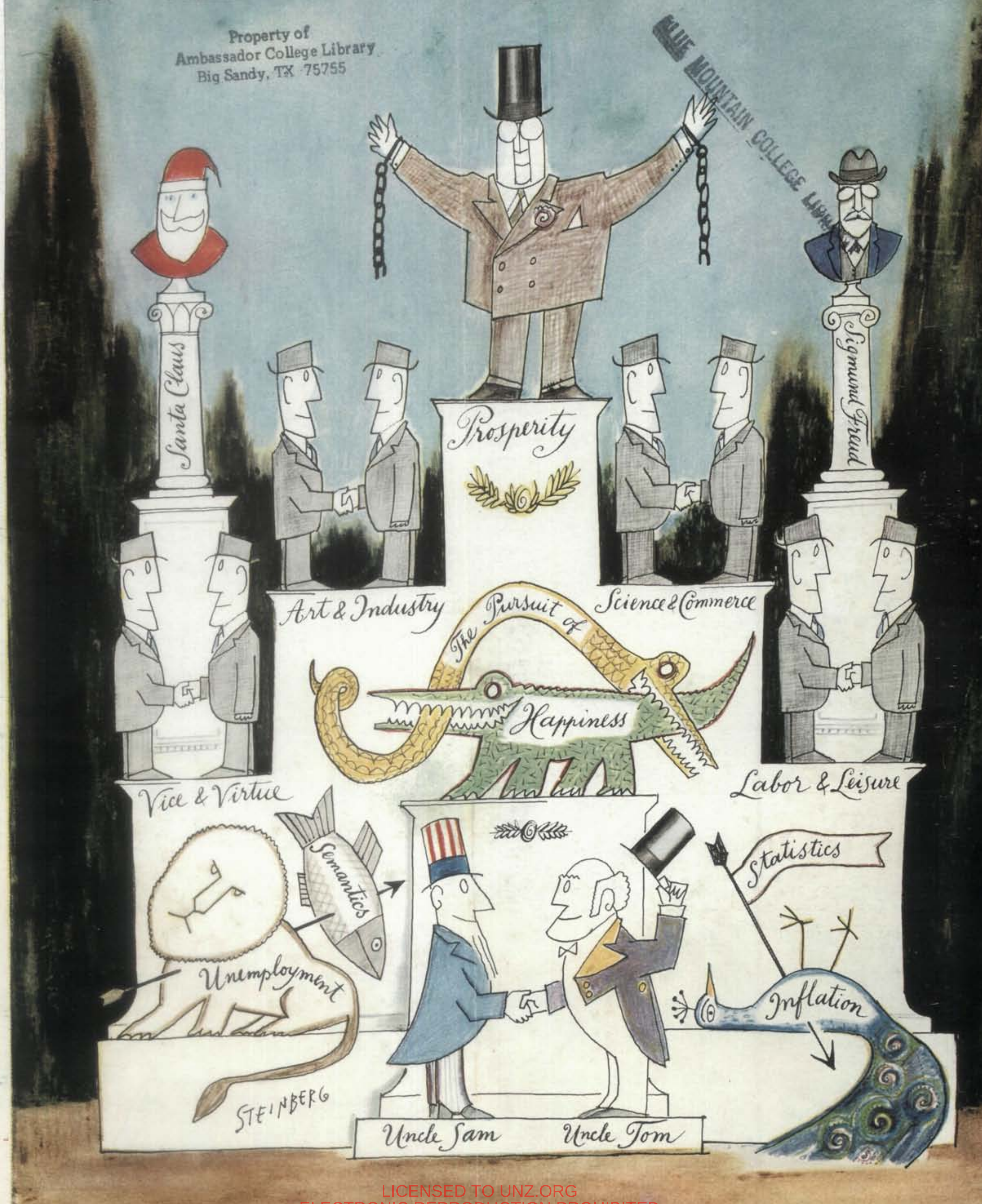
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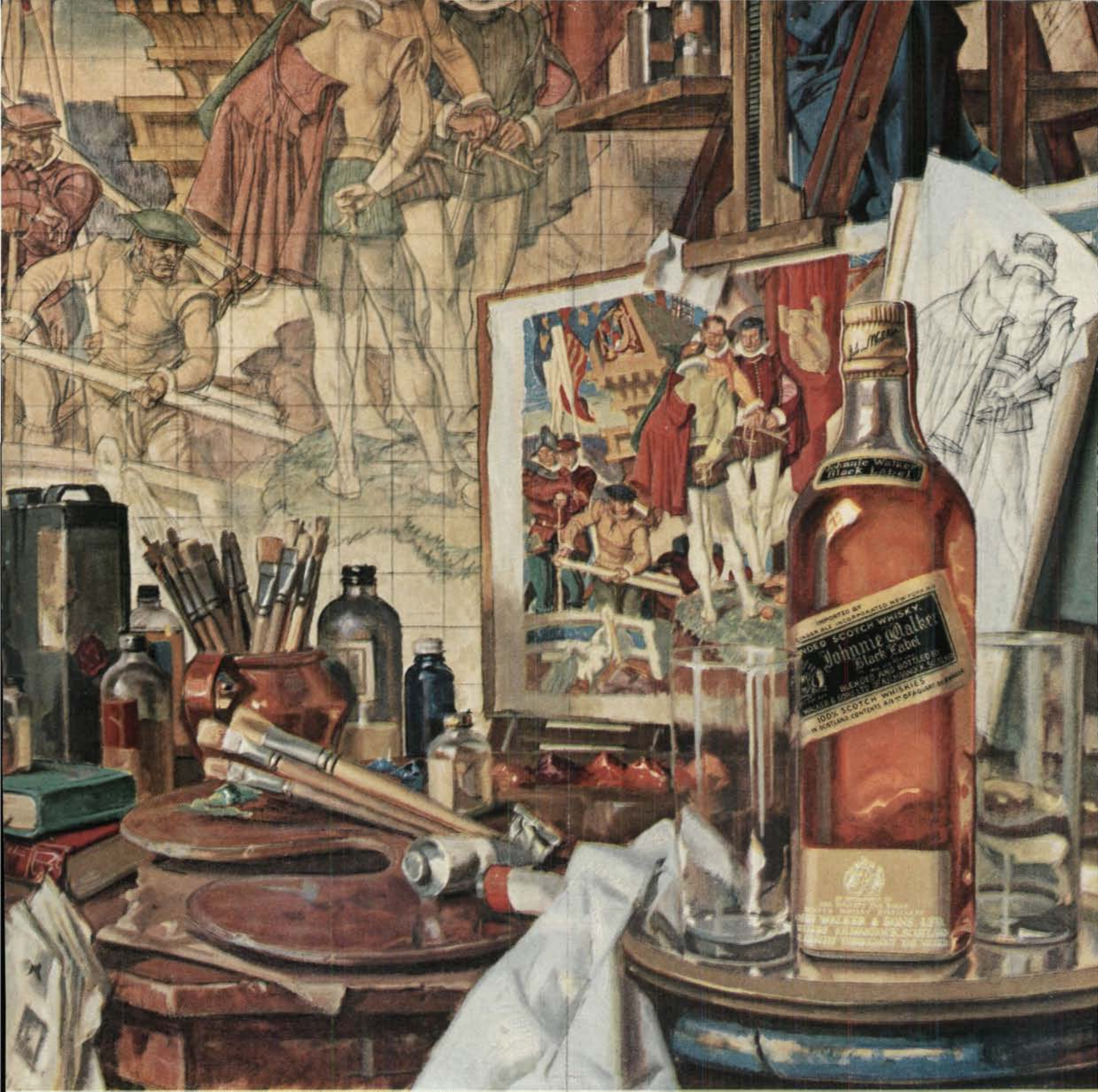

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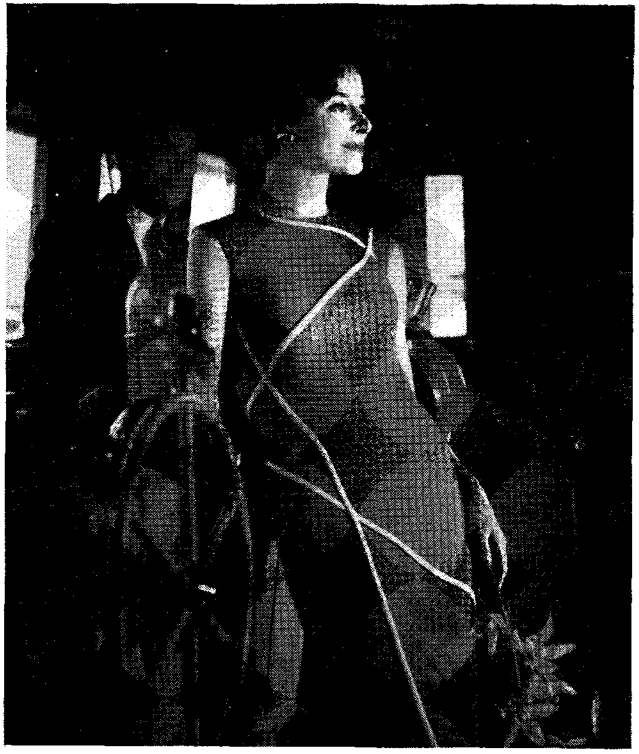

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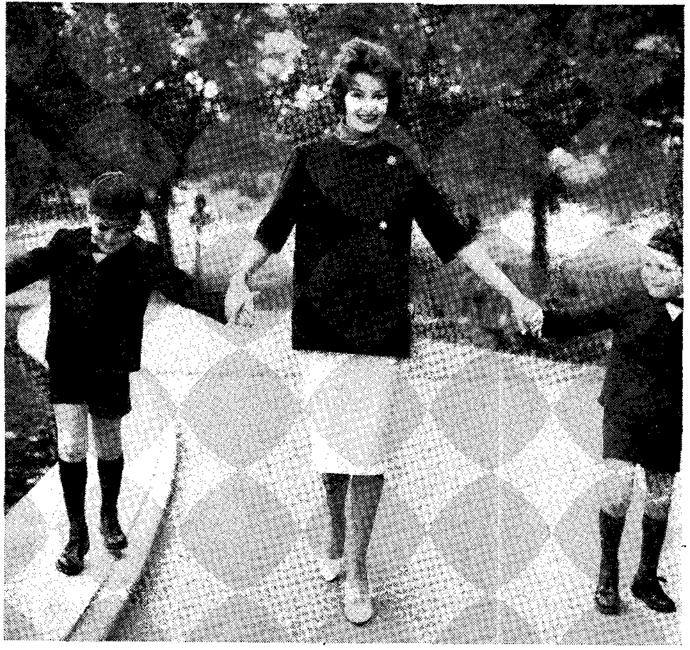

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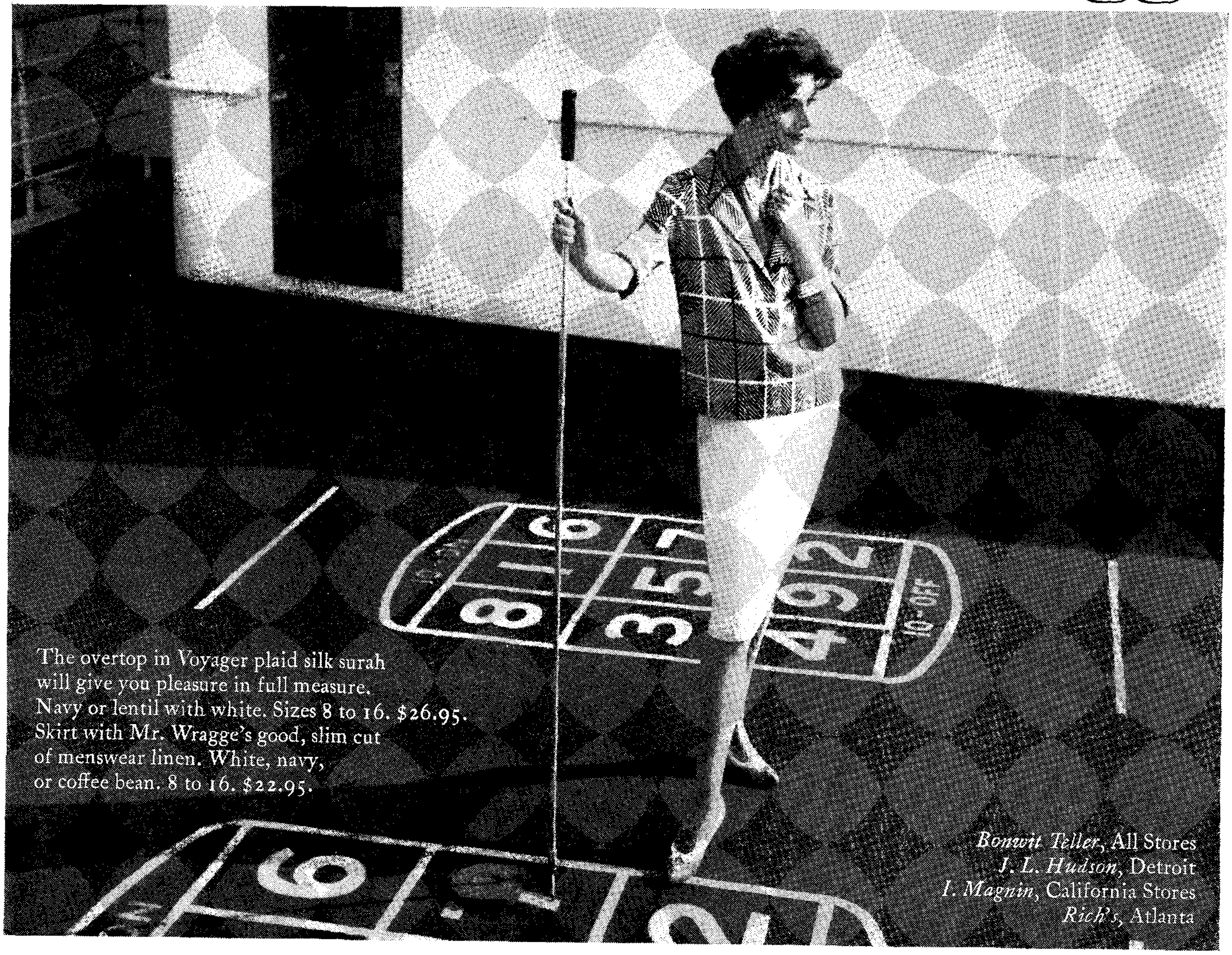

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ages of Man—John Gielgud in a solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Presented for a five-week engagement by Jerry Leider, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 31.)

The Cold Wind and the Warm—An exercise in nostalgia, by S. N. Behrman, concerned with the author's growing pains as a boy in Worcester, Massachusetts. Rather shapeless, but with a superior performance by Maureen Stapleton, who portrays a cheery marriage broker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—Jason Robards, Jr., does a fine job as the hero of this account of the last sad days of a writer who resembles F. Scott Fitzgerald, but the play, written by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, is an uneven work. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—Happily resurrected after an overhasty burial, this searching play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton concerns a rapacious young Englishman, trapped in suburbia, who can't decide whether he's a genius or a fraud. Robert Stephens is alarmingly good as the hero, a sinking ship firing on its rescuers, one of whom is Eileen Herlie. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2:40.)

The Gazebo—A slight comedy by Alec Coppel having to do with a television writer who somehow becomes entangled in a murder case. Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows are the leading players. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—A play that makes wide, satirical gestures but delivers nothing but jokes. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are as funny as they can manage to be in the roles of a pair of Republican fugitives from Socialism. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

J. B.—Archibald MacLeish's variation on the Book of Job (the Lord's afflicted is now a modern businessman), which is sometimes hard to follow but has the benefit of brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. Elia Kazan has directed the drama with extraordinary skill. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—There is nothing particularly original in this comedy by Leslie Stevens, which has to do with the difficulties of a happily married professor trying to keep his monogamous balance while being pursued by a Swedish Amazon, but Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, and Julie Newmar frequently sparkle in the principal roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, with Feeling—A farce about the symphony-concert business that contains a few bright lines and a great deal of nonsense. With Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Joseph Buloff. (National, 41st St.. W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 18.)

The Pleasure of His Company—Cyril Ritchard has given smooth direction and a polished performance to this somewhat sententious comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, about family life in San Francisco. The cast also includes Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner herself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Third Best Sport—Celeste Holm has a few fine *moments in this rather toothless satire about* the plight of a newly married girl in the midst of a business convention in Florida. The authors, who drew the teeth, are Eleanor and Leo Bayer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—Eugene O'Neill's play about life in the United States back in the eighteen-twenties. A satisfactory drama that has the estimable services of Helen Hayes. This is its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A small, trite hymn to love in Hong Kong, lavishly orchestrated, and played with quiet skill and sincerity by a new actress named France Nuyen. Others in the cast are William Shatner and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the dark at the top of the stairs: Oklahoma family life in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Audrey Christie, and George L. Smith have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.) . . . **look homeward, angel:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel, reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **say, darling:** This backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond are in the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.) . . . **sunrise at campobello:** Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play centering on three crucial years in the late President's life. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **two for the seesaw:** Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—East meets West, rather coyly, in the disappointing new show that Rodgers and Hammerstein have composed for a buoyant company, among whose members are Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden. It all happens in San Francisco. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées *Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)*

Goldilocks—Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche in a handsomely dressed musical treatment of early motion-picture days that is fast, funny, and sometimes even thoughtful. Book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—A stimulating importation from France, which has been beguiling audiences in Europe for a decade and will probably do the same for you. A creation of Robert Dhéry, who is also the most prominent performer, the revue includes such other sound types as Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. They speak English when speaking is absolutely necessary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whoop-Up—An earsplitting account of life and love on an Indian reservation, with a pounding score by Moose Charlap. Susan Johnson, Paul Ford, and Danny Meehan are audible above the orchestral tumult. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **jamaica:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen com-

Page

THE ART GALLERIES 77
BOOKS 94
THE CURRENT CINEMA 83
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 85
THE RACE TRACK 74
THE THEATRE 72

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

posed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 18.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Norwood Smith, substituting for Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

DIVERSIONS—The six sprightly clowns who people this excellent revue seem to have no difficulty in adjusting to the hopelessly strabismic view of the world held by its author, Steven Vinaver. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's well-known drama. Most conspicuous among the talented players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—An intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag play the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the other players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Shust, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—All about how the reactionaries hounded Joe Hill, the celebrated union martyr, through both the lower and the higher courts of Utah, and through the board of pardons as well. For dramatic purposes, any one of these sessions would have been enough to establish the point; all of them together are a great deal more than enough. Barrie Stavis wrote the play, and Mark Gordon acts the part of Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

MANY LOVES—A verse comedy by William Carlos Williams, with Judith Malina, George Miller, and William Callan. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

ON THE TOWN—Harold Lang and Pat Carroll in a revival of the 1944 musical, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Leonard Bernstein. Opens Thursday, Jan. 15. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. JU 6-7663. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

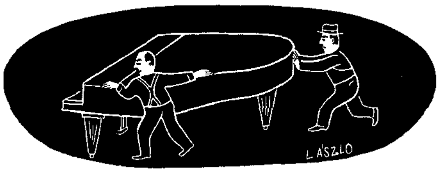
THE POWER AND THE GLORY—A powerful dramatization, by Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost, of Graham Greene's novel about a grubby and thoroughly disreputable Mexican priest who achieves an odd kind of sanctity as he is hunted down and finally killed during the anticlerical period of the early nineteen-thirties. Fritz Weaver is superb as the cleric, and the rest of the cast is not far behind. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—A grim comedy, by Brendan Behan, about life and death in an Irish prison. The play is occasionally discursive and uncertain in its development, but it offers, by way of handsome compensation, many sharp and mordantly funny sketches of life behind bars. Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers figure in a large and very able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a four-year run in London. To see it is to understand why the English are said to take their pleasures sadly. Prominent in the cast are Barbara Franklin and Richard Easton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)



'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A tragedy of incest by the Jacobean playwright John Ford. Despite the author's serious intentions, the drama falls short of tragic significance, and is further compromised by an intricate, tedious, and unnecessary subplot. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the impassioned siblings, and Martin Kosleck the wicked Vasquez, who engineers their downfall. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Concerto Barocco," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Stars and Stripes." ... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Octet," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Medea," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 18: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 18: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Native Dancers," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 20: "Swan Lake," "Concerto Barocco," "Pastorale," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Native Dancers," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Fanfare," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Agon," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Square Dance," "Souvenirs," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Interplay," "The Cage," "Pastorale," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

MISCELLANY

BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 24.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1959." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6. Through Sunday, Jan. 25.)

MAE BARNES—Comedienne, singing to the accompaniment of the Three Flames. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Jan. 19, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. The accompaniment is handled by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the robust voices of Mark Dawson and Jim Hawthorne, plus the fluttery voice of Lois Hunt, are on a sentimental journey back to the small and enchanted world of Jerome Kern. The point of departure is nine-thirty during the week, and nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing the rest of the time to the true-blue New York bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, din-

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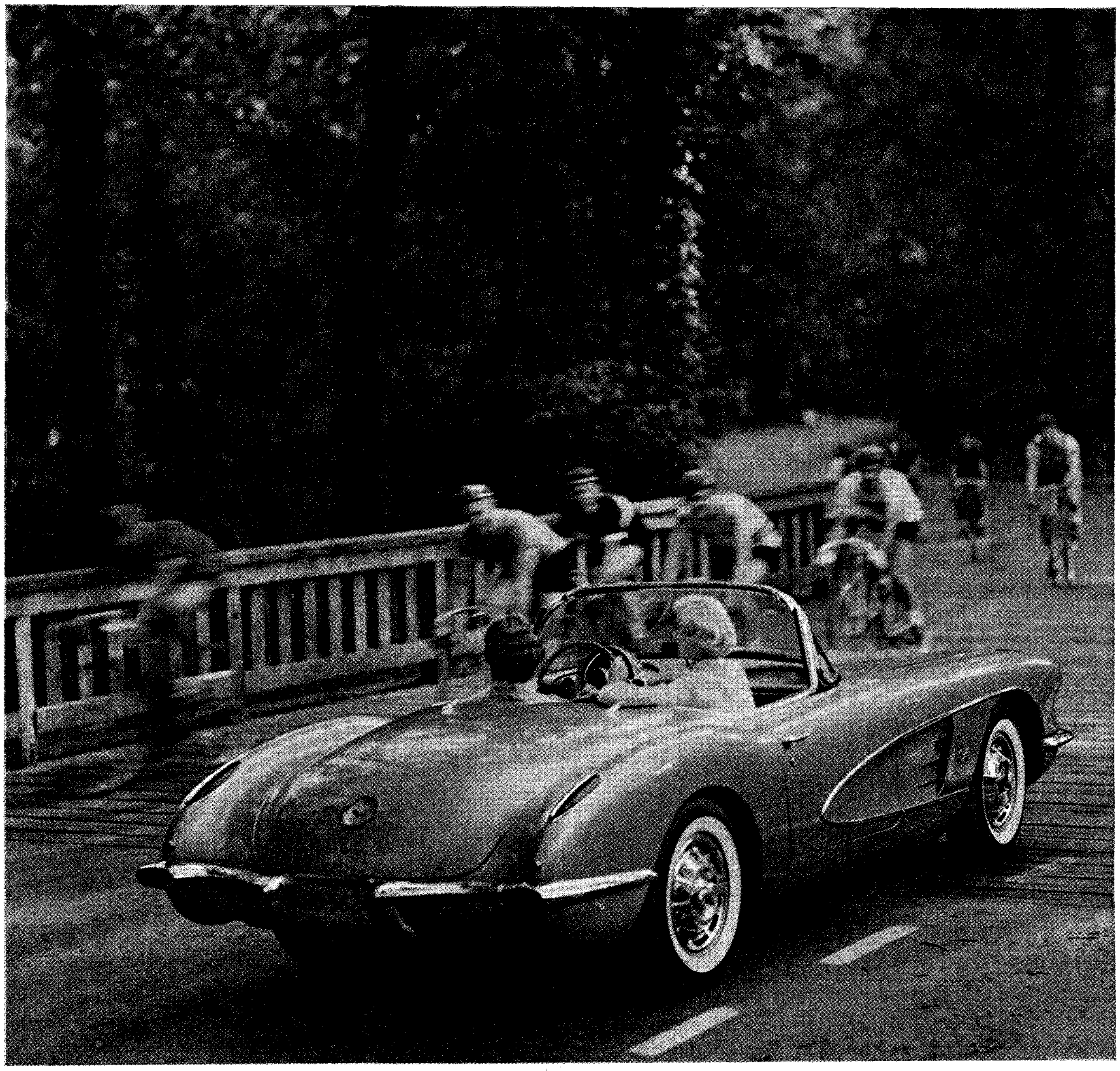

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

ner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a rather de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The causeries of Carol Channing, patron saint of gentlemen, blondes, and diamonds, suggest that what every girl needs is a sound business administration. This plausible premise is set forth at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Ted Straeter's orchestra, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's posse of instrumentalists operate before, between, and after. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's collection of mourning doves is in the old groove, commonly known as the Grill, where it coos leisurely dance music for the millions every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, Rosita Serrano, a woman of the world whose Spanish is a far cry from Berlitz and whose voice is a far cry from Tin Pan Alley, sings from the heart. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari volunteer their bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti is in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, to accommodate those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The mating and baiting calls of Eartha Kitt, a compact little passionflower, never sounded better than they do in the Empire Room, which she inhabits at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout state the dance music all evening in no uncertain terms. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's browsing music, Mondays through Thursdays, by Jozsi Ribari's group. On Fridays and Saturdays, it plays for dancing from seven to twelve. The band is away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the dance job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, reached by convenient ski tow from the lobby of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, offers languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage, which burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately ease. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently from five to eight-thirty, and Johnny Mehegan does muted new-school jazz from nine to one. Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. Rack Godwin, who has the run of the local piano from nine o'clock on, is second to none at inserting the unexpected internal rhyme and the unexpected tempo into his soliloquies. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First childhood, second childhood, and other harmless games happen all evening long in this bar-and-grill. Wayne Sanders and Bob Printz take turns at animating the piano from five until a late late curfew. Goldie Hawkins, proprietor and principal pianist, returns to action on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Life with Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* whose one-of-a-kind chansons are compounded of wise words, witty words, and a pocketful of wry words. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Don't look for her before eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Ralph Strain's piano is well versed in the Romance languages. He and it are at work from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAYBILL,** Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): When in doubt, use scarlet plush. The result—a duplex with an upstairs bar (Cy Walter's fifty fantastic fingers at the piano from five-thirty to eight-thirty) and a downstairs dining room (Mr. W. from ten to one)—will make you see red for days. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from pillar to post, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are addressing the piano and the guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian military man, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): On calm evenings, the choral and instrumental work of Johnny LaSalle's quartet and Cecil Young's duo comes in clear and joyful as a bell; on bustling evenings, you may just have to study the odd art gallery that snakes along the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of a venture devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, shies away from many of the ills that cocktail pianists are prone to. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, an old-fashioned apartment with big rooms and high ceilings, offers Steven Weltner, a pianist with a firm but not obtrusive grasp of the keyboard. He's on from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): A town-and-country picnic ground, thoughtfully provided with tables, chefs, wine cellar, and piano, the last of which is in the hands of Marty Berns on weekdays and Joe Moon on Sundays. Their music, conversational in tone, is on tap from seven to one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibit of oak panelling, there's the on-the-beam piano of Al Mello from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins, throbbing sopranos) could be the banks of the Seine, the Danube, or just the East River. Dancing from ten-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

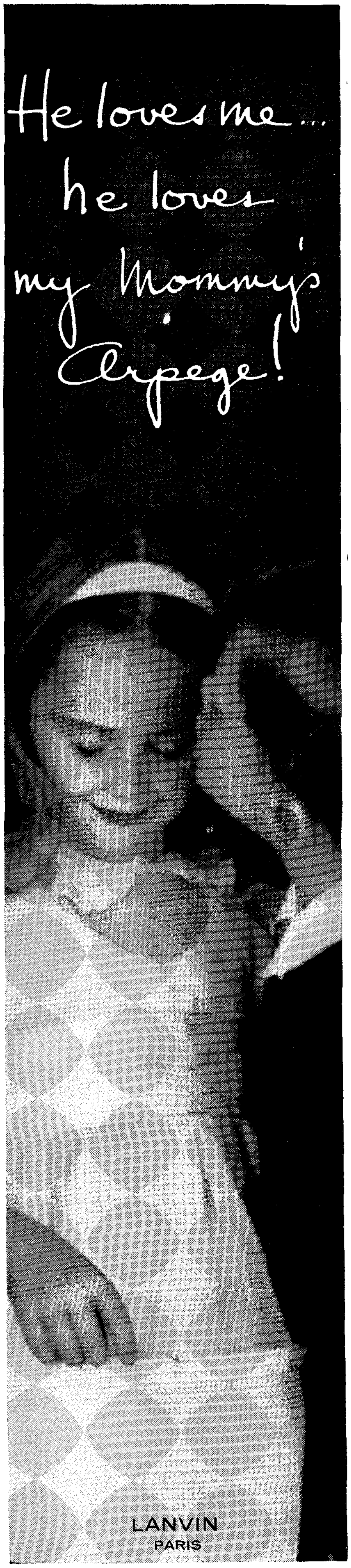
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No matter how the winter winds do blow, this is Manhattan's most comfortable nudist colony, whose late-to-bed-and-late-to-rise philosophy makes all the pretty girls look healthy, wealthy, and wise. One of the prettiest is Jaye P. Morgan, who, aided by her three Morgan Brothers, sings like a lark, and there's also cheerfully idiotic mummery by Harry Mimmo. The house guests can dance, if they like. . . . **CASA CUGAT,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Los Estados Unidos de Mexico in the midst of a jubilee for all comers, who are egged on by the powerhouse Latin band of Xavier Cugat and the Manhattan band of Charles Holden. The dance floor is yours from six-thirty until dawn; for superhumans, there are also Saturday and Sunday matinées, beginning at three. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Those who feel at home at hockey nights in Madison Square Garden will feel at home here. The sole object to draw one's attention from the surroundings is the ageless Jimmy Durante, the hubbub of the universe. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a dragonfly with a clarion voice, turns many a foolish song into utter and splendid chaos, and the Kingston Trio, a fine-looking body of young men, do things to folk music that would terrify its authors. Also present are Bob Lewis, who gives readings from the collected works of Joe Miller, and Los Indios Tabajaras, two troubadours from the Brazilian upland, who sing artlessly and charmingly. (The Kingstons will slope off home for a while as of Sunday, Jan. 18.) The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. Nine-forty-five is kickoff time on Fridays and Saturdays, ten-thirty the rest of the week. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six shining faces (Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Jack Fletcher, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall) in shining armor, which is provided in satisfying measure by the most recent and easily the most sardonic revue put together by Julius Monk, lord of this manor. It is taken off its leash at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. The entire orchestra is the pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This, the nether half of Julius Monk's wayside inn, is occupied after the theatre by Katie Lee, who, behind her innocent façade of Westchester-younger-married, is a caldron of ditties that should make Jung and Freud flee for their lives. Stan Keen and Carl Norman, her cavaliers, play sportive piano most of the night. The bar opens at five, the music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The cuisine,



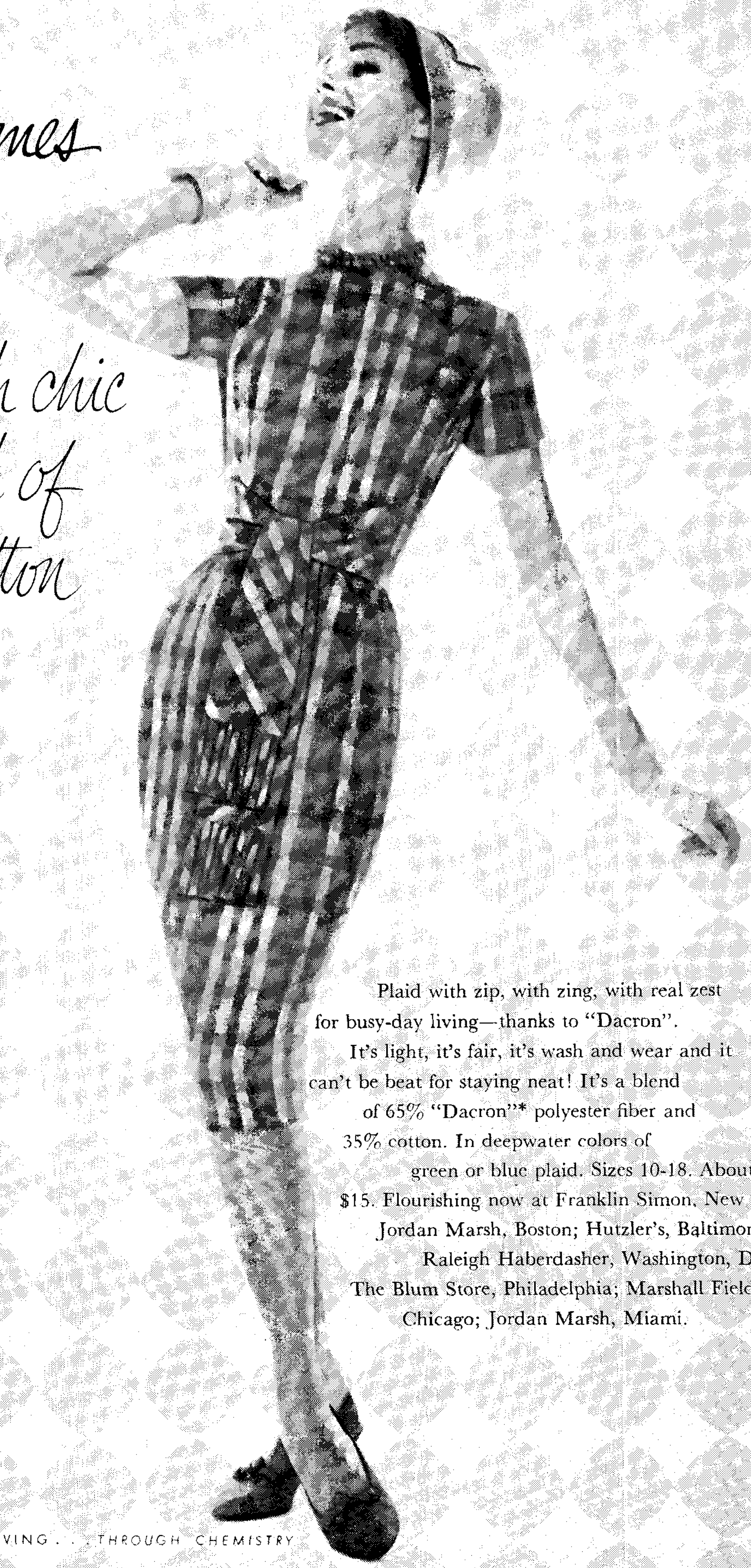
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

décor, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Herman Chittison unrolls his crisp, clean jazz piano and Greta Rae (a newcomer to the game) sings. Fridays and Saturdays, Enzo Lembo, a novitiate but engaging Roman, gives tongue to old Roman ditties. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Gigi Durston, who'll be staying home on Sunday, Jan. 18, will do her final set of ballads the following night; Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, those anything-goes vaudevillians, will wind up that same Sunday. On Tuesday, Jan. 20, a new show will arrive. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, the establishment's permanent party, will go right on playing piano. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The old root cellar of the Hotel Duane, converted into a rostrum for Milt Kamen, a casual explorer of the fourth dimension of the day's news. In the background are Little, Dane, and Mason (a glee club, not a law firm), as well as Jo March, just one of those singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another institution, the Midtown Café, from which it's wholly divorced—as it is from the rest of the world. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs the way they were written, is in charge; Baldwin Bergersen, playing mood piano, and Gene Hunt, a ragtime pianist, occupy niches. This is the Wednesday-through-Saturday arrangement; the remainder of the week, which includes a Sunday matinée (three to six), the Tarriers, who sing to their own guitars, take over. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, a truly hearty soul, can horsewhip any tune to within an inch of its life; Alice Ghostley can get an extra nuance out of any lyric; Tony and Eddie are the noisiest pantomimers in the business. More turmoil is provided by Jimmie Daniels' airy madrigals and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Murray Grand is the interlude (if any) pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, a long-absent California composer and artful declaimer of choice boy-meets-girl chansons, has the use of the local piano. Jack Kelly, another infrequent visitor from the West Coast, has an up-and-coming trio in operation. Mr. Dennis is off duty Sundays; Mr. Kelly stands pat. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): *Se habla español,* and very little else. In a corner of the bar, Ray Tico, Costa Rican troubadour and guitarist, soothes savage breasts with his eloquence; in another room, Panchito's band helps the guests do Spanish fandangos when the same sort of thing isn't happening onstage. The dance music begins at nine and Mr. Tico begins at ten. The sole non-Latin touch is Kuldip Singh, unquestionably our first Pakistani crooner and unquestionably a handsome one. Sundays, there's a dance matinée from three to eight, and nothing else. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA,** 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Another wholly regional gathering place, in this case Israeli. Indigenous handicrafts (song, dance, cuisine, humor) are on display every night but Monday. The singer: Shoshana Damari, whose voice has the force of seventy-nine trombones; the wits: Leo Fuld and Jackie Clark, some of whose sayings you'll also pick up on Broadway. Dancing. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): A very young portmanteau revue, not entirely past the awkward stage but ending with a Garrison finish, and constructed largely by a very young man named Timothy Gray, with assists from such worldling librettists as Hugh Martin, Ralph Blaine, and Sheldon Harnick. The leading citizens are Ellen Martin (who's no bigger than a pine needle but who has a pine needle's pungent tang), Sheila Smith, and Lynne Stuart. Performances at nine-thirty and twelve every night but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day is making wondrous cat's cradles out of the simplest jazz tunes, and Sonny Rollins' threesome is also plumping for geometrical progression in music. They all go away on Sunday, Jan. 18. On Tuesday, Jan. 20, the free-style Dave Lambert Singers (Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross abet Mr. L.), Nat Pierce's trio (their instrumental support), and Orson Bean, one of Harvard's brightest college yearlings and annotators, will arrive. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session; closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Dukes of Dixieland, familiar here only as performers on wax, tape, and the air, can now be seen by the naked eye. Peter Appleyard (of England, which is a long way from Dixie) runs an opposition (or new-style) quartet. Other hands gambol Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is ten-fifteen, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five dwell upon early life on the Mississippi. Jam sessions Sunday afternoons, lights out Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are such men as Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and Claude Hopkins. On Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday nights, a quintet owned by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins raises its dizzy head. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A trio led by Billy Taylor, a modernist piano man who has seen all, heard all, and improved upon most of it, keeps the back room in an amiable frame of mind. Gene Rodgers' threesome is also there. The day's work commences at nine. The Rodgerses stay home on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A better idea of life on the moon than the Hayden Planetarium has ever offered. In the midst of all the unreality, Urbie Green's band and Ernestine Anderson's soprano lead the devout in prayer. Jam sessions Mondays by earnest guest strivers. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The message of Jonah Jones' quartet (a remembrance of times past) is now and then garbled in transmission because of the discussion groups at the ringside tables. The musicians don't begin until eight-thirty, so the orators down front have a head start. Marshall Grant's trio, the other incumbent, goes away on Saturday, Jan. 17; Charlie Beal's trio comes in on Monday, Jan. 19. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims' quartet, lately enhanced by the advent of Mose Allison, on piano, is having its say (some of it in hieroglyphics, though) in an unelaborate but pleasant outpost of civilization. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Time cannot wither the fierce intensity or the homemade harmonics of the men who assemble weekends to talk over the old days. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, the personnel should include Charlie Shavers, Jo Jones, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Panama Francis, Dick Wellstood, Tony Parenti, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gene Sedric. . . . VERSAILLES, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Not every prospect pleases, but Blossom Dearie, child of Nature, is singing her bantering ballads to the accompaniment of her own artful piano, and Jacques Kayal is singing aromatic *français* to the accompaniment of *his* piano. Monday is her day away, and Tuesday is his.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Arbit Blatas—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Friday, Jan. 16. (Associaated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Gandy Brodie—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Doris Caesar—Mostly bronze figures; through Feb. 7. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Salvador Dali—New paintings and drawings, mingling angels and pi-mesons; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert Delaunay—Paintings; through Jan. 31. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ilse Getz—Abstract oils and collages; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Large abstract oils; through Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

Cleve Gray—Impressions of Spain; through Jan. 31. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Marsden Hartley—Drawings and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hans Hofmann—Current paintings, richly colorful, by the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan 17. . . . ¶ *Early works, dated 1940-47; starting* Tuesday, Jan. 20. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaethe Kollwitz—Drawings, etchings, posters, and woodcuts; through Feb. 7. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger—A small, neat showing of oils, water colors, and drawings of two decades—1919-29 and 1944-54; through Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Bernard Meadows—Sculptures by one of the younger British artists; through Feb. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Ben Meyers—Abstract oils; through Jan. 29. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

Cyril Osborne—Chunky, colorful abstractions, by a contemporary English painter; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Jules Pascin—"The Nude," a show comprising twenty-seven oils, largely loans; through Feb. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ad Reinhardt—Abstract paintings exploring the variations of black on black; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Rickey—Intricately fashioned, ingenious new mobiles; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Bits of junk raised to artistic levels, in a new set of his imaginative welded sculptures; through Jan. 31. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave. at 58th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings; through Feb. 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz—Oils and water colors covering this retired artist's considerable career from 1895 to 1932; through Jan. 31. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

Fritz Winter—Abstract oils, mainly naturalistic in impulse, by a German contemporary; through Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Brussels '58—A selection of American paintings and sculptures, originally exhibited at the World's Fair, by twenty-five artists, including William Baziotes, Grace Hartigan, Mary Callery, and David Smith. For the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their seventeenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members; through Feb. 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Collages and constructions by, among others, Jasper Johns, Bruce Conner, and William King; through Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Josef Albers, and five other Abstract Expressionists; through Jan. 31. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The *sixth annual exhibition* of water colors, chosen this time by John von Wicht, Chen Chi, and Mario Cooper; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . PARSONS, 11 E. 57th St. "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Ellsworth Kelly, David Budd, Agnes Martin, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, for instance, Ben Benn, Jules Pascin, and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, Jan. 24.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Painters and sculptors, including Alan Davie, Afro, Mirko, and Bernard Rosenthal; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Show—Drawings and small sculptures, from Arp and Brancusi to Redon; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred photographers in eighteen countries; through Sunday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Recently acquired prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Jan. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Oils, sculptures, woodcuts, and lithographs by twenty-eight contemporary Danish artists; through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Four American Expressionists: Sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross and painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner; through March 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Don Giovanni," *with* Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Eugenio Fernandi, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata

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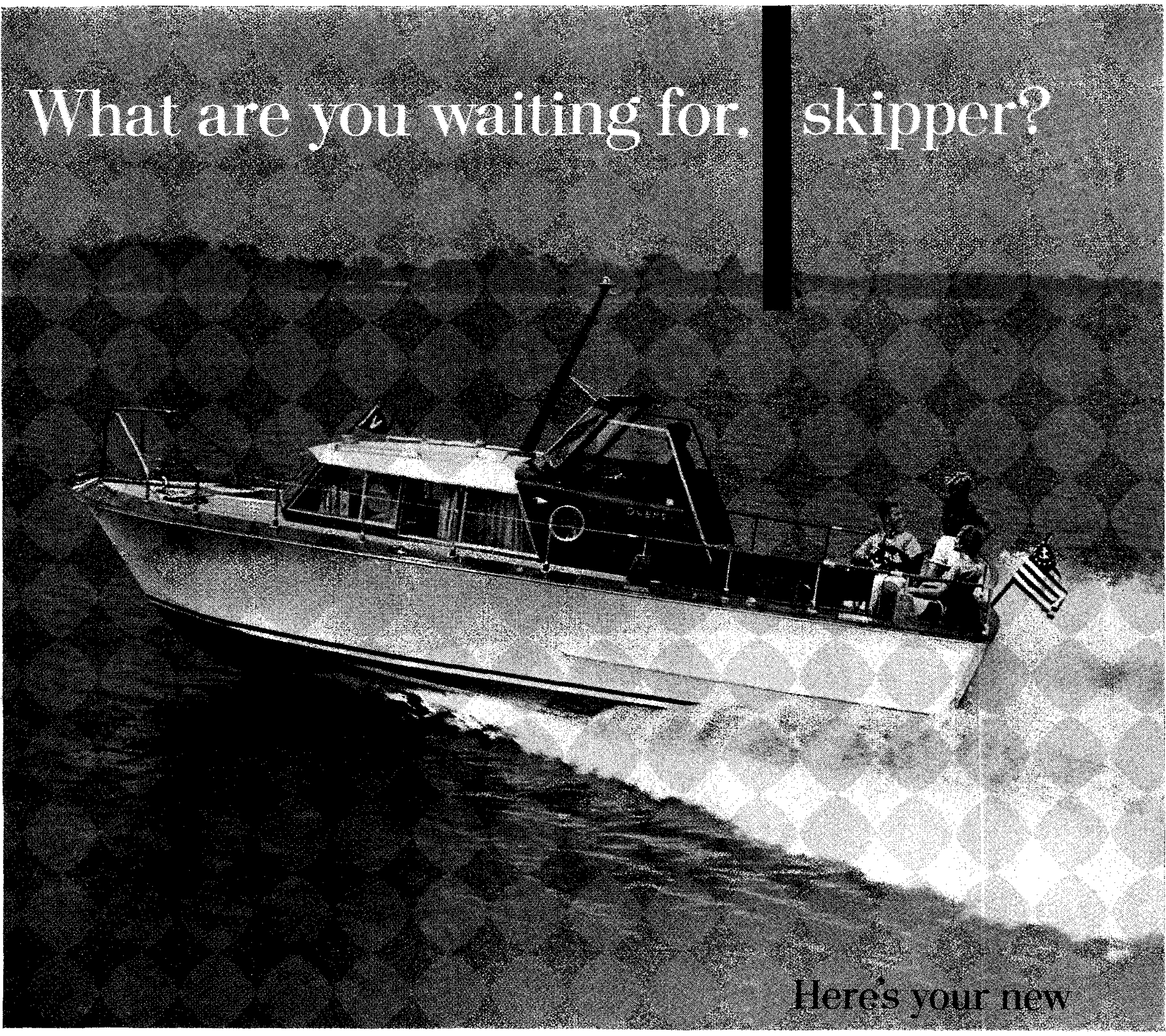

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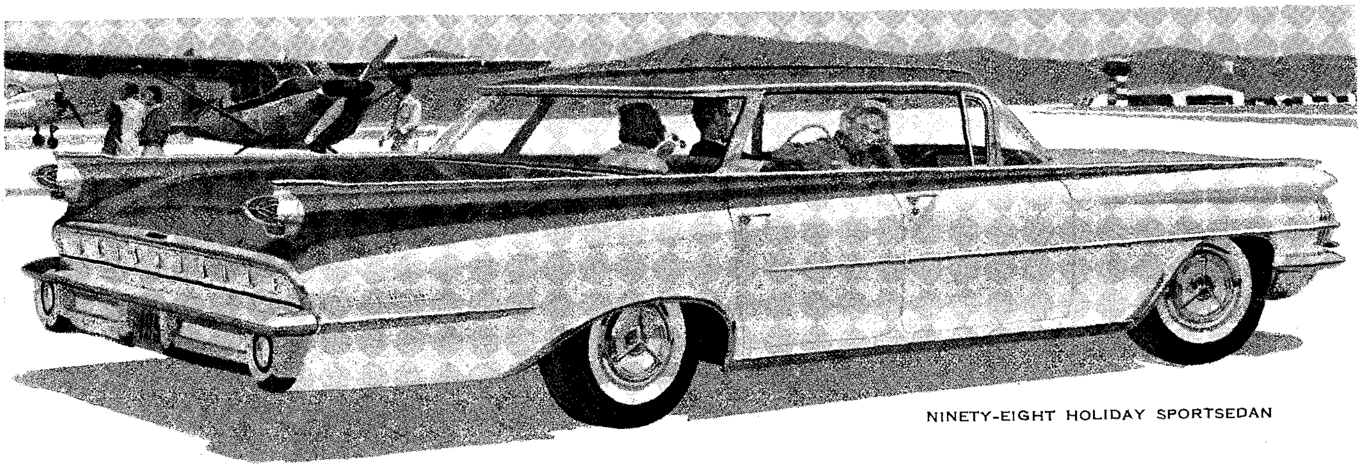

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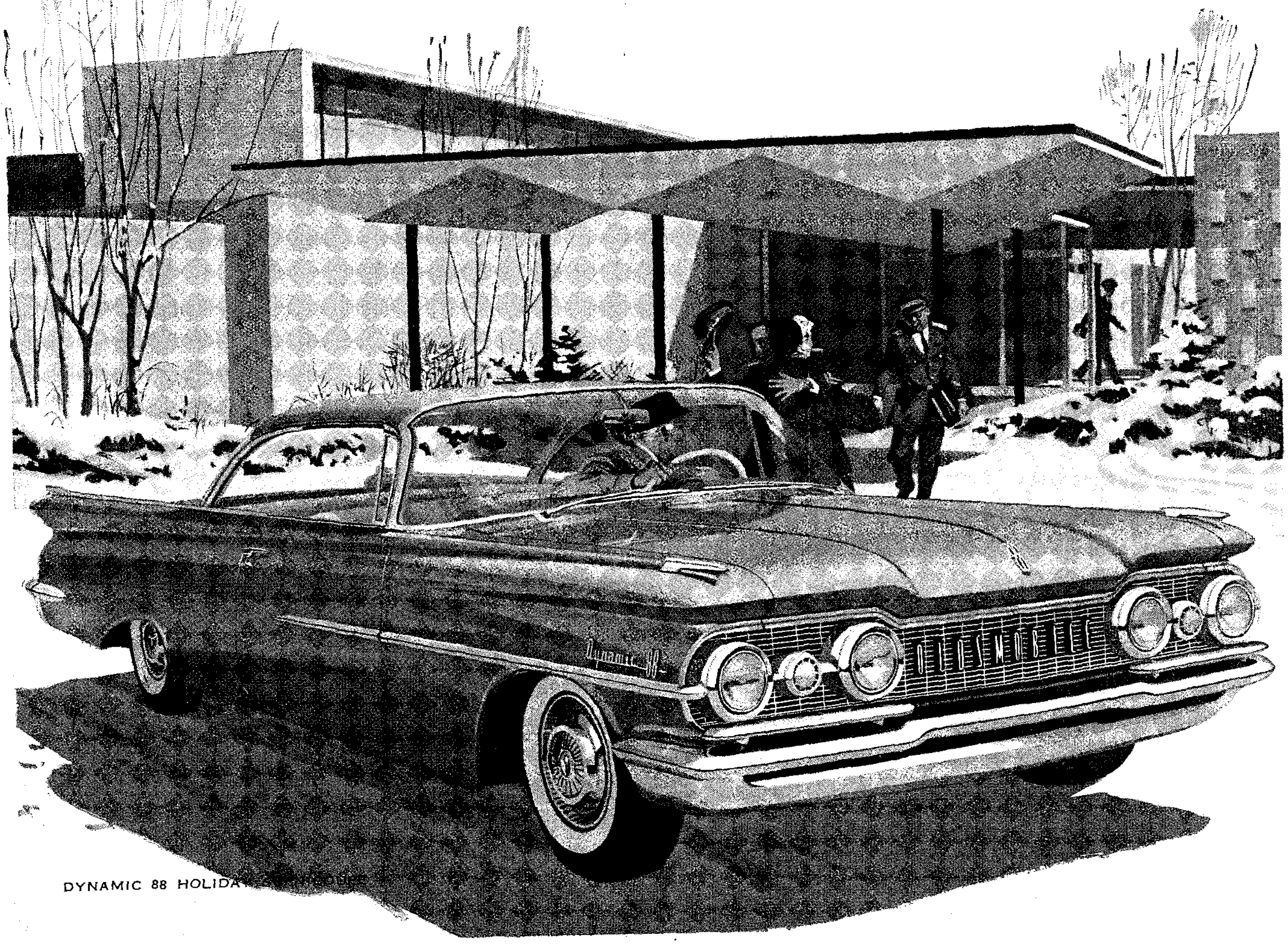

DYNAMIC 88 HOLIDA

Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Aïda," with Gloria Davy, Blanche Thebom, Dimiter Uzunov, Mario Zanasi, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A benefit for the West Side Institutional Synagogue.). . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 19, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Eugenio Fernandi, Walter Cassel, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Regina Resnik, Sebastian Feiersinger, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Karl Doench. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Cesare Valletti, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Dimiter Uzunov, and Leonard Warren.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Sir John Barbirolli conducting—Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 16, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3 (all with Berl Senofsky, violin); and performances of Elgar's oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius" on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Morley Meredith, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Robert Shaw conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing performances of Gluck's opera "Iphigénie en Tauride," in concert form, with Gloria Davy, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Martial Singher and Louis Quilico, baritones; and the Choral Art Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Schola Cantorum—Hugh Ross directing a program of Moravian music, with Marguerite Willauer, soprano; William Lewis, tenor; Fague Springmann, baritone; Robert Elmore, organ; and an orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 6-2118.)

Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Beatrice Krebs—Contralto, in the first of three lieder programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—The first in a series of three all-Chopin recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Hunter Col-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lege Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

THOMAS BROCKMAN—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5:30.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

CLAUDETTE SOREL—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano, in the last in a series of three recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF FIRKUSNY AND ERICA MORINI—A program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The fourth concert in the series, this one by the Kroll Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.)

SAIDENBERG CHAMBER PLAYERS—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SOCIETÀ CORELLI—Italian string orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Moura Lympany will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 19, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—The Ahmad Jamal trio, the Horace Silver quintet, Bill Henderson, Sam Most, Donald Byrd, and Carmen McRae are among those scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Saturday, Jan. 17: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24: Knicks vs. Detroit. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Games begin at 2. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Daily at 5:30 through Wednesday, Jan. 21. No tickets necessary.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 24, at noon.)

PLAYS—By the **MERRI-MIMES**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.). . . **THEATRE EAST**: "I Wish I May," Saturdays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Star Bright," Saturdays at 3:15. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 11.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "The Sky Is the New Frontier," reviews the conquest of space thus far and previews astronomical events for 1959. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.). . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday, except Jan. 17, from 10 to 12. On Saturday, Jan. 17, everybody gets off the ice at 11:30, and at noon there will be an ice carnival, sponsored by the *Mirror*, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Jan. 30, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

PROSE READINGS—Mary McCarthy reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Everything to please the boating enthusiasts, including a fleet of some four hundred and thirty craft and an assortment of nautical fittings and trappings to go with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, Jan. 16, from 6 to 11; Saturdays, Jan. 17 and 24, from 11 to 11; Sundays, Jan. 18 and 25, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 19-23, from 2 to 11.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Among this year's exhibits will be a Louis XVI dining room, a Duncan Phyfe Federal New York group, and an Early American house and garden. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 25, from 2 to 9; Monday, Jan. 26, from 1 to 11; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, from 1 to 9.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 1:45: French, English, and Italian decorative furniture; Meissen and other porcelains; lustreware, including Sunderland and Staffordshire; table linens and glass; tapestries; and Oriental rugs. The property of Mrs. Walter Sharp and others. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 1:45, and Friday, Jan. 23, at 10:15: Part II of the Arthur J. Sussel collection—American furniture, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, Gaudy Dutch ware, Georgian cut glass, brass and iron implements, portraits and prints, and decorative objects. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 17.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. It is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 21, tentative.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with considerable dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. With English dialogue. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Jan. 15.)

Damn Yankees—Gwen Verdon singing and strutting ebulliently in a film about a baseball fan who has sold his soul to the Devil to make sure that Washington will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston is the smooth Lucifer in the doings, and Miss Verdon is his impish assistant. Under the direction of George Abbott, the whole thing moves at a fast clip, and there are lively songs to beguile you along the way. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Jan. 20, tentative.)

The Defiant Ones—Under Stanley Kramer's direction, Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis perform admirably in this grim story of a Negro and a white man, full of hatred for each other's race, who escape together from a Southern prison camp and, in the course of fleeing from a posse, learn something about tolerance. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Jan. 21, tentative.)

Gigi—An enormous range of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually lands a rich young fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a good-looking affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

He Who Must Die—A French picture, as good as you're likely to see in a long time, that deals with a handful of Greek peasants who, after being selected to portray characters in a Passion play, begin to take their roles seriously offstage. Directed by Jules Dassin, based on a work by Nikos Kazantzakis, and filmed in Crete, the picture is beautiful to look at and expertly enacted by a cast headed by Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Gregoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness performing with droll ingenuity as a threadbare, talented, amoral artist trying to get along, however furtively, in a world he never made but that he wouldn't mind remaking. An English film, adapted by Mr. Guinness from the novel by Joyce Cary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness—The strange career of an English parlormaid who took off for China three decades ago and established herself as a missionary. In the central role, Ingrid Bergman is most persuasive. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye (as an ingenious Jewish refugee from Poland), Curt Jurgens (as a stiff-necked Polish colonel), and Nicole Maurey (as a French girl who sees a lot of good in both of them) are all splendid in a buoyant comedy that describes how this trio keeps a step ahead of the Nazis after the invasion of France. Akim Tamiroff, Françoise Rosay, Martita Hunt, and Alexander Scourby give sturdy assistance to the principals. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Jan. 20, tentative.)

Pather Panchali—An excellent film about life in a village in India, which is honest, moving, and utterly without pretension. The movie was made on location and was directed by Satyajit Ray. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Roots of Heaven—John Huston's long but occasionally dramatic movie about a man who thinks elephants are getting a bad shake from the ivory hunters. Trevor Howard plays the elephants' pal, and he is supported by Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Jan. 16.)

Separate Tables—A collection of people, most of them upset and all of them gathered together at a second-rate hotel in Bournemouth, find their lives overlapping at a great rate. David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth introduce a lot of drama into the old water hole. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Seventh Seal—An intricate and absorbing Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, that offers some views, as a morality playwright might see them, of Sweden in the throes of a plague in the fourteenth century. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 21.)

Witches of Salem—Jean-Paul Sartre's interpretation of "The Crucible," Arthur Miller's drama about the way things were in one community of the theocratic state of Massachusetts in 1692. M. Sartre's Pilgrim Fathers are a gamier lot than the ones we've been taught about, but their doings are enthralling a good deal of the time. With Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, and Yves Montand. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Jan. 21, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 15.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 20.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 20.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years"—Through Jan. 17, showings at 3: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 18, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. deMille, with Gloria Swanson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SEPARATE TABLES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"A Night to Remember," Kenneth More.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 20: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.
From Jan. 21: "The Perfect Furlough," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Anna Lucasta," Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 20 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.
From Jan. 21 (tentative): "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 20: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
From Jan. 21: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 20 (tentative): **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**
From Jan. 21 (tentative): "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 20: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
From Jan. 21: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HE WHO MUST DIE (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 21: **THE DEFIANT ONES.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 20 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.
From Jan. 21 (tentative): **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 18: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
Jan. 19-20: "Away All Boats," revival, Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "The Unguarded Moment," revival, Esther Williams, George Nader.
From Jan. 21: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 20: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**
From Jan. 21: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Female Animal," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 17: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.
Jan. 18-20: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "On the Riviera," revival, Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney.
From Jan. 21: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 18: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
Jan. 19-20: "Away All Boats," revival, Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "The Unguarded Moment," revival, Esther Williams, George Nader.
From Jan. 21: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Nine Lives" (in Norwegian), Jack Fjeldstad.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Jan. 18: "Mad Little Island," Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden.
From Jan. 19: "Marianne of My Youth" (in French), Marianne Hold.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SEPARATE TABLES.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): **WITCHES OF SALEM** (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 20: "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "The Strange One," revival, Ben Gazzara.
From Jan. 21: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

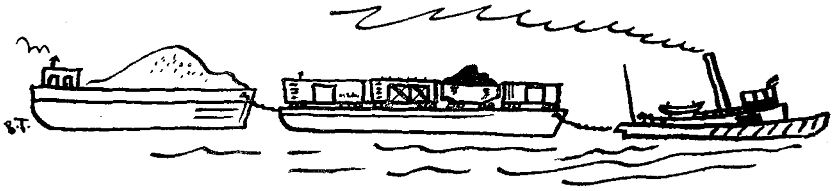
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 15: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival.
Jan. 16-19: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and five short films of the dance.
From Jan. 20: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**, revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Jan. 15: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 16: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-0516)
Through Jan. 20 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES**; and **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
From Jan. 21 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and another feature, to be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 20: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.
From Jan. 21: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.



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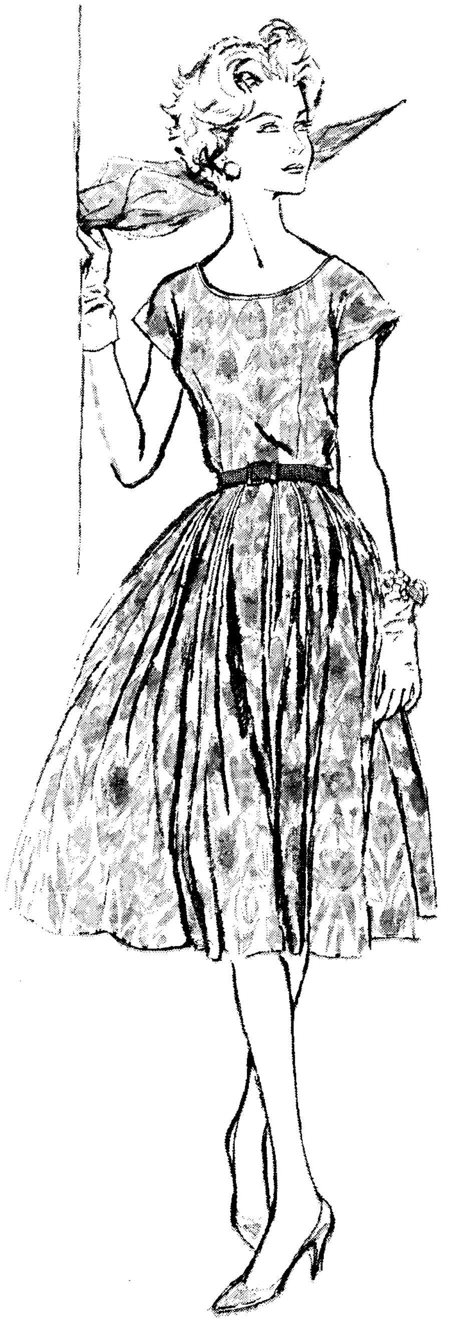

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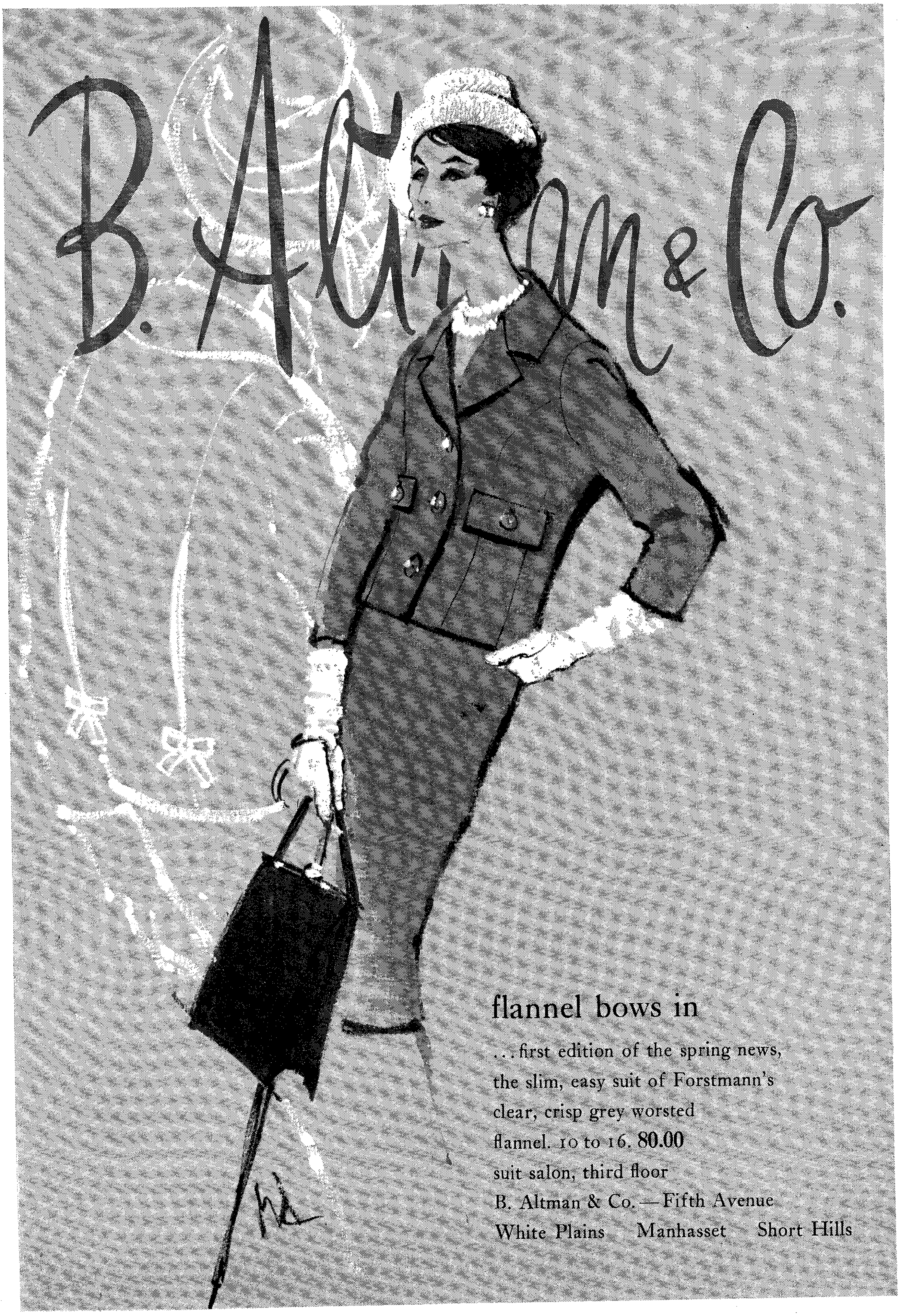

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THE NEW YORKER

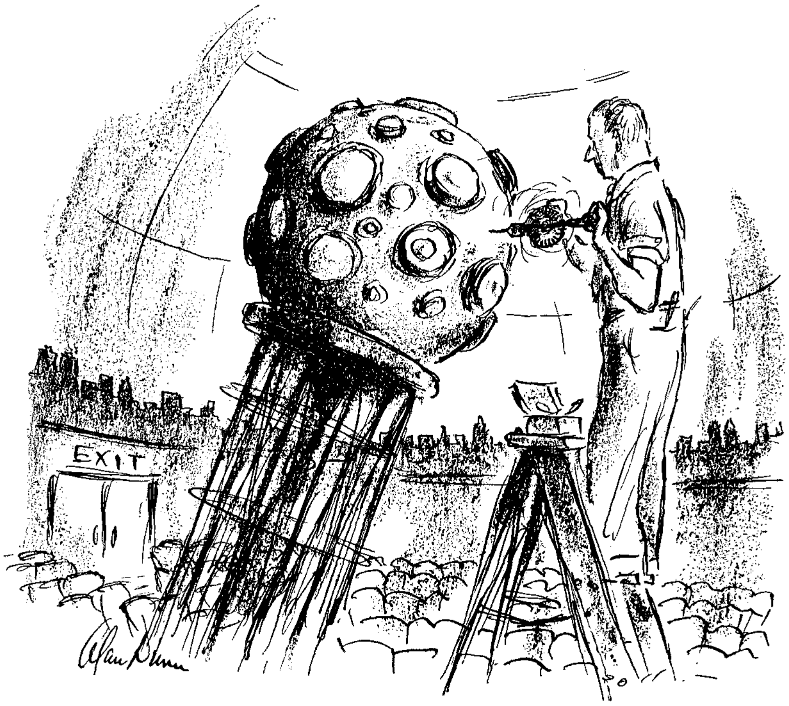
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

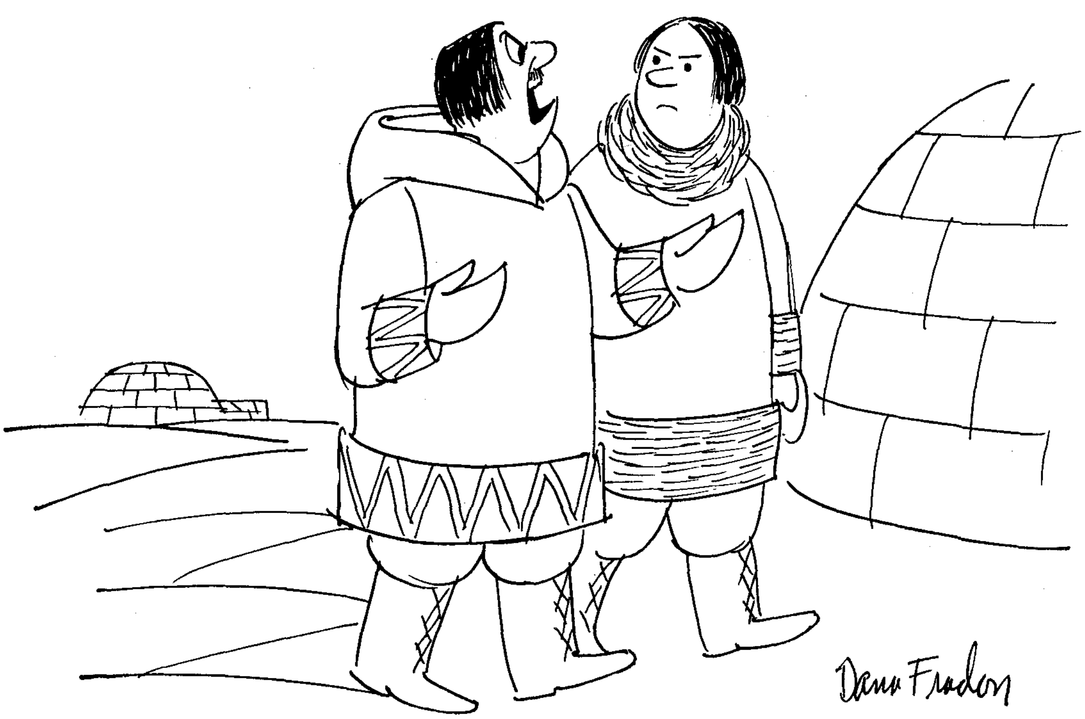
Notes and Comment

OURS not to prophesy a trend, or even to reason why, but the bare facts are that a juvenile group in a Larchmont family, accustomed to watching television in the basement playroom after school, recently became interested in puppets—the kind that they could manipulate themselves. With the permission of the head of the house, they engaged a handyman to remove the insides of the TV set and put in a plain glass window, behind which Punch and Judy and other characters cavort around these days, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A MAN we know went out to the other end of Long Island recently to sell a place he has there, and came back without selling it. When we saw him, he said he had gone to the house to have a last look around before he clinched the deal, and, on opening the gate, had been greeted by two bull calves, which the dairy farmer across the road had turned onto his lawn to graze and to keep the land in heart—an exchange of services that had been going on for quite a time. "The two calves were at a stage I had never before noticed in the male cow," our friend, a city fellow, said. "I always thought of calves as awkward, and bulls as big and mean. These were only about a foot higher than a Great Dane, but quite a lot heavier, and spotted black and white, and they were nimble. They circled me at a distance wherever I walked, bounding in arcs like porpoises going around a ship. I walked back to the rail fence that divides my front lawn from my pasture. My neighbor ordinarily uses that for his cattle, too, but he had no cows in it the other day—growing a winter crop of some kind of grass, I suppose. I leaned on the fence looking across the land, which is pretty but has never really been of any use to me—too far from town, and I'm not a farmer, anyway. One of the calves came up behind me and gave me a nudge, just to show what he could do if he wanted to. I whipped around, and he was out of hitting range, but ready to counter if I wanted to make anything out of it. Balanced on his feet, head down but one eye rolling up to keep me in view. No pawing the ground blindly. When he saw I wasn't mad, he ran away laughing. It made me think. These brave bulls that are killed in the ring are bred to be suckers, from full brothers of bulls that have died bravely. 'Brave' means to charge where there is motion. The calves are encouraged to do the same thing. It's like breeding from boxers who can't keep a left out of their puss, and then teaching the kids to drop their shoulder. [Our man's vocabulary contains a variety of incongruous pigments, which sometimes run together.] I decided to hang on to the place, and develop a strain of bulls to lick bullfighters. What the sport lacks now is competition. Can you imagine a baseball league where the team in the cellar didn't win one in three?"

We shook our head, and he went right on. "Conditioning is important. First, I'll hire a guy to teach the calves to stay away from the moving cape. It should be simple. All he will need is a boxing glove loaded with tea foil under the cape. He waves the cape, the calf charges, and, boom, he hits the calf in the nose. A calf of the intelligence of even the class of fighters on television will learn to work toward his sparring partner's left, away from the cape. He will gallop around in circles until the guy is dizzy, and then get him, the way the calf got me. It seems to be instinctive with a bull calf of normal I.Q. The matadors I've seen pictures of—their legs are gone. I don't think they jump enough rope. They could never meet that kind of attack. I wouldn't try to do it in one generation—maybe not even in two. I'd breed from the bulls that wouldn't follow a feint and that had the best footwork—the cuties. About the third generation, I'd start matching my bulls with a six-round class of bullfighter, who would maybe get a feature *corrida* only in the Spanish equivalent of West Hartford. After





"And I say it would be an outrageous invasion of the rights of the sovereign State of Alaska!"

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my bulls ran up a record, I would parlay one of them against the three greatest bullfighters in the world—I don't remember the names, but say, for argument, El Gazpacho, El Aficionado, and Tome Coca-Cola. The first two names I made up, but I happen to know that the third is genuine; I saw it painted all over the outside of a bull ring in Mexico. My bulls would kill every bullfighter in the world."

"What have you got against bullfighters?" we asked.

"Nothing," he said, "but it would stop an awful lot of bad writing."

Friend of Motion Pictures

WHO is the Marilyn Monroe of Japan? (Keiko Awaji.) Do Japanese movie fans eat popcorn in the theatre? (Practically never. They chew gum and eat candy.) Where are Japanese movies shot? (All over Japan, but many are shot in Kyoto, the ancient capital, for the sake of its historical backgrounds.) We picked up these and other bits of Japanese-movie lore during a visit with Mrs. Kazuko Komori, an elfin Japanese lady who wears her hair in a frisky Jeanmaire cut. Polite as a fiddler, Mrs. Komori wields a powerful pen, or brush; she's probably the best-known and most prolific writer in all Japan on Japanese and foreign motion-picture actors and actresses, and others connected with that vital industry. She's an assistant editor of and staff writer for the Japanese monthly magazine *Eiga No Tomo* (*Friend of Motion Pictures*); does a weekly column for *Hochi Shimbun*, a Tokyo paper devoted to sports and entertainment; and writes a great many articles on movies, movie stars, movie fashions, and the morals and motives of characters portrayed in movies (like Hope Lange vs. Barbara Rush in "The Young Lions") for such magazines as *Fujin Seikatsu* and *Fujin Gaho*. Both of these, we learned, are like the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "My column for *Hochi Shimbun* is about stars such as Keiji Sada; Frank Sakai, the comic; Yujiro Ishihara, idol of the bobby-soxers; Hideko Takamine; Montgomery Clift; and Frank Sinatra," she told us, after a formal but pleasant exchange of bows in the West Side apartment of Miss Ikuko Fukuda, a long-time friend of Mrs. Komori's. Mrs. Komori was outfitted in a black silk kimono, a wide silver *obi*, matching silver *zouri*, or sandals, and white socks. Miss Fukuda, a happy, dark-haired young lady who is studying English at Columbia University's American Language Center and was formerly an assistant director of JOKR-TV, Tokyo, was wearing a brown dress.

Between puffs on a filter-tip cigarette, Mrs. Komori told us this was her first trip to America and that she was here mainly to gather material to fill the giant maw back in Japan. She's been busy. She first spent a month in Hollywood, visiting studios and theatres, and talking with celebrities like Richard Brooks, Rock Hudson, Martin Ritt, Yul Brynner, and Deborah Kerr. "They have been most coöperative," she said. "I already file stories on some of them for *Eiga No Tomo*." After Hollywood, she stopped off at Marion, Indiana, to see James Dean's grave and chat with his grandparents. "So sad he must die," she said. "But Dean-*san* still has many fans in Japan. Japanese rate 'Giant,' 'Rebel,' and 'Eden' among top American imports. Four stars."

Miss Fukuda said Mrs. Komori had written two biographies of Dean—"The James Dean Story" and "James Dean."

"I plan one more book," said Mrs. Komori. "It will be about my stay in America, especially New York."

Another popular star in Japan, Miss Fukuda said, is Tony Perkins.

During her stay in New York, Mrs. Komori has been buzzing around to night clubs and theatres, exchanging hellos with local Japanese press people, and talking with celebrities like Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Jimmy Van Heusen, Viveca Lindfors, Anthony Franciosa, and Montgomery Clift. "In Japan, we think American acting very natural," she said. "Japanese formal style is O.K. for blood-and-guts picture but not right for modern." Because of her admiration for American acting, Mrs. Komori's biggest kick so far has been a visit to the Actors' Studio and a brief talk with its director, Lee Strasberg. "During class I saw," she said, "it was surprise for me to see him so severe, but in a nice way. Even bigger surprise was pupil who talks back to teacher. He showed anger at one girl's interpretation, to which she remonstrated that she was trying hard. 'You don't need to try,' he averred. 'When you really want it, Nature gives you strength.' Very impressive theory; is not ritualistic way of Kabuki, so influential for Japanese actor."

Mrs. Komori, who got started writing about movie stars by translating English articles into Japanese for magazines (she learned English in school and at a Tokyo Y), told us that Japanese actors, offscreen, are less excitable than American actors. They don't squabble with the press or feud with each other, and they cheerfully give autographs—all out of a sense of duty to their public. On the other hand, Japanese fans don't pull sleeves, or swoon, or strip actors of their clothing, in the manner of doting American fans. As a consequence, Mrs. Komori doesn't stress nutty behavior in her columns. "If an actor dies or marries," she said, "that is an item. Or I might write, 'Hashizo Okawa, trained in Kabuki, is making picture featuring Kabuki, it is reported.' "

We picked up other movie data: Japanese directors rehearse and rehearse, trying to get a scene done in a single shooting, for reasons of economy. Extras are paid about eighty cents a day. Japanese moviegoers don't hiss or whoop during performances, but they weep—with plenty of provocation. Producers know that the most popular type of movie is that in which the heroine is belted repeatedly by unrelenting Fate. The country's biggest home-shot hit has been "Yorokobi Mo Kanashimi Mo Iku Toshituski," a film about the many woes of a lighthouse keeper and his wife. "Japanese moviegoer does not carry on like American," Mrs. Komori said, "but I think he feels more deeply. Ayako Wakao is the June Allyson of Japan."

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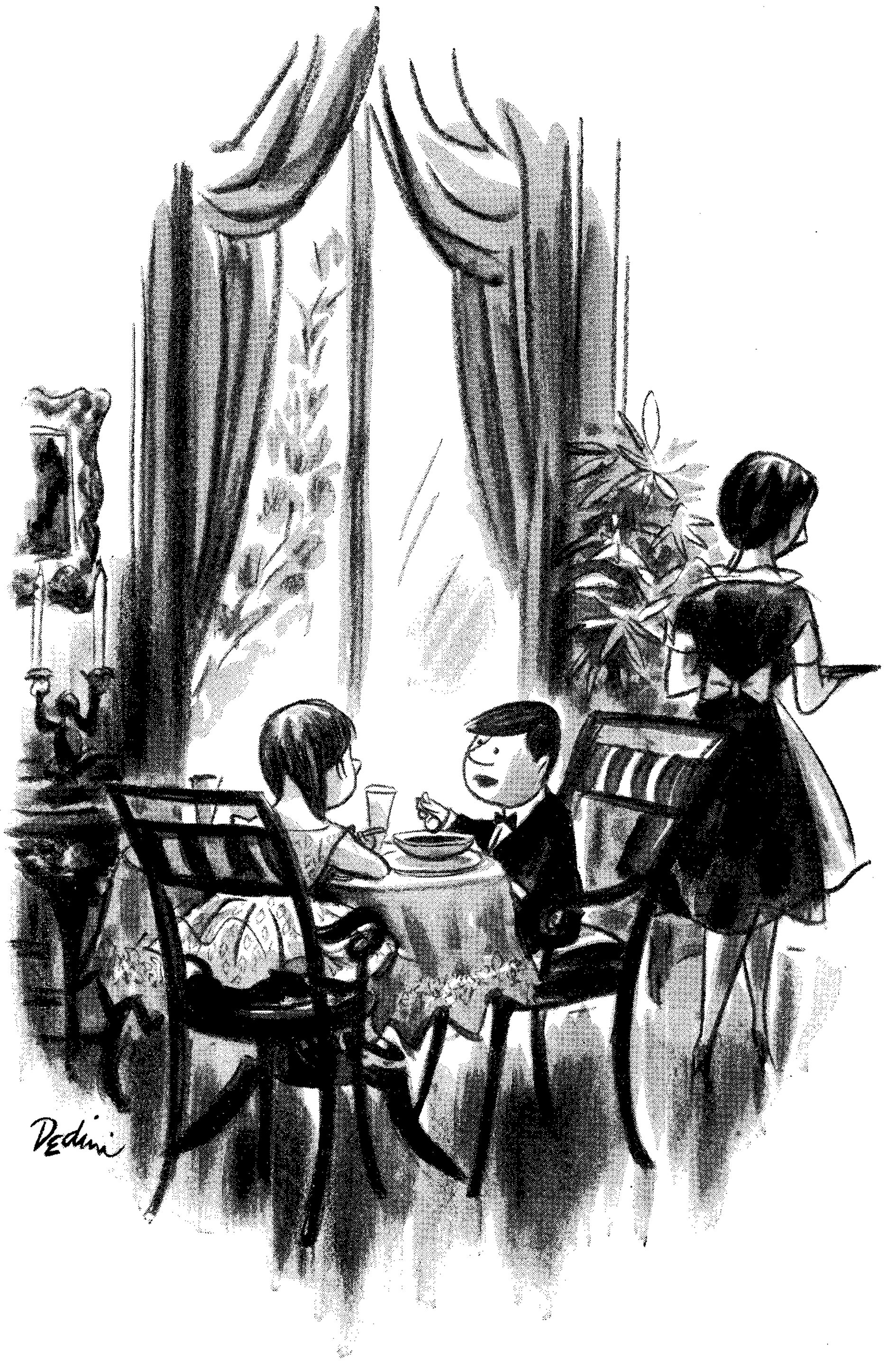
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Metropolitan Life Building is undergoing some alterations, and on the fence that surrounds the operation we recently noted a chalked message reading, "Down with Variable Annuities."

Arts of Nature

AMONG those on hand for the sixty-third annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society, held the other evening in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, were Fairfield Osborn, president of the Society and probably the thinnest and most debonair specimen of *Homo praesidens* now in captivity; some two thousand members of the Society; a pair of chattering blue-breasted kingfishers; a pair of red-faced ouakaris; and white-faced us. The lower orders of creatures were kept in cages, but everyone else was permitted reasonable freedom. At the appointed hour, we found ourself seated beside an elderly lady dressed to the nines and carrying a brown paper bag full of bread crumbs; behind us an earnest young man was confiding to a no less earnest female companion a plan for making his fortune by importing fertilizer from the guano islands off Peru. (Thinking to let him impress the girl by whatever peculiar means he chose, we resisted telling the young man that the great House of Grace had beaten him to the guano by a hundred years or more.) No sooner had Mr. Osborn come to roost on the lectern than the kingfishers and the young man fell silent; as for the old lady, she tightly furled her paper bag, and we never discovered the purpose of all those bread crumbs.

Mr. Osborn prefaced his reading of the annual report of the Society with a charming "Well, well, another year has rolled around and here we are again," and took care to sprinkle the text that followed with bright sequins of figures, nearly all of which the members either applauded or cheered. They learned that the Zoo's income in 1958 was greater than its expenses (applause); that the Zoo had received a grant of thirty-five thousand dollars from the National Science Foundation for gorilla study (cheers); that work would soon start on a new aquatic birdhouse (whistles from the kingfishers); and that William Beebe was in Trinidad on his sixtieth expedition (huzzas for Mr. Beebe, who is eighty-one). The report out of the way, Mr. Osborn noted wistfully that the Metropolitan Museum had just come into an unex-



"It's an interesting soup. But not a great soup."

pected four-and-a-half-million-dollar inheritance; he thought it would be nice if the Zoo could share that sort of swag. "The arts of nature are as important as the arts of man," he said. "People seem to think they're guaranteed salvation in the hereafter only if they become patrons of art. I'm sure Picasso never made anything as graceful as a penguin." (Applause, cheers, whistles.)

Mr. Osborn having wound up his remarks with an attack on the indiscriminate use of pesticides and a gloomy prediction concerning the future of big game in Africa, the audience was treated to several short films and talks, all taking a dark view of man's habitual shouldering aside or downright extermination of fish, fowl, birds, and beasts. We learned that even the wildebeest, whose thundering hoofs used to create vast dust storms on the African plains, is now threatened with extinction, in part because the natives insist on using its tail for a fly swatter. (It occurred to us, *pace* Mr. Osborn, that a greater use of pesticides in Africa might lead to fewer flies, which would lead to a lessening of the demand for fly swatters, which, in turn, would leave more wildebeest tails affixed to more living wildebeests, but we held our tongue, not wishing to pick a quarrel with our host.) For us, and for many other members of the audience, the highlight of the evening was a lecture and film on the trapping of duck-billed platypuses. Mr. Herbert Knobloch, associate curator of the Zoo's Department of Education, spoke from the projection booth, in the second tier, as a shot of Mr. David Fleay, trotting through the Australian bush with a large wire cage under one arm, was flashed on the screen. "That's a platypus trap, invented by Mr. Fleay," Mr. Knobloch said, and, sure enough, it was, for within fifteen feet of film Mr. Fleay managed to trap two platypuses in it. "Another way to catch platypuses is to follow them into their burrows," said Mr. Knobloch, and, to our utter astonishment, we saw Mr. Fleay, with a dither of shovelling, disappear straight into the side of a gravel bank. A few seconds later, he emerged with what Mr. Knobloch called an old bull platypus flapping and kicking in his arms. The applause shook the ballroom.

Identification

A FRIEND of ours who is short and stout dined recently at the Côte Basque, on East Fifty-fifth Street. Upon entering the place, he handed his hat and coat to a checkroom girl, and noted that she offered no check in return. He reclaimed his property without difficulty at the end of the meal, and, some time later, stumbled on a clue to the girl's system. Pinned under the lapel of his coat was a slip of paper on which was neatly printed this intelligence: "*Petit gros—chapeau.*"

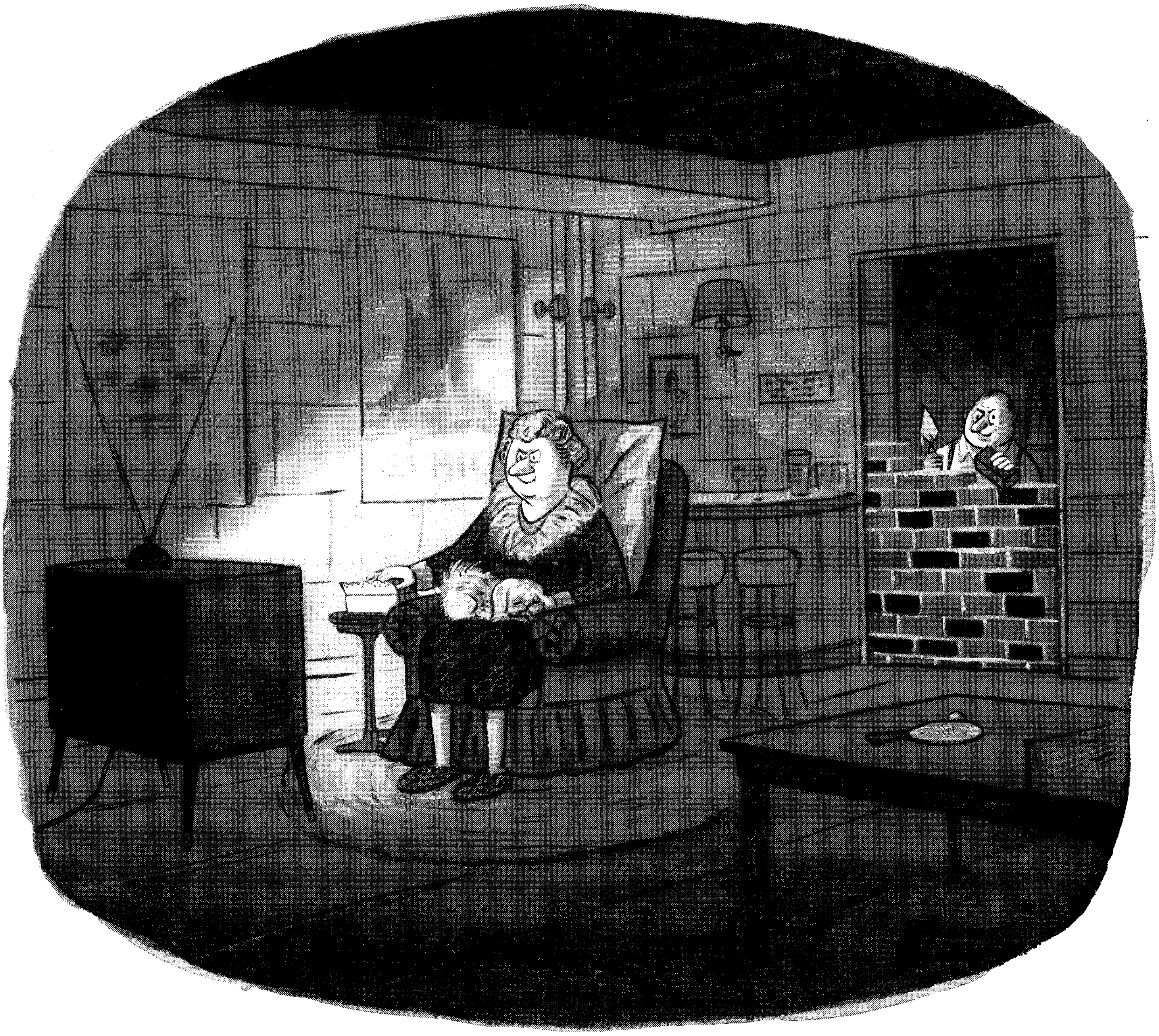
Not for Hire

A MAN after our own heart is Mr. Clark H. Minor, the retired president of the International General Electric Company, who feels just as strongly as we do about the idiocy of American automobile design, and who, at eighty, has gone and done something about it. Fed up with his Cadillac, which for town use he finds too long, too low, and too cumbersome, Mr. Minor has imported a short, high, and exceedingly agile London taxicab. As soon as we got wind of this inspired purchase, we telephoned Mr. Minor and contrived to be invited for a spin. The time of our appointment was a recent sunny afternoon, and the place was India House, down on Hanover Square. When we arrived at that handsome old club, we found an approving crowd gathered around the Minor vehicle—a no-nonsense 1958 Beardmore, with matching rectangular chauffeur. Mr. Minor himself was awaiting us in the lobby of India House, of which he has long been a governor. Sturdy and erect, with a vigorous manner of speech, he assured us at once that the cab was no toy. "I'm a very busy man," he said. "Among other things, I'm Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hamilton College and a director of the Grace National Bank. I still keep an office at the General Electric Building, and go to work there every morning, rain or shine. For years, I've been looking for a city car that would be both practical and comfortable, and now I've found it. Come and see!"

Mr. Minor thereupon urged us down the front steps of India House and, to our joy, *up* onto the running board of the Beardmore. Involuntarily, we started our usual buckling motion. "No! No!" Mr. Minor exclaimed. "Good heavens, man, you don't need to go through all that. Watch me!" He stepped briskly into the back of the taxi, crossed the tonneau, and hopped erectly out on the far side. "American cars are wrong on two counts," he said, circling the Beardmore and entering it a second time. "First they try to give you a superiority complex by being twice as long as necessary, then they try to give you an inferiority complex by making you constantly lower yourself. It's important, especially at eighty, to feel that you're on top of things, but not that you take up more room than anyone else."

We settled ourself beside our host on the back seat, and discovered, with satisfaction, that although the taxi has a wheelbase of only a hundred and four inches, we couldn't quite reach the front seat with our legs fully extended. Moreover, the ceiling of the cab was where it belonged—over our head, not on it. As we darted through side streets on our way to the East River Drive, Mr. Minor observed that he'd acquired the Beardmore as a result of attending a dinner party at Lady Astor's, in London. "My wife, who, like most wives, doesn't enjoy having her hat knocked askew every time she gets into a car, was airing her complaints to Lady Astor," he said. "It turned out that one of the Astors had had an accident that made it difficult for him to climb in and out of their usual car, so Lady Astor bought him a Beardmore. I decided to get one, too. The only structural changes we made were to switch the steering gear from the right-hand side of the car to the left, and fit a jump seat in the space beside the driver. Oh, yes, and in place of the 'For Hire' sign on top of the cab we put my initials—C.H.M.—which light up very prettily at night. Duty included, the whole thing cost about five thousand dollars."

The Beardmore's wheels can turn at an angle of better than ninety de-



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grees, which means that it's able to complete a circle in a space fifteen feet in diameter. (A Cadillac requires twenty-seven feet.) It gets thirty miles to the gallon, attains a speed of seventy miles an hour and cruises at sixty, and, according to Mr. Minor, has a motor almost as simple as that of a Model T Ford, and is therefore easily repaired. As we zipped along the Drive, in sparkling sunshine, looking down on our fellow-travellers from what seemed a noble height, Mr. Minor said that despite his age he is thinking of opening a Beardmore agency here. "Most of the people I talk with are bloody well sick of the stuff Detroit keeps pushing off the assembly lines," he said. "They all envy me this cab. As for regular cabdrivers, we never stop at a red light that a cabby doesn't fire a dozen questions at us. If *I* don't start selling Beardmores, somebody else will. I'll wager that within a few years there'll be thousands of cars like this on the streets of New York, and a good thing, too!"

Academic Story

WE'VE been told about a new angle on the old honor system by an Ivy League man, who, after telling us, shook his head in a bewildered fashion. He happens to be something of an authority on abstract art, and also an accommodating husband. Well, last week his wife told him that one of their best friends, a lady who is raising her boy to be a college graduate, was coming around for a cocktail, and that she wanted, in addition to the cocktail, as much information as she could carry away with her on the subject of abstract art. "She's writing a theme," his wife explained. Accordingly, our man selected a small pile of books for her and, during the drinking interval, gave her a succinct lecture. As she was leaving, with the books under one arm, he told her he thought it was wonderful that she was going in for extension courses. "Oh, it's not for me," she said. "It's for my son. He's a senior, you know, and he has to turn in a seventy-five-hundred-word theme on this subject. I'm writing it for him." And with that she was gone. As soon as the door closed, our man began to splutter. "There's the honor system, to begin with," he said to his wife. "Besides, that boy will always remember that he passed his mid-terms in his senior year only because his mother wrote a theme for him. It's bad for the boy." "I know, I know," replied his wife. "But he's been touring all over the country on the basketball team, they're having homecoming week when he gets back, he's engaged to be married, and he just hasn't got any time. And anyway," she concluded, "even if it's bad for the boy, it's good for his mother."

HOW TO IRON A TELEPHONE BOOK

IF you have been putting off ironing your telephone book, you need no longer hesitate. I can tell you how it's done. I recently ironed the Manhattan Directory—all eighteen hundred and thirty-six pages. This stimulating adventure had its beginning when our electric dishwasher accidentally turned itself on—a little caprice caused, we later found out, by a short in some inscrutable automatic control. Nobody was home except our beagle, Lucky. There were no dishes or soap in the machine, but these details are really irrelevant. What *is* important is that the top was up. Dishwashers are not supposed to turn themselves on, in the first place, and, in the second place, there are all sorts of safety devices that shut them off when the cover is raised, but apparently a short circuit takes care of this safeguard nonsense easily.

We live in Chappaqua, thirty-two miles north of New York City. My wife was at the supermarket, the children were in school, and I was at my office, in New York, when our dishwasher started automatically flooding the kitchen. When my wife returned home and opened the kitchen door, she was met by a cloud of steam and by the beagle, who, although slightly parboiled, was still able to fly. He set a new dash record from kitchen door to driveway, and vanished under our car.

My wife turned off the machine and settled down at the telephone, first calling the repairman, who said that the dishwasher could not possibly have turned itself on by accident. Then she called me. "The kitchen looks like one of those Kentucky caves" was the picturesque way she put it. "Water is dripping from the ceiling. I never saw so much water in my life. I found a double boiler full of water inside a closed cabinet."

By the time I got home that night, the paper on the kitchen walls and ceiling had dried, leaving only a faint fragrance of old paste, and everything else had been emptied or mopped up. The only important damage was to our precious new 1958-59 Manhattan Telephone Directory. Both the Manhattan and the Westchester telephone books, which nestle on a shelf near the dishwasher (it now sullenly refused to do *anything*), were sopping. I must explain that, as residents of Chappaqua, we are entitled only to the Westchester County book. This, I knew, we could have replaced by simply calling the phone company. But a Manhattan book can only be obtained free in the suburbs by borrowing it from one's own office in the city when nobody is looking, and hauling it all the way home on the train. It had taken me two years to find the exact moment when this nervy maneuver could be executed. And now, within a few weeks, the fruit of my endeavors was a sodden mass.

"Maybe it will dry out by itself," I said hopefully the next morning. "We'll leave it as it is."

A week later, the book had swollen to almost twice its normal size and was threatening to force the phone itself off the shelf. A quick flip—or flop—through the pages showed them to be as wet as ever.

"We'll dry it in the oven," my wife said brightly. "If you can make bricks that way, you certainly ought to be able to dry a telephone book. I'd say about two hundred and fifty degrees, so it won't get too well done on the outside."

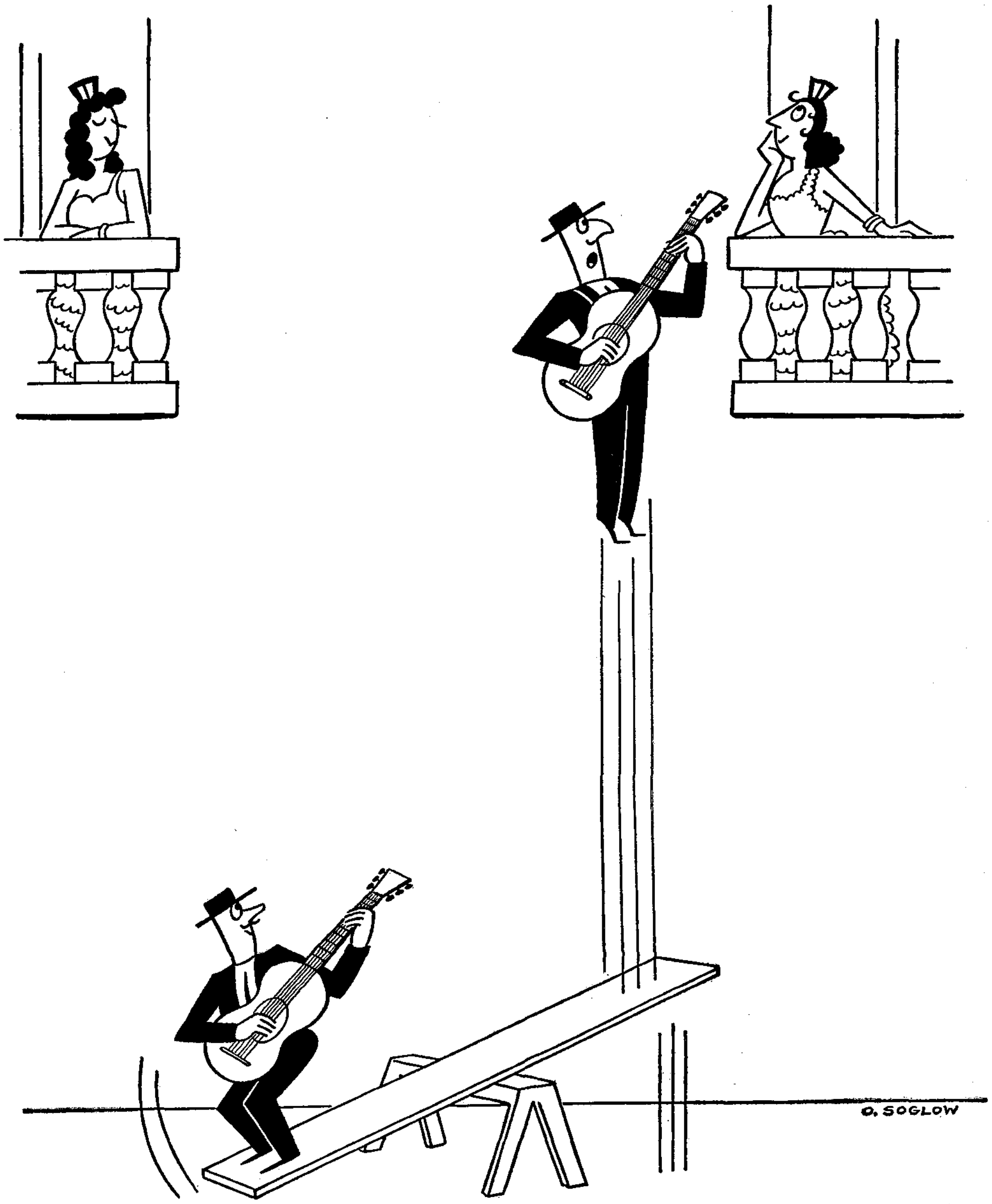
The oven was turned on, and we slipped the book in tenderly. Five hours later, you still couldn't get a fork into it. It steamed merrily but damply, and now we were alarmed to notice that it was beginning to wrinkle. We took it out and set it on a window sill to cool.

"There's only one thing to do," my wife said. "We've got to iron it. How many pages are there?"

I looked. "One thousand eight hundred and thirty-six."

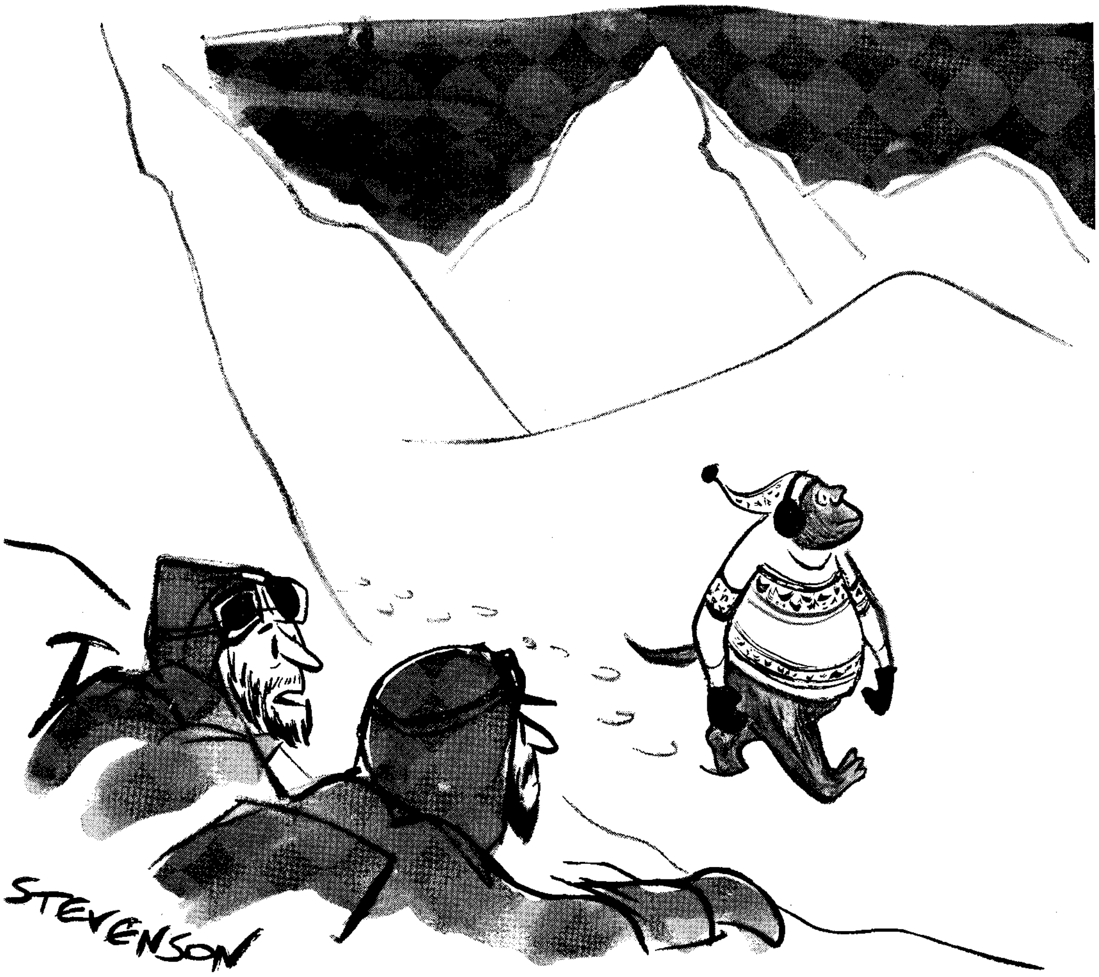
She made a rapid calculation. We have three teen-age daughters. The beagle, of course, could not be counted upon. "That means three hundred and sixty-seven pages each," she said.

What we did not realize was that teen-age daughters cannot be counted upon, either, especially when it comes to ironing telephone books. They simply do not seem to grasp the challenge. When they came home from school, my wife told them gaily, "Tonight we



are all going to take turns ironing the telephone book!"

They regarded her steadily, with that terrible candor of the teen-ager, and asked for a repeat. When the full import of her plan struck home, the response was loud and negative—so negative, in fact, that I, in disgust, said I would do the entire job, all by myself. I expected a chorus of protests to greet this suggestion. I was wrong. Ironing is woman's work, but, for some reason, all the ladies in my family seemed to take the attitude that ironing a telephone book is a masculine undertaking, like carpentry or car washing.



"If that's what he is, you've got to give him credit for trying not to be too abominable."

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PIONEERING this little-known field, I believe I picked up a few pointers that should be passed on to those who may come after. First of all, when you are ironing a telephone book the size of the Manhattan Directory, it is important that you be properly dressed. I chose sneakers, tennis socks, brown chino trousers, and a T shirt. Although I ironed in the evenings, I found that even a cool basement laundry room heats up long before you have completed a hundred pages, and I was grateful that I had had the foresight to select an outfit that provided maximum comfort and freedom of movement.

The heat dial of the iron should be set for Cotton. Rayon is not hot enough, and Linen is apt to scorch around the edges, particularly if you get to watching for lady chiropractors, Arabian delicatessens, and the like.

Begin at the back. For some reason, it helps to think of yourself as on page 1836, rather than page 1. I will never again see a Manhattan Directory without recalling the ZzzyZzy Ztamp Ztudioz Co., the last entry in the book, and the first your iron touches under these circumstances.

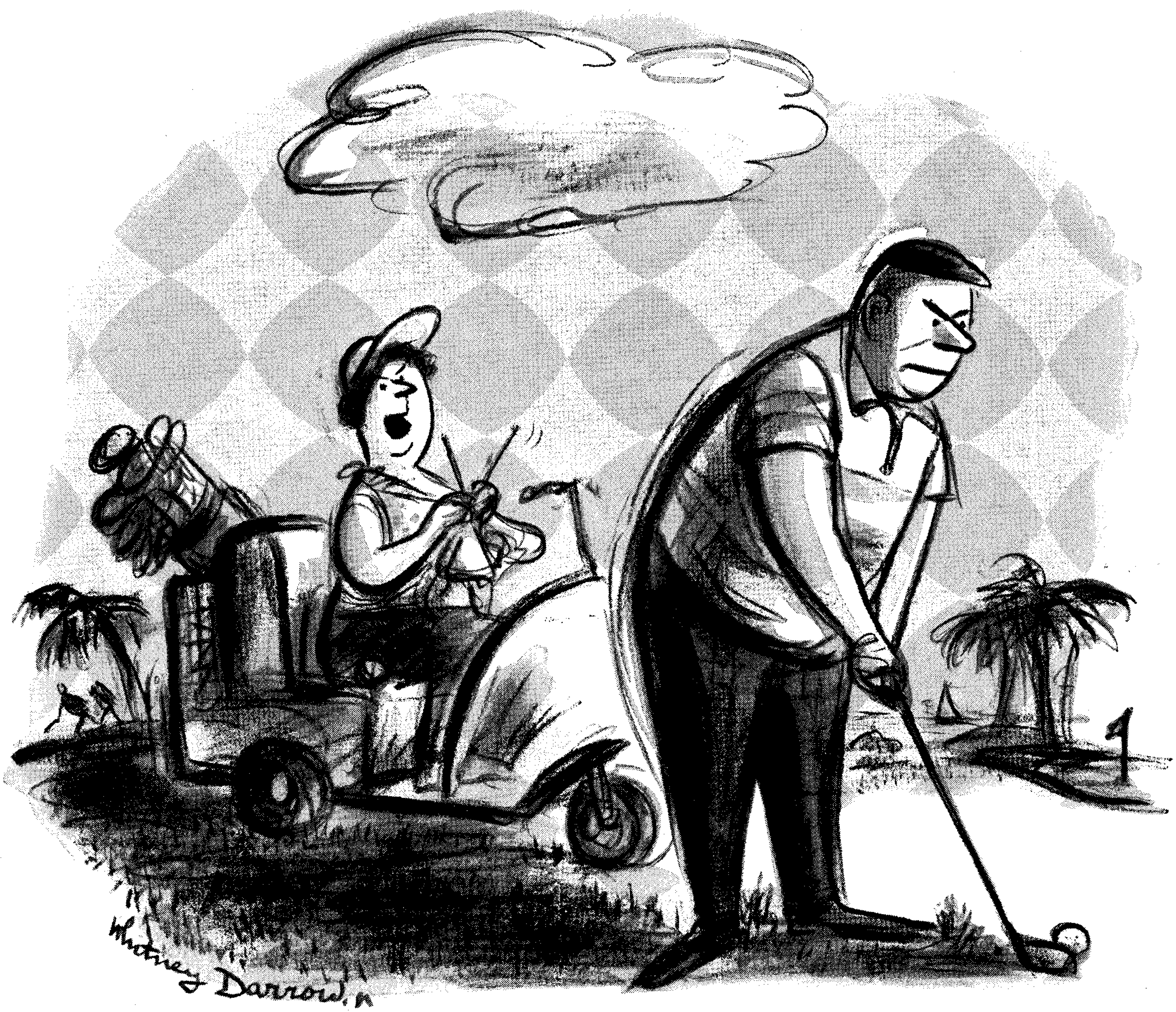
You may sit down while ironing, but only during the earlier stages. I used my workbench stool for a while, but I soon found that as the ironed pages grew higher, it was increasingly difficult to exert sufficient downward pressure to smooth out the more stubborn wrinkles.

Dismiss from your mind any time-saving ideas that may occur to you. It is impossible to iron a wet telephone book quickly and still maintain a high standard of workmanship. There is no use trying to iron more than one page at a time. Purely in the interests of science, and not because of any weakening in my resolve, I tried this short cut as early as the "T"s, taking first four pages, then three, and finally settling for two, but the bottom one will not dry. (In the course of this experiment, I kept the iron on one page too long, and was warned just in time by a tiny spiral of smoke. A half column of Thompsons in my book are now the color of toast.)

And don't think you can speed things up by holding the wet pages in one hand and flipping them down one by one, as needed. It won't work. The moisture causes the pages to stick together, and they have to be separated, with both hands, which means, of course, that you have to put the iron down nine hundred and eighteen times.

For one wild moment, along about the mid-"O"s, I considered using the mangle (*"They laughed when I sat down at the mangle, but . . ."*), and I did take a brief respite to study the machine. You operate a mangle with your knees, of course, and this would have been a welcome change, for my hand had begun to cramp around the handle of the iron. However, it was obvious that I would have to hold the book, feed in one page at a time, and release the roller at precisely the right instant. The danger of tearing the pages was too great, and I went back to hand labor, comforting myself with the thought that the best places always advertise that type of work.

Since there are no short cuts to success in this rather special field, I suggest that you allow at least two nights for the job. I ended my first ironing session around 2 A.M. The next evening was almost a complete loss. Just as I was starting on the "K"s, some friends asked us over, and my wife was too embarrassed—as well she might have been—to say that we couldn't go because I was down in the cellar ironing the telephone book. The upshot was



"Keep that left arm straight, stop moving your head, watch your follow-through . . ."

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that I had to change out of my ironing costume and play games for the rest of the evening. I finally finished the job at one-fifteen the following night.

Ironing the Manhattan Directory is not mentally stimulating. From time to time, my wife would come down to see how I was doing, or one of the children would call down the stairs to ask me for information about ancient Egyptian civilization. The dog also came to visit, nervously sniffing the unusual mixture of steam, paper, and ink. But even with occasional visitors the hours do not fly by, and I suggest that you try to think of yourself as on a scenic tour of the glittering metropolis. On my magic iron, I glided through the West Side Zuckermans, passed the Yale Club and the Woolworth Bldg., and appreciated for the first time the sprawling bureaucracy of the United States Government—"WEATHER BUR." through "ADVISORY GROUP ON ELECTRON TUBES." There was the United Nations (Yugoslavia through Afghanistan), Trinity Church, the Stork Club, the Smiths (seven and a half pages of them), and the Original Crispy Pizza Crust Co. My iron smoothed the furrowed brows of Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith, paused at Luchow's, pressed on to the Joneses (only four pages of them), and dropped into El Morocco for a nightcap. The whole vast panorama of Manhattan (smelling only slightly of hot paper) passed before me, until finally I ironed the last wrinkle from page 1—"Emergency Calls."

A CAUTIONARY note: When ironing a telephone book, you will find that several beers not only enhance the tour but also diminish the importance of any little burns or muscular aches picked up along the way. The quantity of beer consumed must be carefully regulated. I erred on the side of generosity the first evening, and by the time I reached the "Mc"s, I noticed that the quality of my work had deteriorated. In fact, I had to sprinkle the "McD"s and iron them all over again.

—FRED DICKENSON

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THE NEW HARVARD

[*Photograph caption in Harvard Today, an alumni magazine*]

This drawing shows half of a double suite, arranged as a living room. The other half of the suite is used as a double bedroom. Flexibility of design also permits conversion of the suite into two single study-bedrooms. The design of the Eighth House also allows students to go from bedroom to bath without passing either through a corridor or through the individual living rooms. This advantage, when students may be entertaining women, is obvious.

GIRL'S-EYE VIEW OF RELATIVES

IN PRAISE OF AUNTS

Of all that tribe the young must do
Familial obedience to,
Whom we salute on anniversaries,
Whose names we learn while new in nurseries
Or borrow at baptismal fonts,
The soothingest are aunts.

Aunts are discreet, a little shy
By instinct. They forbear to pry
Into recesses of the spirit
Where apprehensions lie.
Yet, given a tale to hear, they *hear* it.

Aunts spinster pamper us with praise,
And seats for worldly matinées
With coffee, after. Married aunts,
Attentive to material wants,
Run rather to the shared comestible,
Taboo or indigestible;
Are lenient but cool;
And let us, if we must, play fool.

Aunts carry no duty in their faces.
Their letters, mailed from far-off places,
Are merely letters meant to read
(Answerable at a moderate speed),
Not cries of need
Or vessels heavy with their hopes.
Aunts also send,
Tucked into casual envelopes,
Money entirely ours to spend.

At night they do not lie awake
Shuddering for our sorrows' sake.
Beneath our flesh we seldom wear
Their skeletons, nor need we stare
Into a looking glass and see
Their images begin to be.
Aunts care, but only mildly care,
About our winter moods,
Postures, or social attitudes,
And whether we've made a friend or dropped one.

All should have aunts, or else adopt one.

TRIOLET AGAINST SISTERS

Sisters are always drying their hair,
Locked into rooms, alone.
They pose at the mirror, shoulders bare,
Trying this way and that their hair,
Or fly importunate down the stair
To answer a telephone.
Sisters are always drying their hair,
Locked into rooms, alone.

IN DEFENSE OF BROTHERS

Big brothers mock you
About your braces.
Little ones shock you,
Have dirty faces,
And fill their closets with snips and snails
And what are possibly
Puppy-dog tails.

Their shoes are undone.
Their exploits bore you.
But small brothers run
On errands for you,
While others bring home with them, now and then,
Shambling, beautiful,
Gruff young men.

TURN OF THE SCREW

Girl cousins condescend. They wear
Earrings, and dress like fashion's sample,
Have speaking eyes and curly hair,
And parents point to their example.

But the boy cousins one's allotted
Are years too young for one. And spotted.

THE ADVERSARY

A mother's hardest to forgive.
Life is the fruit she longs to hand you,
Ripe on a plate. And while you live,
Relentlessly she understands you.

FIRST LESSON

The thing to remember about fathers is, they're men.
A girl has to keep it in mind.
They are dragon-seekers, bent on improbable rescues.
Scratch any father, you find
Someone chock-full of qualms and romantic terrors,
Believing change is a threat—
Like your first shoes with heels on, like your first bicycle
It took such months to get.

Walk in strange woods, he warns you about the snakes there.
Climb, and he fears you'll fall.
Books, angular boys, or swimming in deep water—
Fathers mistrust them all.
Men are the worriers. It is difficult for them
To learn what they must learn:
How you have a journey to take, and very likely,
For a while, will not return.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

THE HEROES IN THE DARK HOUSE

"THEY were gone in the morning," the old man said. His name was Arthur Broderick, and the young folk-tale scholar sat quietly, listening to the story that had been promised him. "Lock, stock, and barrel—the whole U.S. garrison, off for the far fields of France. Jeeps, guns, and gun carriers. In the dump behind the big camp at Knocknamoe Castle, the handful of caretakers they left behind slung radio sets and bicycles and ran a gun carrier with caterpillar wheels over the lot and as good as made mash of them. Very wasteful. War's all waste. Those bicycles would have kept every young boy in the county spinning for the next five years."

Like the plain girl that nobody wanted, Mr. Broderick's nine-times rejected manuscript—folk tales set down with such love and care in high-spined script—lay between them on an antique drawing-room table. The table's top, solid oak and two inches thick, was shaped like a huge teardrop pearl with the tip abruptly nipped off.

"Oak," Mr. Broderick said through the smoke. "Two centuries old. In 1798, in the year of the Rising, it was the top of a bellows in a smithy. Look here, where the British yeomanry sawed the tip off it so that the rebels could no longer use it for the forging of the pikes. When I was the age of yourself, I converted it into a table. Sixty years ago last July."

Around them in the ancient, musty tapestried room, the wreathing smoke might have come from the fires of 1798. Bird song outside, sunshine, wind in the creepers were as far away as Florida. The greedy, nesting jackdaws held the flues as firmly as ever at Thermopylae or the Alamo or Athlone, or a score of other places all round the battered globe, unforgotten heroes had held passes, bridgeheads, or gun-burned walls. And unforgotten heroes had marched through the smoke in this room: Strong Shawn, the son of the fisherman of Kinsale, triumphantly, with the aid of white magic, crossed the seven-mile strand of steel spikes, the seven-mile-high mountain of flames, the seven miles of treacherous sea, and came gloriously to win his love in a castle courtyard crowded with champions and heroes from the four sides of the world; the valiant son of the King of Antua fought with Macan Mor, son of the King of Soracha, in the way that they made rocks of water and water of rocks, and if the birds came from the lower to the upper world to see wonders, it was to see these two they came.

Mr. Broderick went on with his tale. All night long, through the village below the old, dark, smoky house that had once been a rectory, the lorries had throbbed and thundered on the narrow, twisted street, and above, in the upper air, the waves of planes had swept east toward Europe. "They were gone in the morning," he said. "Lock, stock, and barrel. There was never a departure like it since the world was made. For quick packing, I heard afterwards, they drove the jeeps up the steep steps of the courthouse below. It reminded me of the poem about the three jolly gentlemen in coats of red who rode their horses up to bed. They were gone," he said, "like snow off a ditch."

It was as much as the young scholar could do to see him for smoke. But with an effort that would have done credit to Macan Mor or Shawn of Kinsale he managed to control his coughing.

IN the old, dizzy chimney, the jackdaws were so solidly entrenched that at times Mr. Broderick had found it hard to see the paper he transcribed the folk tales on. The smoke no longer made him cough, but at eighty-five his eyes were not as keen as they had been when he was in his prime and from the saddle of a galloping hunter could spot, in passing, a bird's nest in a leafy hedgerow. Lovingly he transcribed the tales in the high, spidery handwriting that—like himself, like his work for Sir Horace Plunkett in the coöperative creameries, his friendship with Thomas Andrews, who had built the Titanic and gone bravely with it to Wordsworth's incommunicable sleep—belonged to a past, forgotten time. For years of his life he had followed these tales—the people who told them, the heroes who lived in them—over miles of lonely heather-mountain, up boreens that in rain became rivulets, to crouch in mountain cabins by the red hearth-glow and listen to the meditative voices of people for whom there was only the past.

Peadar Haughey of Creggan Cross had sat on the long oaken settle with his wife and three daughters and dictated to him the adventures of the son of the King of Antua, as well as the story of the giant of Reibhlean, who had abducted from Ireland a married princess. Giants as a rule preferred unmarried princesses. Peadar told the story in Irish and English. His wife and daughters understood only English, but together they rocked in unison on the settle and sang macaronic songs in a mixture of both languages. That simple world had its own confusions. At times, in his smoky house, Mr. Broderick found it hard to separate the people in the tales from the people who told them.

Bedridden Owen Roe Ward, in a garret in a back lane in the garrison town ten miles away, had told him the story of the King of Green Island, and other stories that were all about journeys to the end of the earth in search of elixirs that could only be won by herculean labors. Hewing trees for hire in a tangled plantation that had once paid for the travels and other activities of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, Owen had brought down on his hapless spine a ton-weight of timber. Paralyzed in his garret, he travelled as he talked, to find life-giving water in the well at the world's end.

A woman of eighty by the name of Maire John (she still sang with the sweet voice she had at twenty and displayed the fondness for embracing men that, according to tradition, had then characterized her) had told him of the three princesses who sat in the wishing chair. One wished to marry a husband more beautiful than the sun. The second wished to marry a husband more beautiful than the moon. The third stated her honest but eccentric preference for the White Hound of the Mountain. It was a local, heather-flavored version of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, and Maire John herself was a randy old lady who would have delighted Apuleius in the days of silver Latin.

The stories had come like genii, living, wreathing from holes in the walls behind smoky hearths; or from the dusty tops of dressers; or from farmhouse lofts where ancient, yellow manuscripts were stored. By Bloody Bridge on the Camowen River (called so because of no battle but because of the number of fine trout killed there), he had heard from Pat Moses Gavigan a completely new version of the story of Finn MacCool and the enchanted Salmon of Wisdom.

Plain and mountain and river valley—the places he knew were sombre with the sense of family, and folk tales grew there as naturally as grass. Heroes, princesses, enchanters good and bad—he had marshalled them all, called them to order in his own smoky room, numbered them off right to left, made his roll call, described them in that high-spined handwriting he had studied so laboriously in the old manuscripts. Properly thus caparisoned, they would go out into the twentieth century. Arthur

Broderick made them his own. He called them his children. He sent them out to the ends of the earth, to magazine editors and publishing houses. They came back rejected to him, as if, being his children, they could have no life when torn away from him. Then, one day, in the smoky room, under the power of the squabbling enchanters of jackdaws, he had the bitterness of discovering that his children had betrayed him. In a Dublin newspaper he read the review of the young scholar's book:

> The scholar who has compiled, translated, and edited these folk tales has a wise head on young shoulders. Careful research and a wide knowledge of comparative folklore have gone into his work. He has gleaned carefully in the mountainous area ten miles north of the town where he was born. He presents his findings with an erudite introduction and in an impeccable style. . . .

The smoke wreathed around him. The reviewer's weary sentences went on like the repetition of a death knell:

> His name is worthy to rank with that of such folklorists as Jeremiah Curtin. Particularly notable is his handling of the remarkable quest tale of the King of Green Island. . . .

Mr. Broderick couldn't blame the three princesses for leaving the wishing chair and making off with a younger man. That scholar, wise head on young shoulders, could be Cupid, more beautiful than the sun and the moon; he might even be that enigmatic character the White Hound of the Mountain. But Shawn of Kinsale could have been kinder to old age, and to all those battling heroes or venturesome boys who crossed perilous seas, burning mountains, and spiked strands.

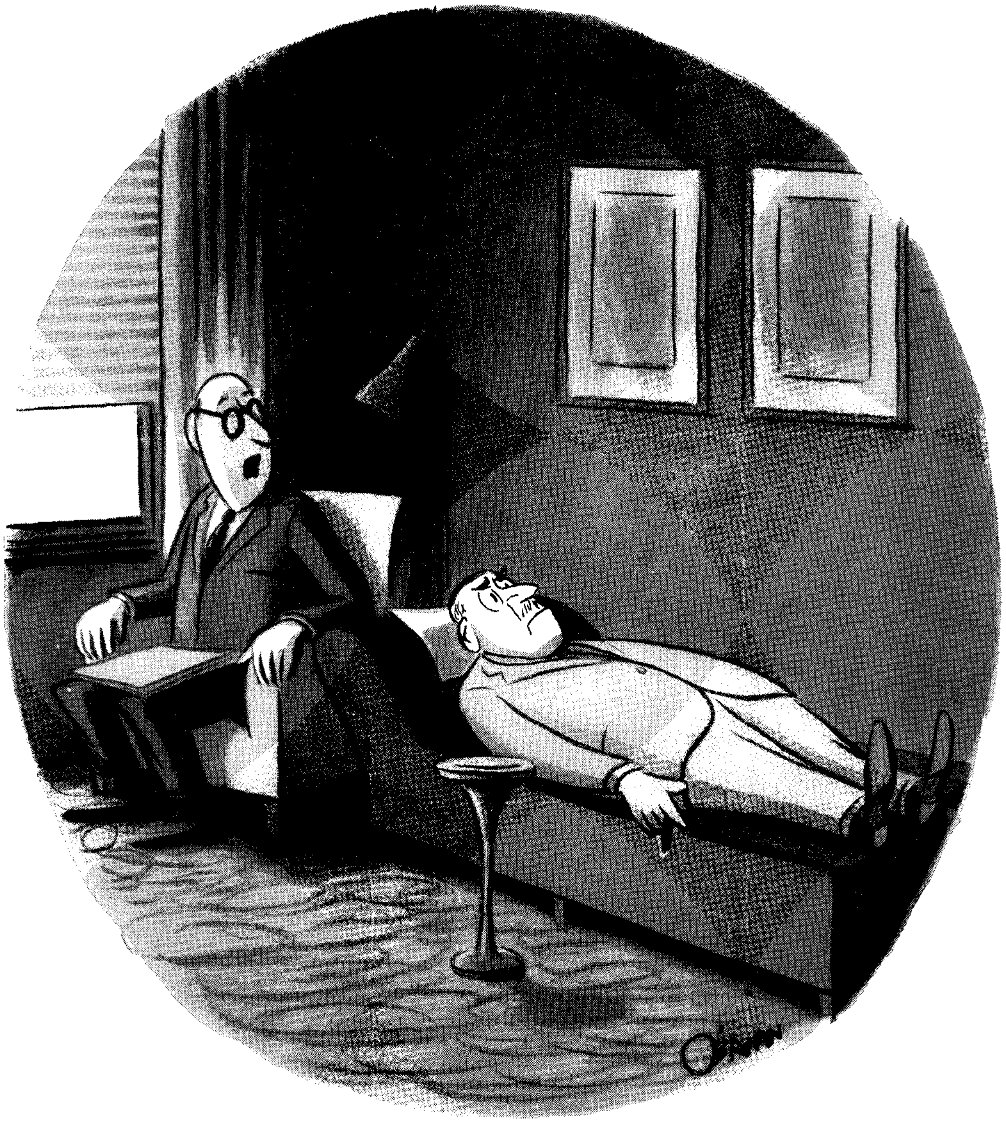
Broderick wrote to the young scholar at the publisher's address:

> While I am loath to trade on your time, I have, it would seem, been working, or wandering about in, the same field and in the same part of the country. We may share the acquaintanceship of some of the living sources of these old tales. We certainly have friends in common in the realms of mythology. Perhaps my own humble gatherings might supplement your store. So far I have failed to find a publisher for them. If you are ever visiting your home town, you may care to add a few miles to the journey to call on me. My congratulations on your achievement. It gratifies me to see a young man from this part of the country doing so well.

A week later, he took up his stick, and walked down the winding, grass-grown avenue. An ancestor was rector here long years ago, he thought, as in the case of William Yeats, the poet, who died in France on the eve of this war, and who had an ancestor a rector long years ago in Drumcliffe by the faraway Sligo sea. Mr. Broderick's house had been the rectory. When the church authorities judged it a crumbling, decaying property, they had given it to Mr. Broderick for a token sum—a small gesture of regard for all that in an active manhood he had done for the village. Crumbling and decaying it was, but peace, undisturbed, remained around the boles of the trees, the tall gables and old tottering chimneys, the shadowy, bird-rustling walks. Now as he walked, yews gone wild and reckless made a tangled pattern above his head.

Weeks before, from the garrison town in the valley, war had spilled its gathering troops over into this little village. Three deep, burdened with guns and accoutrements, they slouched past Mr. Broderick on the way down the hill to their courthouse billet. Dust rose around them. They whistled. They sang. They were three to six thousand miles from home, facing an uncertain future, and in reasonably good humor. A dozen or so, who knew Mr. Broderick from the tottering house as the old guy who made souvenirs out of blackthorn and bog oak, waved casual, friendly hands. Beyond and behind them as they descended was the blue cone of Knocknamoe Hill, where the castle was commandeered and where a landlord had once stocked a lake with rainbow trout that, like these troops, had been carried across the wide Atlantic. The soldiers' dust settling around him in wreaths and rings, Mr. Broderick went down the road to collect his mail at the post office. There had been no troops in this village since 1798, when the bellows had been mutilated, and the soldiers then, according to history books, had been anything but friendly.

The long red-tiled roofs and white walls of the coöperative creamery, the sheen of glasshouses from the slopes of the model farm were a reminder to Mr. Broderick of the enthusiasms of an active past. People had in his boyhood been evicted for poverty in that vil-



"Yes, I would mind reading back what I've got so far."

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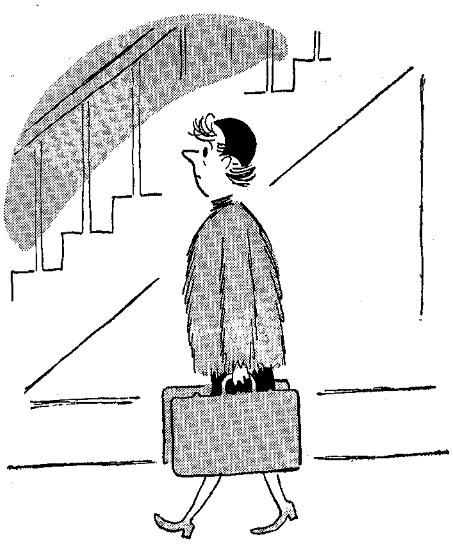

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lage. Now every year the coöperative grain store handled one hundred and fifty thousand tons of grain. An energetic young man could take forty tons of tomatoes out of an acre and a quarter of glasshouses, and on a day of strong sunshine the gleam of the glasshouses would blind you. Crops burst over the hedges as nowhere else in that part of the country. It was good, high, dry land that took less harm than most places from wet seasons and flooding, and the cattle were as heavy and content as creamy oxen in French vineyards.

Over the hedge and railings by the parish church, the statue of the Old Canon, not of Mr. Broderick's persuasion, raised a strong, Roman right arm. The pedestal described the Canon as a saintly priest and sterling patriot, and to anybody except Mr. Broderick that raised right arm might have been minatory. To Arthur Broderick it was a kind of memory of a hero and co-worker, it was an eternal greeting in stone. "Arthur," the statue said, "yourself and myself built this place. There was a time when you'd have clambered to the top of a telegraph pole if somebody'd told you there was a shilling there that would help to make the village live. You did everything but say Mass, and I did that. You got little out of it yourself. But you saw they were happy and strong. Look around you. Be proud and glad. Enjoy your dreams of lost heroes in the mist. No young man can steal from you what you want to give away."

High above the dead stone Canon, the Angelus bell rang. Before him, down the cobbled footwalk, so steep that at times it eased itself out with a sigh into flat, flagged steps, went a tall soldier and a small young woman. Mr. Broderick knew her. She was one of the eighteen Banty Mullans—nine male, nine female, all strawheaded and five feet high, the males all roughs, and the females, to put it politely, taking in washing for the Irish Fusiliers in the town below. She was ill-dressed, coarse-tongued, and vicious. She carried in her left hand a shiny gallon buttermilk can. Stooping low, the tall warrior eased the handle of the can from the stumpy, stubborn fingers and, surprised at a gentlemanly gesture that could never have come from a prewar fusilier trained in the old Prussian school and compelled in public to walk like clockwork, she asked with awe, "Aren't you feared the sergeant will see you?"

"In this man's army," he said, and Mr. Broderick thought he could be a Texan. It was diverting to study their accents and guess at states. "In this man's army, sister, we don't keep sergeants."

Suddenly happy, Arthur Broderick tripped behind them, kicked at a stray pebble, sniffed at the good air, until his way was blocked by the frail, discontented figure of Patrick, who kept the public house beside the post office, opposite the courthouse, and who sold the bog-oak and blackthorn souvenirs to thirsty, sentimental soldiers.

"Lord God, Mr. Broderick," said Patrick. "Do you see *that* for discipline? Carrying a tin can like an errand boy."

"But Patrick, child, it's idyllic. Deirdre in the hero tale couldn't have been more nobly treated by the three Ulster brothers, the sons of Uisneach. Hitler and Hirohito had to bring the doughboys over here before one of the Banty Mullans was handled like a lady."

"Mr. B.," said Patrick, "we all know you have odd ideas on what's what. But Mr. B., there must be a line of demarcation. Would you look across the street at that for soldiering?"

In sunshine that struggled hard but failed to brighten the old granite walls and Ionic columns of the courthouse, the huge colored sentry had happily accepted the idea that for that day and in that village he did not have to deal with the Wehrmacht. Unlike the courthouse, he looked as if he had been specially made by the sun. He sat relaxed on a chair, legs crossed, sharing a parcel of sandwiches with a trio of village children. Behind him on a stone ledge, his weapon of war was a votive offering at the feet of a bronze statue of a famous hanging judge, who, irritated by the eczema of the droppings of law-

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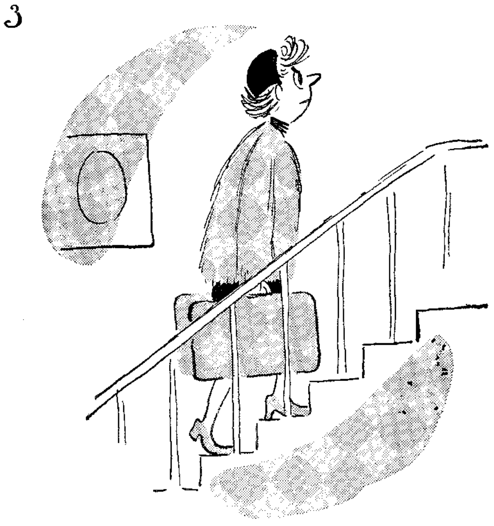

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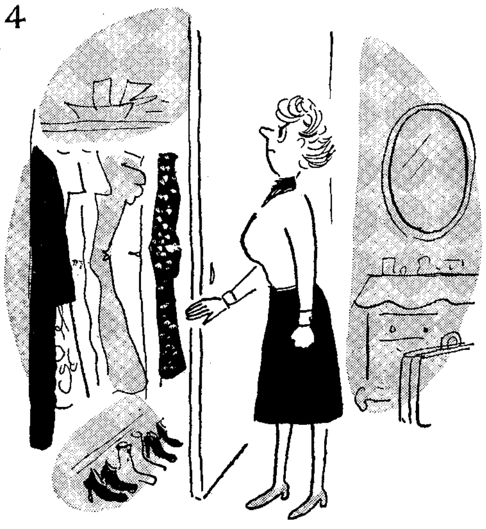

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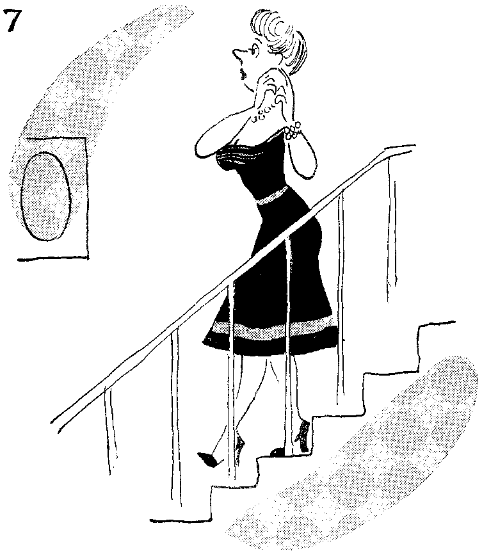

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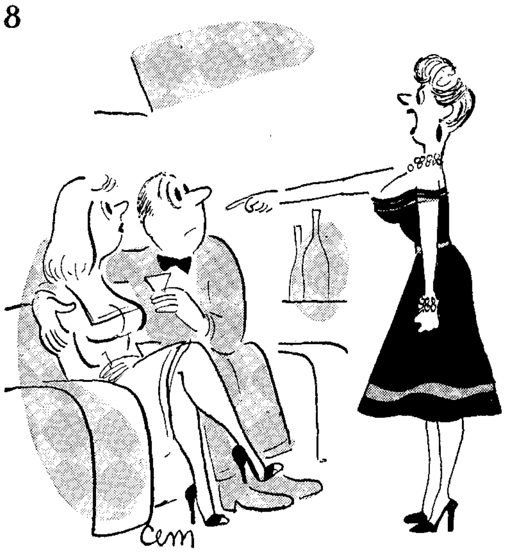


less, irreverent birds, scowled like the Monster from Thirty Thousand Fathoms. Then clattering down the courthouse steps came fifty young men, very much at ease. Falling into loose formation, they went jauntily down the hilly street to the cookhouse at the bottom of the village. To the rhythm of their feet they played tunes with trays and table utensils.

"Their morale is high," said Mr. Broderick.

Dark, hollow-cheeked, always complaining, persecuted by a corpulent wife, Patrick resented the young warriors with every bone in his small body. Some local wit had once said that he was a man constitutionally incapable of filling a glass to the brim. "These fellows, Mr. B., are better fed than yourself or myself."

"They're young and growing, Patrick. They need it more. Besides, doesn't the best authority tell us an army marches on its belly."

"They're pampered. Starve the Irish, Lord Kitchener said, and you'll have an army."

"Ah, but Patrick, the times have changed. I had the pleasure of serving under Lord Kitchener. But he never impressed me as a dietitian."

"Soft soles on their boots," said Patrick, "and their teeth glued together with chewing gum, and all the girls in the country running wild since they came."

"Life," said Mr. Broderick, "we can't suppress. Every woman worth breathing loves a warrior who's facing death."

"Once upon a time," Patrick said, "your old friend the Canon made a rake of a fellow kneel in the church gate with a horse collar round his neck, to do public penance for his rascalities with the girls."

"Lothario in a leather frame, Patrick." Mr. Broderick laughed until his eyes were moist at the memory, and at the unquenchable misery in the diminutive, unloved, unloving heart of henpecked Patrick. "Today, Patrick, there wouldn't be enough horse collars to go round. The horse isn't as plentiful as it was. The Canon had his foibles. He objected also to tam-o'-shanters and women riding bicycles. That was so long ago, Patrick. We'll drink to his memory."

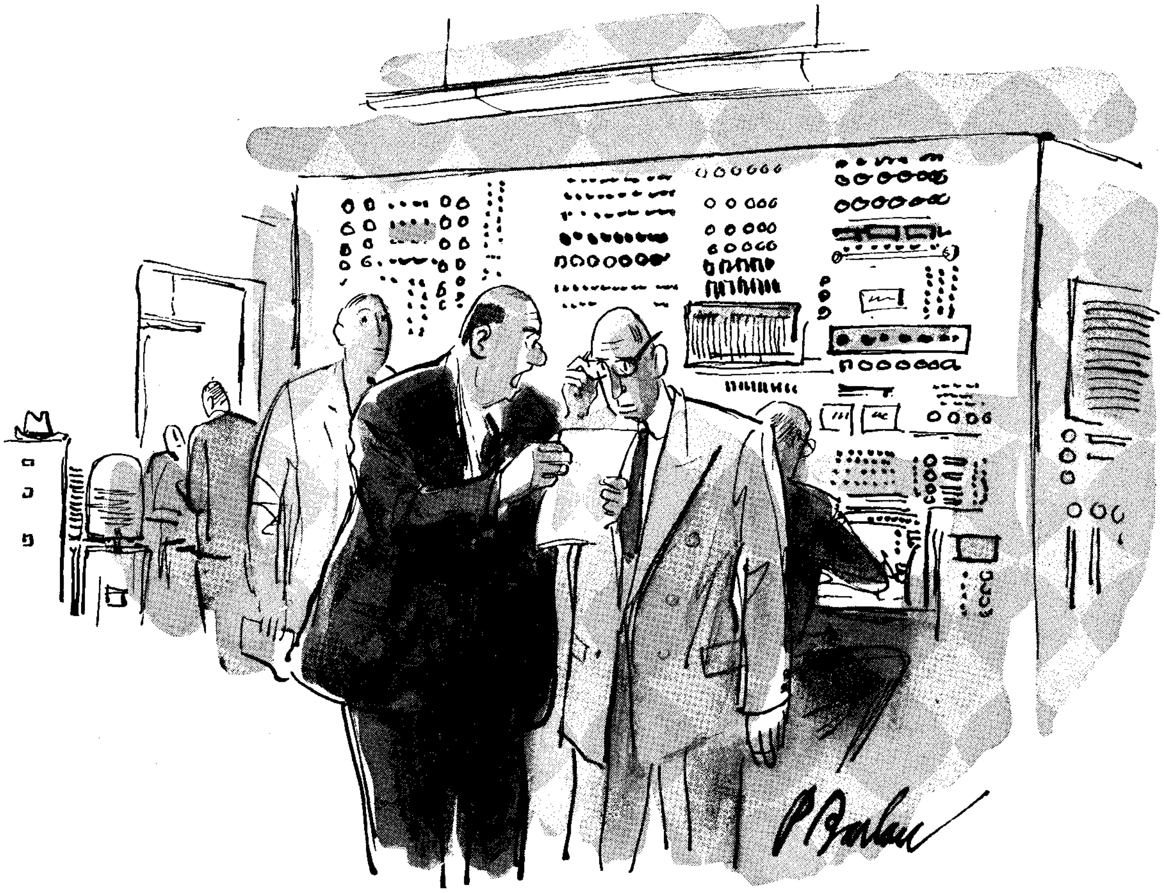
Everything was so long ago, he thought as he left the public house and stepped on to the post office. Patrick could hardly be described as part of the present. His lament was for days when heroes went hungry, when the fusiliers in the town below were forbidden by rule to stand chatting on the public street, were compelled to step rigidly, gloves like this, cane like that under the armpit—like a stick trussing a plucked chicken in a poulterer's shop. Patrick in his cave of a pub was a comic, melancholy, legendary dwarf. His one daring relaxation was to brighten the walls of his cave with colored calendars of pretty girls caught with arms full of parcels and, by the snapping of some elastic or the betrayal of some hook or button, in mildly embarrassing situations. With startled but nevertheless smiling eyes, they appealed to Patrick's customers.

"Your souvenirs sell well, Mr. B.," Patrick said. "The pipes especially. But the sloe-stone rosary beads, too. Although it puzzles me what these wild fellows want with rosary beads."

"They may have mothers at home, Patrick, who like keepsakes. They're far from home. They're even headed the other way."

At the post office, the girl behind the brass grille smiled. "Two letters, Mr. Broderick," she said, and she handed them out.

He read the first. The young scholar said that he had read with great interest of Mr. Broderick's interest and his collection of folk tales. He realized that folk tales were often, curiously enough, not popular fare, but he still considered that publishers lacked vision and enterprise. He had had his own book published only because of the fortunate chance of his meeting a publisher who thought that he, the young scholar, might someday write a book that



"Old Miss Pringle at her worst never made a mistake like this."

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would be a money-maker. The young scholar would in the near future be visiting his native place. He thanked Mr. Broderick for his kind invitation and would take the liberty of calling on him.

The second letter came from an old colleague in the city of Belfast. It said:

> Arthur, old friend, yesterday I met a Major Michael F. X. Devaney—it would seem he has Irish ancestry—who has something or other to do with cultural relations between the U.S. troops and ourselves. He's hunting for folk tales, local lore, to publish in book form for the Army. I thought of you. I took the liberty of arranging an appointment and loaning him a copy of some of the stories you once loaned me.

Mr. Broderick went to Belfast a few days later to keep the appointment. From the window of the Major's office, the vast, smoky bulk of the domed city hall was visible. He turned from its impressive Victorian gloom to study the Major, splendidly caparisoned as any hero who had ever lived in colored tales told by country hearths.

"Mr. Broderick, sir," said the Major, "this is real contemporary."

"Old tales, Major, like old soldiers."

"This 'spiked strand and burning mountain.' I was in the Pacific, Mr. Broderick. This 'seven miles of treacherous sea.' A few pages of glossary, Mr. Broderick, a few explanatory footnotes—how long would that take you?"

"A month, Major. Say a month."

"We'll settle for a month. Then we'll clinch the deal. These tales are exactly what we want, Mr. Broderick. Tell the boys something about the traditions of the place."

He took the train home from the tense, overcrowded city to the garrison town in the valley. The market-day bus brought him up over the ridge to his own village. All that warm night, the lorries on the steep street robbed him of his sparse, aged sleep as the troops moved; and they were gone in the morning, lock, stock, and barrel, and on the far French coast the sons of the Kings of Antua and Soracha grappled until they made rocks of water and water of rocks, and the waves of the great metal birds of the air screamed over them.

Next morning, high in the sky beyond Knocknamoe, one lone plane droned like a bee some cruel boy had imprisoned in a bottle to prevent it from joining the swarm. At his hushed doorway, sad Patrick the publican looked aghast at the newspaper headlines and more aghast at the cold, empty courthouse that once had housed such thirsty young men. "You'd swear to God," he said, "they were never there at all."

Arthur Broderick left him to his confusion. He walked home under twisted yews, up the grass-grown avenue to his own smoky house. The heroes had gone, but the heroes would stay with him forever. His children would stay with him forever, but, in a way, it was a pity that he could never give his stories to all those fine young men.

"COME in," Mr. Broderick said to the young scholar. "You're welcome. There's nothing I'm prouder of than to see a young man from these parts doing well. We know the same people," he said. "We have many friends in common."

"Shawn of Kinsale," the young scholar said, "and the son of the King of Antua."

"The three princesses," Mr. Broderick said, "and the White Hound of the Mountain." He reached out the hand of welcome to the young scholar.

"Publishing is slow," the young scholar stammered. "They have little vision. . . ."

"Vision reminds me," Mr. Broderick said. "Do you mind smoke?" He opened the drawing-room door. Smoke billowed out to the musty hallway.

"My poor stories," he said. "My poor heroes. They went away to the well at the world's end, but they always came back. Once, they came very close to enlisting in the U.S. Army. That's a story I must tell you sometime."

The manuscript of his tales lay between them on the table that had once been part of a rebel's bellows. Around them in the smoke were the gray shadows of heroic eighteenth-century men who, to fight tyranny, had forged steel pikes. And eastward the heroes had swept, that earth-shaking summer, over the treacherous, mined sea, over the seven miles of spiked strand, over the seven and seventy miles of burning mountain.

—Benedict Kiely

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Mrs. R. Sanchez was in Palatka Monday, hopping.—*Palatka (Fla.) Daily News.*

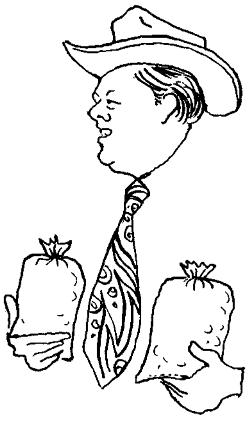
Some perfectly trivial thing, probably.

ANNALS OF CRIME

SOMEBODY IS GOING TO GET HIT

THAT old fraud the King in "Huckleberry Finn" made his rascally way through the world by free-lance preaching, fortune-telling, faith healing, and what he lumped under the heading of "missionaryin' around." For bilking the gullible, as he saw it, there was simply nothing that could beat taking up collections at revival meetings, where he got his richest results from some of his most bogus appeals. The King, as a thoughtful student of the techniques required to rouse such gatherings to the fervent belief that their best chance of laying up treasures in Heaven consisted in depositing their earthly treasures in the collection plates, would undoubtedly have derived considerable edification from watching the operations of a fundamentalist minister named C. Thomas Patten, who once boasted, "I am the only man in the world who ever made a million dollars three times over from religion," and who, in the heyday of his operations as the dominant member of a husband-and-wife evangelical team, during and soon after the Second World War, may well have been one of the greatest virtuosos of all time in the art of exploiting the honest spiritual urges of others for his own dishonest ends. Patten, who died last year of a heart attack at the age of forty-five, was a burly, brash, unlettered man with a powerful gift for the sort of rhetoric that passes understanding; considerable charm of a backwoods variety; an uncommon flair for the whimsical, ludicrous, and outrageous; and a round, ruddy face of the kind often described as "frank and honest." When in form, he could not only take up collections of extraordinary size for his ostensibly godly purposes but could also persuade his followers to donate money to buy him such manifestly secular items as peacocks, pet bulldogs, and cowboy boots. Once, giving a bravura demonstration of his talents—as Paganini might have dashed off a breathtaking cadenza—he even took up a collection for money to throw into a lake. It was, by all accounts, a goodly offering. No witnesses can be found who saw him actually throw the money into the lake, but there are some who recall that when he received the collection plates at the pulpit on this occasion, he dramatically tore a bill in half—to show his good faith, presumably—and then carefully stuffed both halves into his pocket. Though naturally proud of his abilities, Patten did not claim sole credit for them. "God gave me the power to take money from people," he used to say, with pious modesty.

It was in California that Patten's career flourished, after years of barren effort elsewhere in the country. There, he and his wife set up what they called a permanent revival and gathered the congregation whose faith and pocketbooks he was to drain in succeeding years. Though it might be thought that even a minor talent for fraudulent evangelism would stand a good chance of being richly rewarded in California, it must also be recognized that nowhere else does an entrepreneur of Patten's sort have to put up with such stiff competition from so many varieties of prophets, quacks, eccentrics, and fanatics. The most impressive measure of Patten's success in the face of such rivalry was the wealth he amassed during the years between 1944, when he arrived in California, practically penniless, and 1950, when, after the state had indicted him on various charges of fraud and embezzlement, he was packed off to jail. No one has ever discovered exactly how much he persuaded his congregation to donate to him during those six years, since Patten didn't believe in keeping records, but it is known for a fact that in that period he and his wife made deposits of more than a million dollars in their personal bank accounts, acquired real estate that included a quarter-million-dollar building and two well-stocked ranches, and set themselves up as proprietors of a thriving, though unaccredited, college and seminary, and of an assortment of business enterprises. In filling Patten's collection plates to the brim, most members of his congregation had the impression, which he assiduously fostered, that they were contributing to God's work. The fact that a large part of these donations were used by Patten for private speculations, and even for gambling, did not emerge until a few of his parishioners finally, and with deep reluctance, decided to take legal action against him. It was during the ensuing trial, which turned out to be one of the longest and gaudiest in the gaudy judicial records of the State of California, that the full scope of Patten's greed and of his unequalled talent for charming or wringing money from a bedazzled congregation became generally known.



The principal scene of Patten's activities was the city of Oakland, a sprawling, shapeless community of about four hundred thousand people, just across the bay from San Francisco. Geographically, and in a number of other respects as well, Oakland's relationship to San Francisco is comparable to that of Jersey City to New York. Oakland has long envied San Francisco its dramatic site, its colorful history, and its fame, and has resented its own status as something of a metropolitan joke. Dreary, unadventurous, inevitably second-best in everything, the city seems to be waiting for some miracle that will completely transform its life and quality. Its chief geographical ornament, Lake Merritt, an obviously artificial body of water, was clearly intended to make up for the natural marvels Oakland felt it lacked. Though the city is situated on San Francisco Bay, few of the streets and homes afford maritime vistas; rather, they seem to turn inward on themselves. The prevailing westerlies, which sweep invigoratingly across San Francisco, ruffling the canopies of the outdoor flower stands and bringing to San Franciscans the challenge of the Pacific and a sense of broad destiny, have conveyed to Oaklanders chiefly the persistent reminder of their sewage problems. When Aimee Semple McPherson, the Pattens' most celebrated predecessor in California evangelical circles, went West, during the First World War, looking for the right place to set up her evangelistic temple, Oakland struck her as the perfect location; as it happened, she was run out of town by an inhospitable chief of police, and only then did she settle in Los Angeles, her second choice.

C. Thomas Patten (the "C" was for Carl, but it gratified his odd sense of humor to tell people that it stood for

PETS
TROPICAL
FISH
MAHOOD

"I never make an arbitrary choice, Madam. I wait for a volunteer."

• •

Cash) and his wife, Bebe, first appeared in Oakland in January, 1944. They had been travelling revivalism's sawdust trail through the South and Midwest for nearly a decade, and when they drove into Oakland, they were fed up with wandering and, as Patten told it subsequently, were so poor that their only assets were three dollars and a spare tire. "We sold the spare tire," Patten told his Oakland congregation in days of later opulence. "Then we got down so low we had only enough to buy a bowl of soup between us. My wife ate the soup and I ate the crackers." At the time of their arrival in Oakland, Patten was thirty years old, and his wife—a tall, imperious brunette with a rather long nose, a dazzling but impersonal smile, and a voice that was resonant, commanding, and, most important, tireless—was twenty-nine. On the platform, they made a striking pair, Bebe Patten usually being attired in resplendent white satin robes, while her husband favored wild neckties (including one with dollar signs rampant), suits of assorted flavorsome hues, from pistachio to raspberry, and, invariably, cowboy boots. Both Pattens had been born in rural Hickman County, Tennessee. Bebe Patten, who had been brought up in Detroit, affected a citified manner and never mentioned her Tennessee origins, but Patten—who could not have disguised his broad backwoods drawl if he had wanted to—gloried in them. When relating some Bible story, which he told with homely and absurd detail, he would almost inevitably be led, by way of illustration or reminiscence, into anecdotes about his own past and his family's doings down in Tennessee, and would then at last wander back to his Biblical tale—his listeners being left with the impression that Patten, Moses, Elijah, Jonah, Patten's father (or daddy, as he always called him), Jesus, the Twelve Apostles, and Patten's ten brothers and sisters had all been running around Hickman County at about the same time and were all figures in the same grand, comic myth. In these reminiscences, Patten's father figured as a man of enormous wealth, learning, and political power, who had, unhappily, nourished a grudge against religion ever since the time a crawfish nipped him on the toe while he was being baptized in a mountain stream. According to the legend, he had disinherited the younger Patten when the latter was converted. "I have seen the time," Patten recounted in one of his sketches of Patten Senior, "when my daddy had bodyguards. One in front of him, one on either side, and one behind him, and in crooked politics up to his neck. He was a college teacher, and I believe he is one of the most brilliant men I have ever met. I went home one time and my daddy was worth a million dollars and was sitting right in the middle of the bed. He used to wear big old red flannel pajamas, and he used to have them tailor-made. He would be right in the middle of the bed and I would say, 'Daddy, you're going to Hell.' "

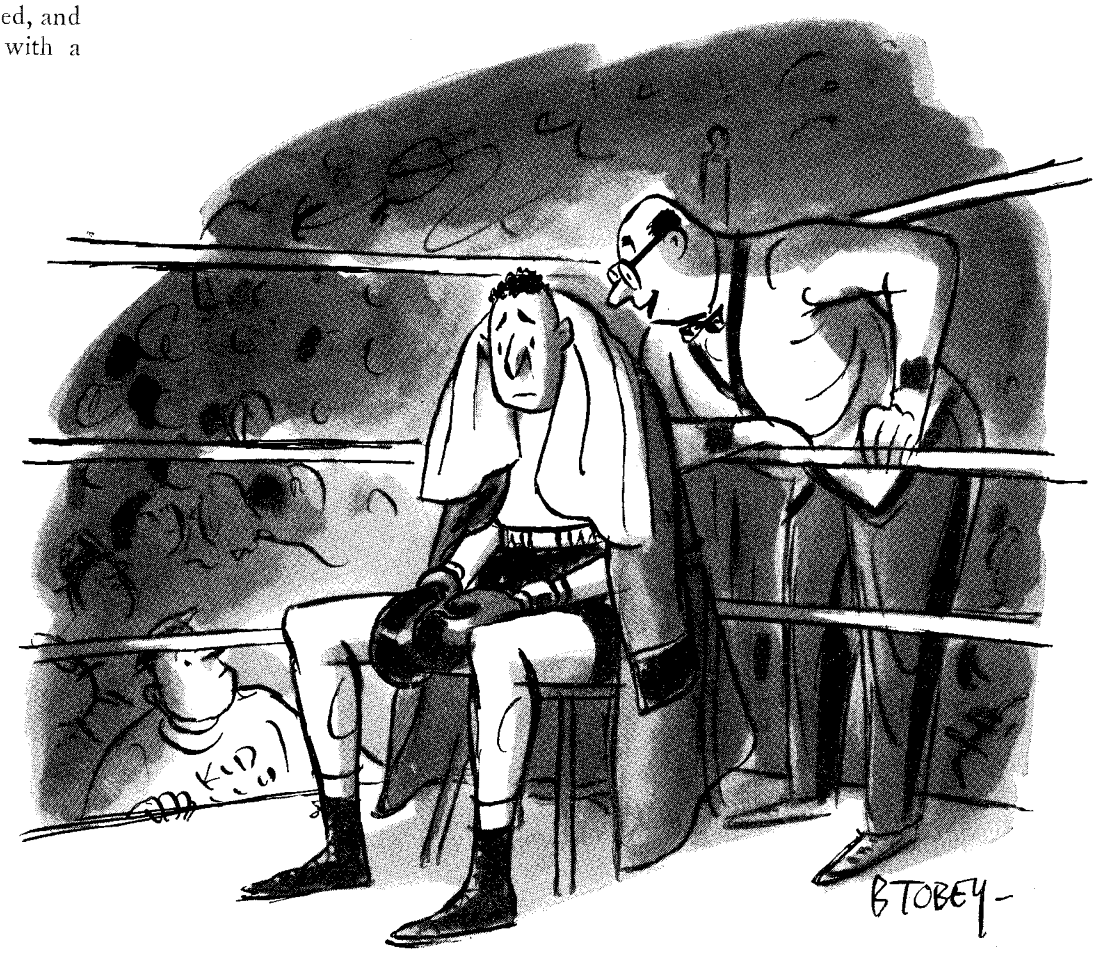
Disentangling the reality from the myth in Patten's life story is an involved task. The facts, as compiled by investigators at the time of the evangelist's trial, were that his father, Thomas Hendrix Patten, had run a small country store in Lyles, Tennessee (pop. 500), and had owned a scrubby, run-down farm. He had been four times convicted of bootlegging by the federal authorities and had served three terms in the Atlanta Penitentiary (which may have been where he had had the bodyguards). At the age of seventeen, young C. Thomas Patten was kicked out of high school for making whiskey in the school basement. When he was twenty-one, he was arrested in Florida on a charge of transporting stolen cars across state lines. On that occasion, when he was asked by the police what his occupation was, he forthrightly replied, "Bootlegger." He was convicted on the stolen-car charge and given a two-year suspended sentence. Shortly after this, he met the twenty-year-old Bebe Harrison, who was visiting relatives in Hickman County while recovering from a brief, unfortunate marriage. "She was the only girl I ever met I couldn't get fresh with, so I married her," Patten used to tell his congregation, which doted on each detail of the Pattens' romance. "And, folks, if that woman was to ask me for the moon, I'd go a-huntin' for a ladder." Before she met Patten, Bebe had lived for a time in Los Angeles, where she graduated with honors from Aimee Semple McPherson's Lighthouse of International Four Square Evangelism. According to the

Pattens, Bebe had insisted on her fiancé's conversion as a condition of their marriage. After the newlyweds set out on the road together, he studied the Bible under her tutelage, and was ultimately ordained a minister of the gospel by the Fundamental Ministerial Association, a group loosely uniting various Pentecostal and Southern Baptist denominations. The Pattens' longest ministerial sojourn before they reached Oakland was a year in Cleveland, at a place of worship known as the Brookside Tabernacle. The rest of the time, they moved from town to town, organizing revivals that lasted anywhere from one day to eight weeks, and often barely making what Patten called "eating money."

At the outset of the Pattens' stay in Oakland, where they began holding daily services in a small wooden Pentecostal church called the Elim Tabernacle, in a shabby part of town, they seem to have had little expectation of the success they were to achieve. It soon turned out that they had underrated both Oakland's thirst for salvation and their own powers of persuasion. Within a few weeks, the crowds at the Elim Tabernacle had grown so large that the revival was transferred downtown to the plush City Club auditorium, with a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and then to the Oakland Arena, with a capacity of eight thousand. Sinners were coming forward in droves at the end of each service to make their decisions for Christ, their joy at salvation manifest in their faces, and many were announcing that they had been marvellously healed of various ailments. The Pattens publicly explained their tremendous reception as due to a miraculous outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the city of Oakland. It also showed what could be done with advertising. "I broke this town spiritually by spending five, six thousand dollars a week on advertising. Nobody ever put over big-time religion here like I did," Patten boasted to a reporter a few years later. Sound trucks roamed the city proclaiming Oakland's awakening and the approach of the millennium. Large ads appeared in the papers urging, "FOLLOW THE CROWDS TO THE OAKLAND ARENA!" In addition to the services, the ads noted, there would be "Green Palms! Choir Girls in White! Music!," and scattered here and there on the page, like the words that are represented as issuing from the lips of angels in Fra Angelico paintings, were promises of "Miracles!," "Blessings!," "Healings!" The revival lasted nineteen weeks, and the total amount collected by the Pattens in that time was later estimated by one of the ushers, a man named Glen B. Craig, at around thirty-five thousand dollars. Craig, who had been head usher of the little Elim Tabernacle, had gone along with the Pattens when their audiences outgrew that church. For the first few weeks, he continued his previous practice of counting the offering and recording the total in a notebook before turning the money over to Patten. One day, Patten asked to borrow the notebook. Craig handed it over. When he later asked for its return, Patten coldly refused, saying, "Any further records will be kept by C. Thomas Patten."

To finance their initial activities in Oakland, the Pattens had borrowed money from some of the city's established churches, the pastors' assumption being that when the Pattens moved on, they would be leaving numerous converts behind, who would settle down and become regular Sunday churchgoers. In a sermon called "A Tree Planted in Oakland," Bebe Patten expatiated on this very theme: the Pattens were going to plant and prune the tree; others would harvest the fruit. As the revival continued, week after week, some ecclesiastical throat-clearing began to be heard, with the local churchmen dropping hints, in the manner of a host who, being obliged to get up and go to work in the morning, tries to dislodge some loquacious guest, cheerfully oblivious of the lateness of the hour. But by this time, apparently, the Pattens were beginning to think what a shame it would be to go off and leave all that lovely fruit. At the end of the nineteenth week, they closed their revival, amid the tears and blessings of the faithful; accepted a Chrysler station wagon, presented to them as a token of the everlasting gratitude of those they had converted; and drove to the outskirts of town, where they made a U turn and came back. God, they said, had spoken.

Taking a lease on the City Club auditorium, which they decorated in purple and gold, they set about establishing their permanent revival, with daily evangelical services, classes in re-



"And remember, kid, you've got Blue Cross."

US MAIL
U.S.M
Robt Day

"Well, there you are, Senator. You would snap back at May Craig!"

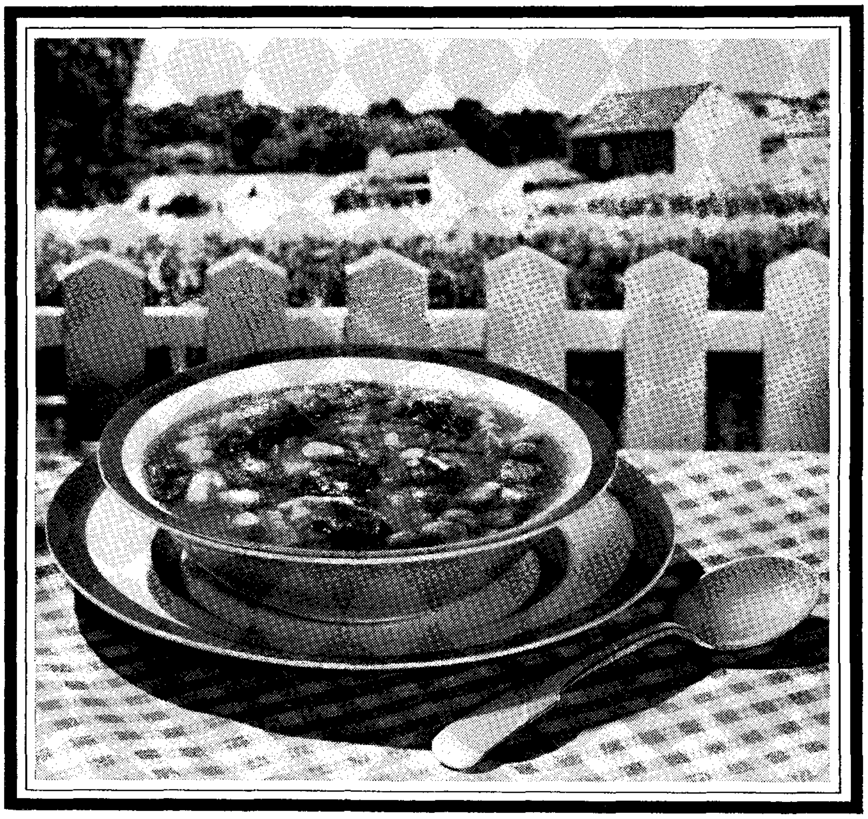
• •

ligious subjects, and assorted other attractions. Both the time and place were propitious for their venture. America was experiencing in those war years a resurgence of the sort of highly emotional religion that generally accompanies periods of great dislocation and uncertainty, and waves of the lonely, anxious, rootless people to whom such religion makes its strongest appeal had come flooding into the Oakland area to work in the shipyards and defense plants. A lot of them were from the rural South and Midwest—the traditional Bible Belt. Their jeans were bulging with war-inflated earnings, which they did not know how to spend, goods being scarce, but which it seemed pointless to save. Many were what might be called poor people with money, a condition much to Patten's advantage. Revivalism in America has generally been thought of as a frontier phenomenon; for the last fifty years or so the American frontier has been, as historians have pointed out, the metropolis, and of late the Western metropolis in particular. As the Pattens astutely perceived, they no longer needed to go out into the wilderness—they could just stay put in Oakland and let the wilderness come to them.

In their partnership, Bebe Patten conducted the services, preached the sermons, and supervised the teaching program. Her husband ran the business affairs, which soon proliferated in every direction; taught courses in the life of Christ and the major prophets; and, of course, took up the collections. The services were traditional Pentecostal in most of their practices and doctrine, if the term "traditional" can be applied to a brand of religion that distrusts the institutional and seeks at every service for ecstatic, direct experience of Christ. It is a religion that inspires both extraordinary joy and extraordinary fear: the end of the world is deemed close at hand, with a real burning Hell awaiting sinners and a glorious shining Heaven for the saved. With about a million adherents in this country now, in various sects ranging from the Assemblies of God to the Sought Out Church of God in Christ and the Apostolic Overcoming Holy Church of God, the Pentecostal religion has been growing rapidly; it is, in many ways, the inheritor of the fervor and simplicity that characterized Methodism—now grown rich and respectable, as its founder, John Wesley, feared it would—in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Based on a literal reading of the Bible and a thrilling, awesome, personal relationship with the Lord, it strives to be a religion without conventions or inhibitions. Worshippers are expected to give full vent to their emotions during the services. This, in fact, can be considered one of the conventions of a Pentecostal church. A service in which no one burst out with shouts of glory or moans of anguish would be as distressing to a Pentecostal congregation as a service in which such outbursts did occur would be to an Episcopalian or present-day Methodist group. One much cherished feature of Pentecostal services (and of the services of some other revivalist denominations as well) is a manifestation called by theologians "glossolalia" and more

A newfangled notion brings you an old-fashioned soup

How Campbell's brings a grand old favorite up to date for only 12¢ a serving



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup, frozen by Campbell's to bring you all the good garden freshness of this great country-style favorite.

It's a well-known fact that old-fashioned vegetable with beef soup doesn't take kindly to highfalutin, hurry-up cooking methods. Ordinarily, you'd spend the better part of a day preparing this fragrant, flavorful dish for the family table.

That's how things *used* to be.

Now, thanks to Campbell's, you can serve Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup at its slow-simmered best in less time than it takes to cut up the carrots for a home-cooked version. And fresher, more savory soup never came from a farm-kitchen kettle.

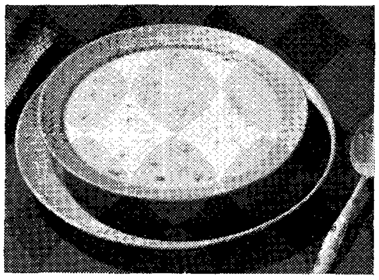
No short cuts in the cooking

Here is Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup cooked as it should be—slowly, unhurriedly. It's made with a meaty soup-bone, generous juicy chunks of beef... and every garden vegetable you can think of... all cut big and simmered in at just the right moment to keep the pieces whole, yet tender.

Now comes the newfangled touch. Even before it cools, Campbell's rushes the soup to the freezer. For freezing is the only way to capture and hold the good, garden-fresh flavor that makes Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup the all-time favorite it is.

Better eating — Better price

Ordered in a fine country-style restaurant, soup like this would cost far more than Campbell's low price: just 12¢ a serving. For some wonderful eating, pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer.



Vegetable 'n Cheese Duet—In saucepan, combine 1 can of Campbell's Frozen Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup and 1 soup can of milk. Heat slowly until soup thaws; do not boil. Stir now and then. Add 1 cup shredded sharp cheese. Heat just until cheese melts. Three to four servings.

FROZEN
Campbell's
CONDENSED
OLD FASHIONED
VEGETABLE
WITH BEEF
SOUP
FROZEN

Green Pea with Ham • Cream of Potato
Clam Chowder (New England Style)
Oyster Stew • Cream of Shrimp

OLD-FASHIONED

VEGETABLE with BEEF SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

Boy!
was I lucky
to marry you!

Proper appreciation of herself and her coffee is part of a wife's reward.

This isn't "just coffee," you know. It tastes wonderful (always); it is rich, savory, invigorating. Why is Fromme's Finest so much better?

We go to Arabia for its flavorsome Mocha; to Indonesia for its rich Java; to Latin America for Colombian, genuine Bourbon and rare Antigua Guatemala. We blend these five most costly coffees so each contributes its distinctive characteristic. This is the only coffee in the world which combines all these rare coffees.

Yes, it costs perhaps half a cent more a cup. But how important good coffee is to your happiness and comfort!

A SUPERLATIVE BLEND
Fromme's Finest Coffee
OF FIVE GREAT COFFEES
Fromme's
Finest
Coffee
DRIP GRIND
COLOMBIA · GUATEMALA · BOURBON · MOCHA-JAVA

If your dealer cannot supply you at present, send me $3.00 for two pounds postpaid. You get the best results only when you use the proper grind. Specify regular, drip or extra fine. If this isn't the most delectable coffee you ever tasted, send it back and I'll refund your money.

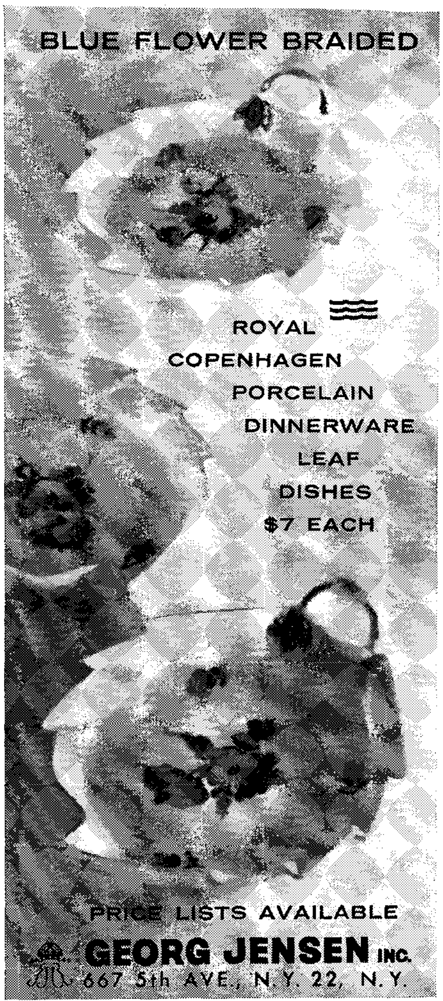
HARRY FROMME
66 Front St., New York 4, N. Y.

The Coffee Man

Another member of the Fromme Family of Fine Coffees is Caffé Vivo, the richest and most savory Espresso made.

commonly known as "the gift of tongues." A member of the congregation, seized by a sudden rapture, speaks out in gibberish or in a completely unknown language. It is generally supposed to be the Holy Ghost who is speaking, and the message, as interpreted by the evangelist, ordinarily signifies that the meeting is blessed. At the Patten meetings, the message, when translated, remarkably often turned out to be a dun—a reminder that God needed money His wonders to perform.

The services were usually opened by Bebe Patten with hymns and exhortations. Brother Patten would then stomp forward to take up the offering, after which his wife would deliver her sermon. Before long, the collections developed into the central feature of the services. About them there was nothing in the least traditional—either institutional traditional or Pentecostal traditional. They were a unique product of C. Thomas Patten's peculiar genius. Before launching upon the offering, he would stand for several minutes in silent prayer beside the pulpit. Then his plea for funds would begin. A characteristic example of such an appeal, based on the recollections of members of the audience, went about as follows: "All right, now, brothers and sisters, God says they's five thousand two hundred and forty dollars and fifty-five cents [or some such specific sum] that is here today that is to be taken up for His work, and God's word never fails. If God told me that money is here, it is *here*. That's a fact. How many say Amen? Hallelujah to His glorious name! That's a lot of money, but, believe it or not, brothers and sisters, they's three people here among you going to open their hearts to the Lord and pledge a thousand dollars each. Isn't that glorious? Everybody say Amen! How many people believe the Lord is telling the truth when He says they's three people here going to give a thousand dollars each? Raise your hands! Now, who'll be the first? Somebody in the back rows? Pray for him, brothers and sisters. He's got his hand up. It's Brother Lilian. Bless you, Lord, and the angels sing! Isn't that wonderful? Isn't that just wonderful? Now they's just two more going to feel the Holy Spirit on them today, just two more." And on he would go, through the five-hundred-dollar pledges, the hundred-dollar ones, and the rest. By turns he joked, hectored, wheedled, and stormed. Sometimes, when he felt he was encountering untoward difficulties, he would lash out



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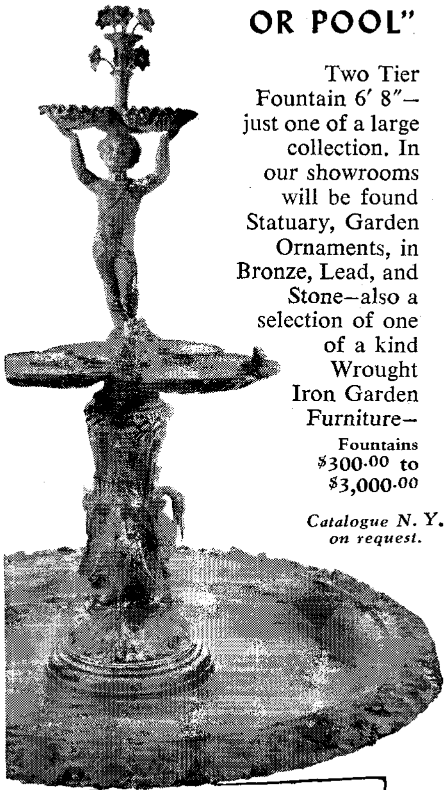

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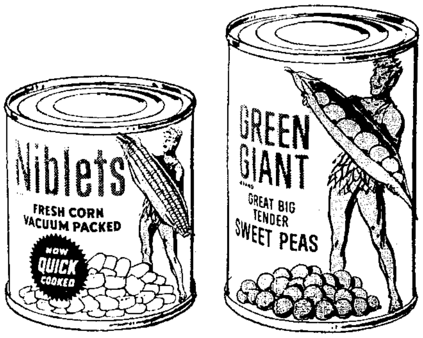
Next time you feel a yen for peas, keep this fellow in mind. The Green Giant, that is. By some strange coincidence his picture is right on the can.



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at his hearers savagely, stamping back and forth across the platform. "You fossil faces and stony hearts, you'd better melt before the Lord if you know what's good for you! Some of you, when I get tough, you swell up like a toad-frog. There must be something wrong with you or you couldn't do that. The same Jesus that patted the little children on the head is the same Jesus that took a whipcord in his hand and whipped the tar out of them." Next, he might shift to genial confidences and jests. These performances sometimes went on for as long as an hour and a half. During all this time, Bebe Patten sat quietly on the stage, her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes demurely downcast. It was Patten's wont to let the congregation know that there would be no sermon from her until his collection terms had been met—somewhat as if she were being held for ransom. When he was at last satisfied with the pledges he had obtained, and was in high good humor once more, he was apt to look the congregation over and ask, "Now, how many of you people will promise that you won't steal anything out of the collection plate when it comes around?" This always brought a roar of laughter.

After one such collection, early in Patten's Oakland career, the Reverend J. K. Hubbard, a meek, unworldly man who was pastor of the Elim Tabernacle, approached him and ventured, "My, that was certainly a splendid . . . er . . . offering. For a while, I didn't think you were going to make it."

Patten flashed him a broad, sunny grin. "You gotta make it!" he replied. "That's the whole secret. If you once fail, they'll beat you every time."

IN the fall of 1944, not long after Patten and his wife had established their permanent revival in Oakland, they were offered the opportunity to buy, for two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, the City Club building, whose theatre auditorium they were renting. When Patten told his congregation about this, the members responded enthusiastically. Within a few weeks, they had contributed the sum necessary for the down payment, and inside a year Patten—using funds he collected at the church services, supplemented by money he borrowed from individual church members and from banks—was able to pay off the entire mortgage. Exactly how much he obtained from these various sources and how many of the loans he ever repaid has to this day not been unravelled; he

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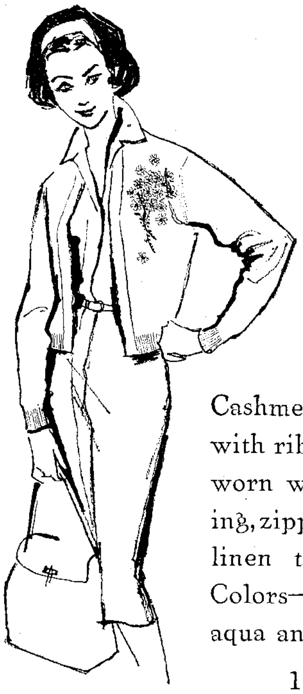
UNDER THE SUN



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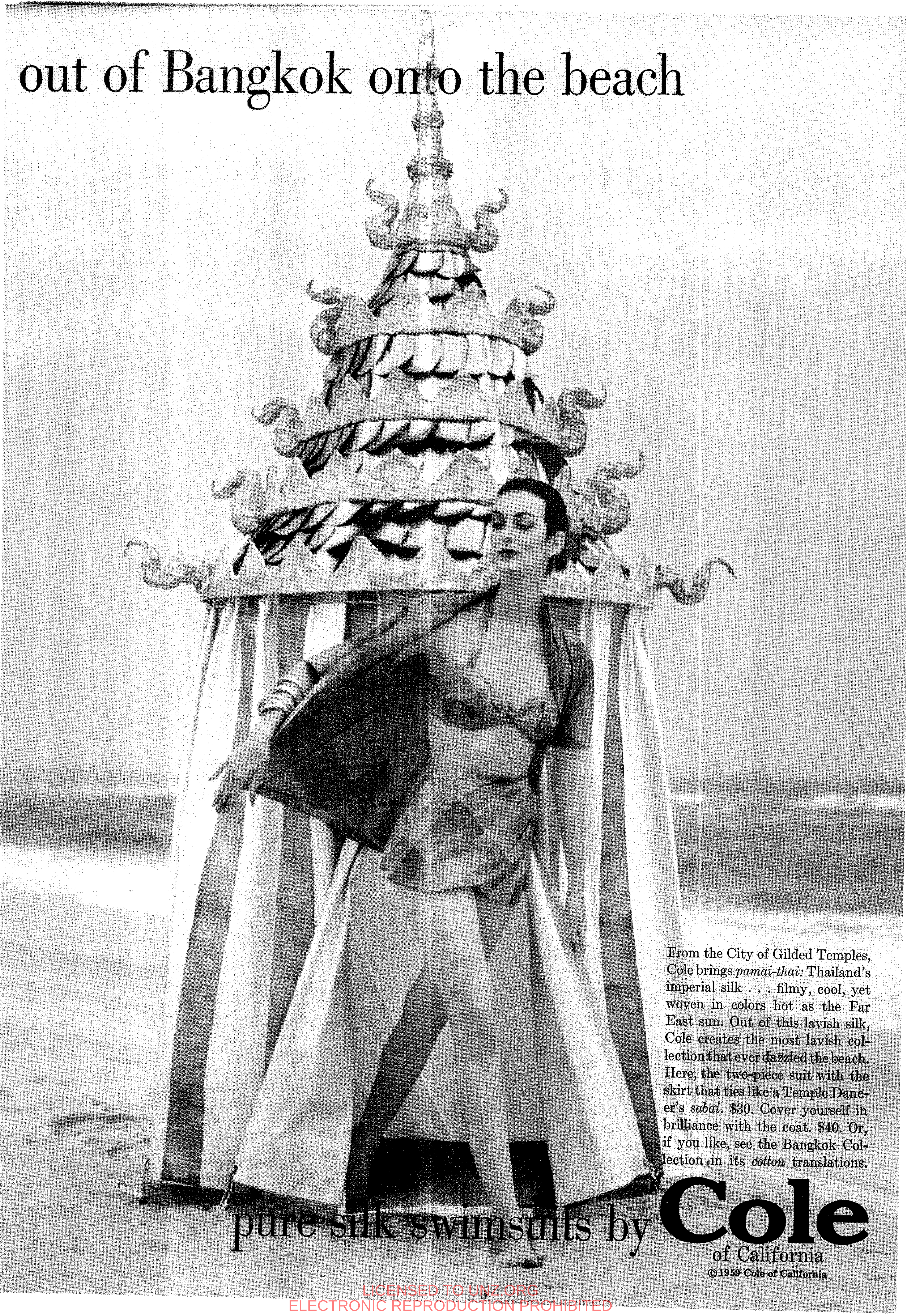
out of Bangkok onto the beach



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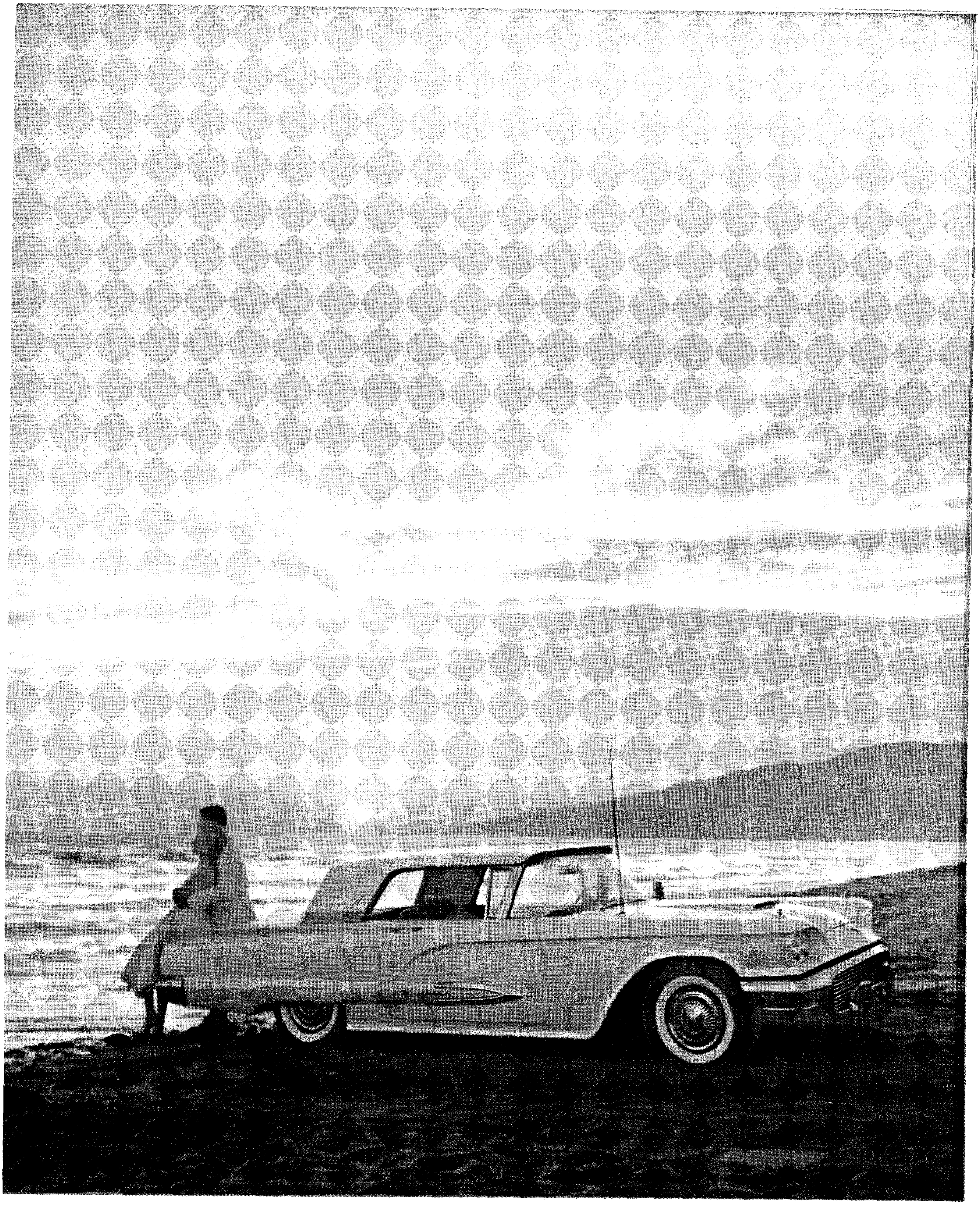

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was almost as skilled at the art of sowing confusion as he was at the art of taking up collections, and, indeed, confusion was always an essential part of the atmosphere in which he flourished. In raising funds for this cause, Patten did not have to bully or hector his congregation, because the purchase of a building of their own so soon after their church had been formed apparently inspired in the members a strong feeling that God had chosen them as His special instruments. "The word 'Miracle' is the only expression capable of describing the wondrous works of the Almighty God in Oakland," one of them subsequently wrote in the *Patten Revivalist*, the church publication.

Patten and his wife held joint ownership in the City Club building, but the congregation was given to understand, in a variety of ways, that they were simply acting as trustees. "Brother Patten and I have it fixed so that this building can never be sold," Bebe Patten, in her flowing white robes, declared triumphantly from the pulpit, her arms outstretched. (She looked, one parishioner has recalled, "like an angel from Heaven.") "It will always belong to the people. It will be here until Jesus comes, until the hinges are rusted off the door." And her husband, who was standing on the platform beside her, wearing his cowboy boots and one of his pistachio-colored suits, added to this the promise, tinged with a note of poignancy, "You will have it as a church long after my wife and I have left Oakland and gone back to working in the field." In a fervent ceremony, the members of the congregation dedicated the auditorium to the Lord forever. Praying, singing hymns of rejoicing, and calling out, in their ecstasy, "Glory! Glory!," they moved about the hall touching the walls, the floors, the sills—sanctifying all of these in the ritual known as "the laying on of hands."

The City Club building was a substantial five-story structure. The auditorium, which occupied most of the ground floor, was, of course, its most impressive feature, and among its other amenities was a basement swimming pool. The one blight on the satisfaction that the congregation took in the building was a commercial bar and dance hall on the second floor, which Patten's followers regarded as a place of sin and damnation, since it was frequented by those who not only drank strong spirits and danced to popular music in lewd embrace but also smoked cigarettes and permitted their women to wear lipstick and rouge—all condemned as vices of

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Woman's Day's circulation still heading straight up

October:	**3,355,490**
November:	**3,853,760**
December:	**3,983,000**
January:	**4,085,000**

(Publisher's estimated sales)

What a climb!

Ever since our new wide-open distribution policy went into effect, it's been *up—up—up* for Woman's Day. Look at the figures: for October, an increase to 3,355,490 . . . for November, 3,853,760 . . . for December, a healthy jump to 3,983,000 . . . for January, a projected 4,085,000. And for the future, the sky's the limit.

In the last six months, over 2,971 additional supermarkets have joined Woman's Day's distribution network. And they've given the magazine the place of honor in their stores: *right up front on the cash register.* But that's not the end of the story. Every day more outlets ask to sell the magazine. Today, you'll find Woman's Day in every major metropolitan market in 48 states.

How do these new readers like the magazine? *They love it.* Every mail tells us so. The letters are also pouring in from old readers who are overjoyed to find Woman's Day where they *now* live.

Our circulation guarantee of 3,600,000 will hold through the August issue. With the September issue, our guarantee jumps to 4,350,000. Woman's Day's soaring circulation assures advertisers of substantial bonuses *from now on.*

Remember, no matter how high the figures go, each and every sale is a *single-copy sale*—the best there is. She still has to go out to get Woman's Day. She buys it because she *wants* to read it.

Many advertisers have already taken advantage of Woman's Day's new vitality. In the February, 1959 issue, for example, they've bought 39% more space than in the same month last year. You can join them in this dynamic growth opportunity.

Woman's Day

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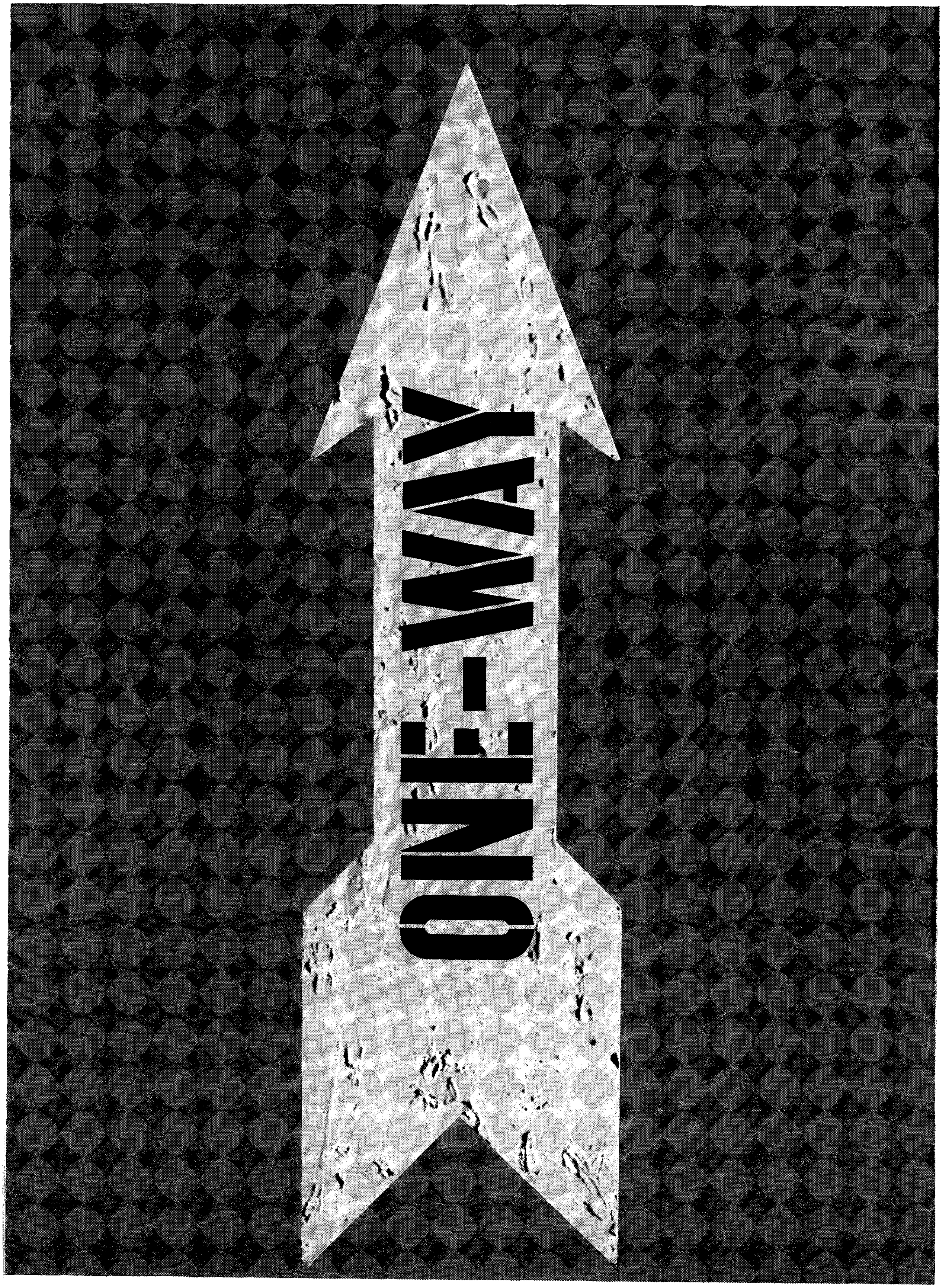
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the gravest sort by the Pattens. ("I believe you can smoke and be saved, but I don't believe you can smoke and stay saved," Patten used to tell a Bible class he taught.) After the transaction for the building was completed, Patten announced to his congregation, with an air of great distress, that they were going to have to put up with this evil presence in their midst for a while, because it turned out that the proprietors of the bar and dance hall held a long-term lease, and there was no way that they could be evicted. The fact of the matter, it was revealed much later, was that the bar and dance hall had been rented merely on a month-to-month basis, until Patten offered the proprietors a permanent lease. From this concession, Patten collected at least twelve thousand dollars in rent, for which he never accounted to anyone.

Above the dance hall was the array of educational institutions that the Pattens set up to go with their church. There was the Oakland Bible Institute, whose name was frequently applied to the whole complex of Patten religious enterprises, including the church, and whose slogan was "In All the World No Institute Like This;" the Patten College and Seminary ("P.C.S.—The Best in the West"); the Academy of Christian Education; and, according to some of the surviving Patten brochures, a music school for the training of choir leaders, gospel singers, and church accompanists. (This last may or may not have existed, the Pattens' cosmos being one in which figments of the imagination tended to develop robust lives of their own.) The peak enrollment achieved by the Patten schools was about five hundred. The students, drawn from the Pattens' congregation, were people of all ages—elderly widows and widowers, adolescents and their parents, and, after the end of the war, a number of young veterans, whose tuition Patten had arranged for the government to pay under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Some of the students were preparing to become evangelists themselves, others were training for careers as missionaries, and still others had enrolled for some such uncomplicated reason as a sixty-year-old seamstress from North Carolina gave when she registered at the Oakland Bible Institute: "All my life I've always wanted to make a thorough study of the Bible." In inventing rules and customs for these schools, Patten let his sense of fantasy and his gift for ludicrous detail have full play. He had the knack of turning almost everything not only

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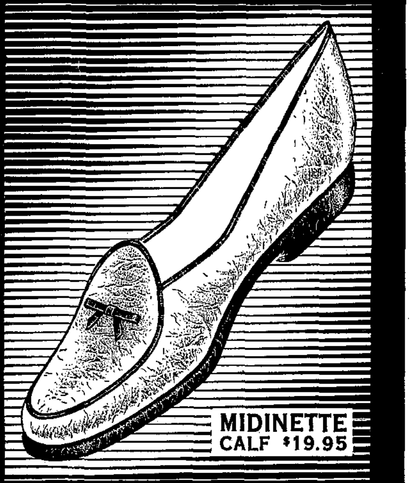

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into gold but into parody as well. He seems to have decided that his students weren't going to lack for what is generally known as college atmosphere. The students—frumpy grandmothers and wizened old men, along with the young people—were sold lettermen's sweaters, such as most colleges award their star athletes; these were navy blue with a huge yellow block "P" covering the chest, and with yellow stripes around one arm, the stripes signifying not how many years the wearer had made the varsity but, rather, how many years he had paid tuition to the Pattens. The owners of these sweaters wore them wherever they went in Oakland, to the considerable astonishment of the other townspeople. On Friday afternoons, Patten liked to have the students serpentine through the halls, waving pompons, down to the auditorium. There the cheerleaders (Patten believed that experience as a cheerleader was excellent training for a would-be evangelist) led the student body in yells that Patten had adapted from the standard college repertory. The well-known Stanford University "Give 'Em the Axe" yell, for instance, was converted by Patten into:

Give 'em the Word, the Word, the Word,
Give 'em the Word, the Word, the Word,
Give 'em the Word, Give 'em the Word,
  Give 'em the Word—Where?

Right in O.B.I., B.I.,
Right in O.B.I., B.I.,
In O.B.I., in O.B.I.,
  In O.B.I.—Now!

Praise the Lord!

The cheering sessions were followed by songfests, featuring school anthems, such as "O Hail to O.B.I." ("From O.B.I. we'll go/To preach and rout the Foe"), and hymns, among the most popular of which was one called "Your Roses May Have Thorns, but Your Thorns May Have Roses, Too." The Pattens advertised their schools as accredited by the University of California, but this was, of course, a fib. Among subjects listed in the catalogue were Holy Spirit, Homiletics, Divine Healing, Shorthand, Life of Christ, Major Prophets, Minor Prophets, Psalms, Wind Instruments, Bible Analysis, Christian Evidence, Typing, Scripture Memory, Hawaiian Guitar, and one generally referred to about the premises as "the charm course" but formally known as Christian Graces. All the schools had the same teachers, recruited from the congregation, and all vied with one another in dispensing an exuberant variety of theological degrees. Both Pat-

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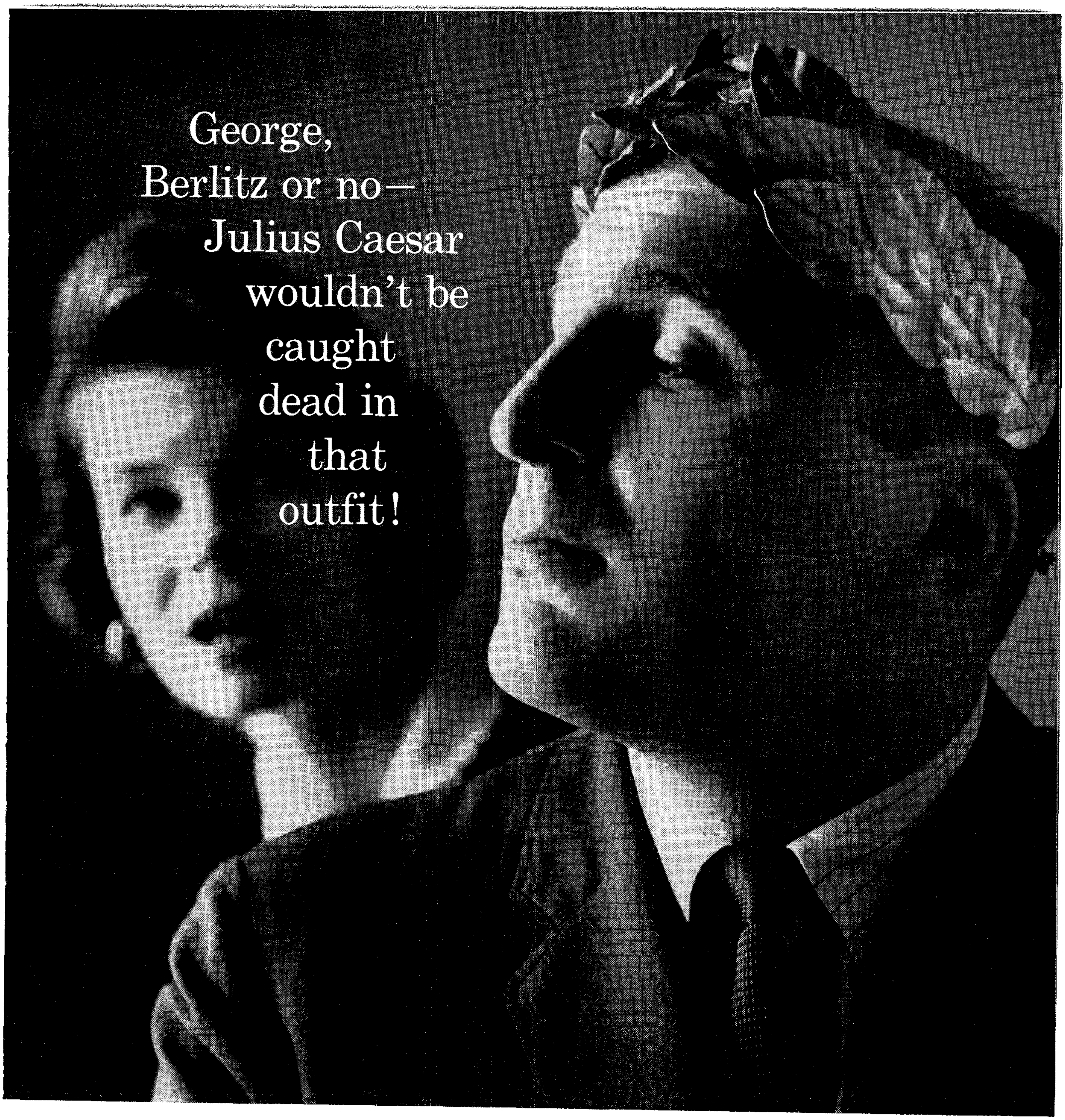

GEORGE: He's not planning to show up so you needn't concern yourself.
HELEN: But a laurel wreath! *Really,* George!
GEORGE: It says it all. Dignity. Tradition. The glory that was Rome.
HELEN: Next thing—you'll be wearing a toga.
GEORGE: Yes—but I think it's a little too much on the classical side.
HELEN: You mean you actually *have* a toga?
GEORGE: One for *you,* too. It's a matched set. You're going to Berlitz with me.
HELEN: Not in a *toga,* I'm not! Besides—I'm not the one who wants to learn Italian. . . *you* are!
GEORGE: Ever thought of asking me "why"?
HELEN: *No.* I figured you just wanted to be a big shot in Italian restaurants.
GEORGE: Never thought I might be planning to visit my father in Italy?
HELEN: Your father's in Akron, Ohio.
GEORGE: Who *knows* where he's liable to turn up? Besides, next month marks our Fifth Wedding Anniversary—and Italy seems so right.
HELEN: Really . . . ?
GEORGE: You and me . . . and the gondola makes three. That's why we're going to Berlitz.
HELEN: George—that's wonderful!
GEORGE: Now if you'll just slip into this toga—
HELEN: I'd love to.

MORAL: *When you're in Akron, Ohio, speak as your father does. But when you're in Rome, make sure that you can speak Italian. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily. A phone call to one of our schools will get you started. (Togas, laurel wreaths and the like, though very decorative, are not required.)*

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tens made a point of appending strings of impressive letters to their signatures on diplomas, and Bebe Patten, as possessor of a putative Ph.D., always insisted upon being addressed as Doctor. The Pattens had obtained their own degrees without effort or inconvenience, and at comparatively slight expense, by mail from the Temple Hall College and Seminary, of McNab, Illinois, an institution run by a twice-convicted swindler named Denver Scott Swain. In 1947, Swain talked Patten into buying Temple Hall's charter, along with its "magnificent library of several thousand volumes" (which turned out to be mainly old mail-order catalogues and telephone books) and its lists of prospective students and potential donors—all for twenty-five hundred dollars, knocked down from Swain's asking price of four hundred thousand. When this transaction was revealed at Patten's trial, he denied the allegation that the scholastic degrees he had been awarded were part of the deal. "I didn't pay one red penny for those degrees," he asserted cheerfully. "Didn't study one day in school, neither. Mr. Allen [one of Swain's associates] gave me them degrees, and I guess he'd have give me a hundred of them if I'd of wanted."

The members of Patten's flock were still congratulating themselves on their prodigious feat of purchasing the building they occupied when, in the summer of 1945, Patten broached a new venture. Yes, of course, he told them, the building they had was all right, if they wanted to be paltry about their faith, but it wasn't half large enough for the coming spiritual awakening in Oakland. An entirely new edifice was needed, he said—a great tabernacle that would be ten stories high, with the largest church auditorium in the city, and that would be topped by a flaming torch a hundred feet tall, which would burn day and night, casting a glow of righteousness over the whole sinful San Francisco Bay area. Some notion of the response that this suggestion evoked can be gleaned from a passage in a letter that a girl who sang soprano in the Patten choir wrote to a brother overseas in the Army: "Brother Patten is working greater miracles than ever before. Sunday he raised ten thousand dollars in less than thirty minutes for the glorious new tabernacle we are to have." About the same time, a somewhat less enthusiastic choir girl (an alto) paid equal tribute to Patten's powers of persuasion in a telegram that she dispatched to her mother, who was vacationing in Illinois. "COME HOME QUICK!" the telegram

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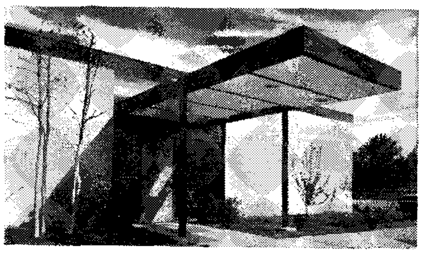

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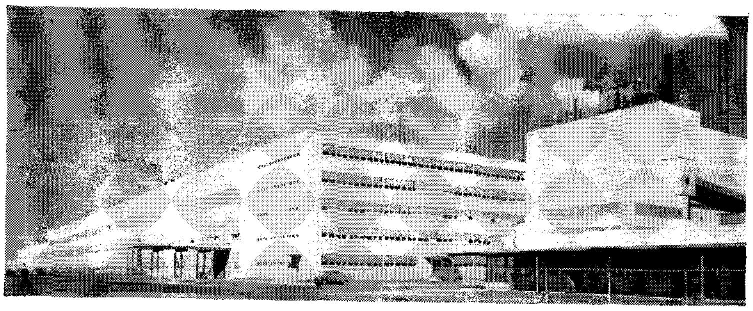

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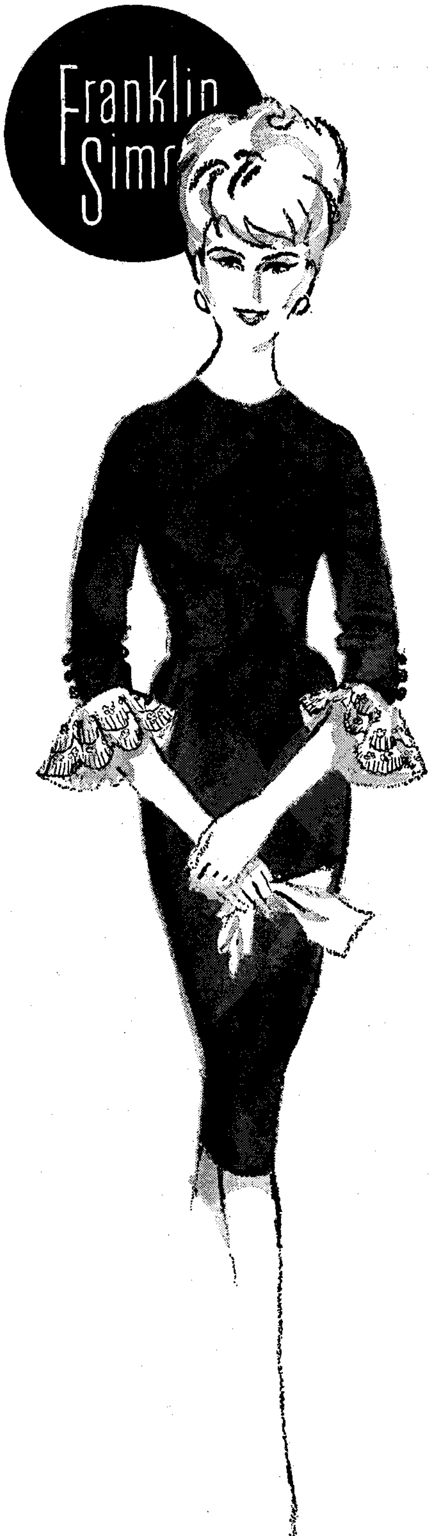

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said. "DAD'S GONE CRAZY AND IS GIVING ALL HIS MONEY TO THE PATTENS." At succeeding services, Patten elaborated on the grandeurs of the projected tabernacle. It was, he said, to have a deep-water, electrically heated, glass baptistery; a hydraulically operated choir loft, like the stage at Radio City; a "bawl room" (the term he regularly employed for a nursery, where babies could be left during services); and—probably the most inspired feature—escalators in the aisles to transport the faithful and their offerings to the altar. This last bit of whimsey appealed particularly to Patten's imagination, and he expatiated on it with gusto. He would have push buttons at the altar, he told the congregation, so that he would be able to start, stop, reverse, or speed up the escalators at will. "And if they's any hypocrite tries to get out during the offering, I'll spin him round and round like a squirrel on a treadmill," he declared.

To hold back on contributions seems to have been about as great a sin as a Patten parishioner could commit, and it was one that Patten spared no effort to save his congregation from. A poem by a Mrs. V. S. Smith that appeared in the *Portal*, the Oakland Bible Institute yearbook, for 1946, expresses this inimitably:

A Man of Faith is our dear Brother Patten,
In spite of how the hypocrites come in a-spatten,
He shows them how God blesses His own when they come in,
Showering the bills and coin.

Faithfully, uncompromisingly, comes our own Brother Patten,
I wonder many times how he keeps from cracken,
Under the strain and burden he must bear,
Making it easy for sinners to be free from sin's care.

Most fundamentalist churches promulgate the belief that the Bible requires good Christians to tithe—that is, to contribute a tenth of their earnings to religion. Patten's notion of tithing, one member of his congregation has said ruefully, was to permit his followers to keep a tenth of their earnings—if they insisted. Certainly it often seemed that way. Services were held every evening during the week and three times on Sunday, and there was a collection at every service. At an ordinary Sunday service, an offering would usually run anywhere from a thousand to four thousand dollars, witnesses have said. Periodically, the congregation made special "love offerings" to Bebe Patten, to do with as she wished; according to Pat-

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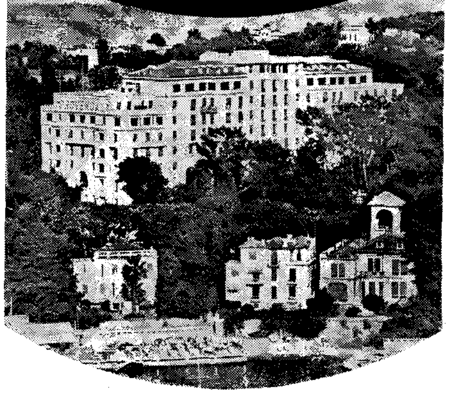

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ten's testimony at his trial, these averaged about four thousand dollars a month. On some of the numerous occasions when Patten was making an urgent appeal of one sort or another, his collections exceeded ten thousand dollars. His record, witnesses have testified, was in the neighborhood of thirty thousand—a remarkable sum to obtain from a group of no more than a thousand people, most of them ordinary working folk.

Those unfamiliar with the atmosphere in which revival meetings such as the Pattens' are conducted may find it hard to understand how it was that so few people resisted his demands. It is, in fact, almost impossible for an outsider to conceive of the reign of terror that can be established by a powerful and willful personality such as Patten's. Increasingly, as time went on, he made use of the technique he called "hitting" somebody, or putting him "on the spot." "I told you God said they was four people in this church was going to give a thousand dollars each today," he might say, "but I guess you just don't believe Him. You don't believe God means what He says. But He does, He always does. And He's going to have to put four of you spineless cowards on the spot to prove it. They ain't no way out of it. God ain't going to back down, that's for sure." What followed was supposed to be governed entirely by divine inspiration. "Everybody bow their head and pray now," Patten would continue. "Help us, Lord, help us! Are you all opening your hearts to Jesus? Glory! Glory! The Lord's not fooling around now. He's sick and tired of fooling around. He's going to hit somebody hard in a minute. He's just going to knock somebody flat." Patten would bow his own head for a moment. Then, as the tension mounted, he would lift it again, look the congregation over, and suddenly call out the name of the person put on the spot, or else, as an exciting variant, he would send one of the ushers down the aisle to clap a hand on the chosen victim's shoulder. Everyone would wait expectantly while the person thus singled out made up his mind what to do. After a brief struggle, he would ordinarily yield, raise his hand, and dutifully pledge the amount asked, whereupon Patten would invoke blessings, sometimes kissing the carpet in sheer ebullience, and the congregation would cry "Amen!" and "Glory, Hallelujah!" Very often it would turn out that the person put on the spot had, through some modest stroke of fortune, just

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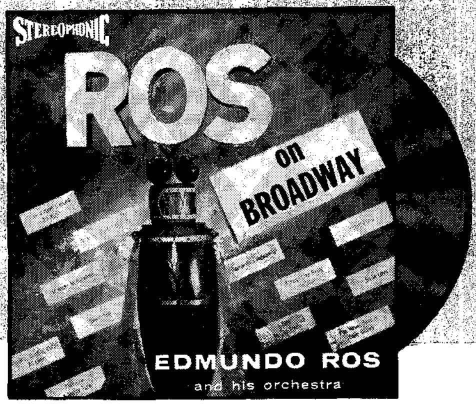

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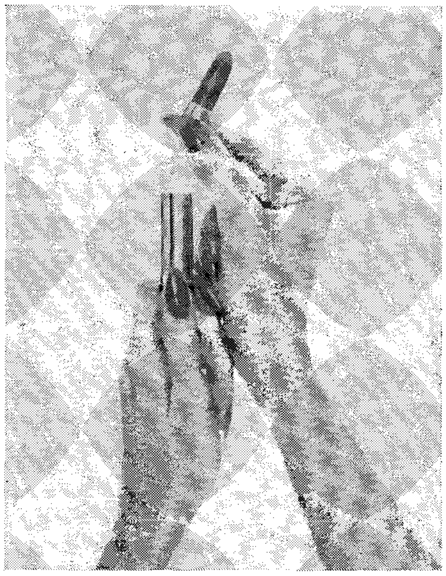
come into possession of a few thousand dollars. Sometimes, however, Patten would hit a penniless but highly susceptible and conscientious member of the congregation; when this happened, Patten would urge the victim to hurry off to a bank and take out a loan in order to make his pledge good. One member of the congregation, a seventy-year-old barber named Gustave Rode, gave different banks five promissory notes, for a total of $6,150, in order to fulfill his pledges to Patten, and at one period his payments on these loans came to more than four hundred dollars a month. How seriously members of the congregation took these obligations, and the weight of the burden they often imposed, can be gathered from a letter that Rode enclosed with his final payment on one of the notes:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Enclosed please find cashier's check to the amount of $232.00 (two hundred and thirty-two dollars) which is to cansel my debt. Thank you for your patience you had with me for months and months. Well, I had to sell the shop; that's the only way I could make it. Now we are square and I am free—that's one good consolation. Now will you kindly send me a receipt? I am
>
> Yours truly,
> Gustave A. Rode

In an effort to describe the experience of being put on the spot, another member of the congregation declared, "All of a sudden, you had to make a choice—on the one hand there was this thousand dollars you could give, and on the other hand there was Hell." The services, then, were not only dramatic but dangerous; the congregation never knew where the lightning would strike next. A woman parishioner, who had often been the butt of Patten's jokes, and whom he had once playfully said he was considering leaving on the bottom of the baptismal tank, was among the few who ever attempted to resist his demands. "I just haven't got the money," she said when he put her on the spot for two hundred dollars one day. Shortly afterward, her son, who was in the Army, fell seriously ill in Arizona, and she flew to his bedside. As soon as she returned, Patten put her on the spot again. "It cost her two hundred dollars for the plane trip," Patten told the congregation. "Now she's paying double. If she'd given two hundred dollars in the first place, it wouldn't have happened." His victim had had enough trouble, and pledged the two hundred.

Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson has written, in an opinion pertain-



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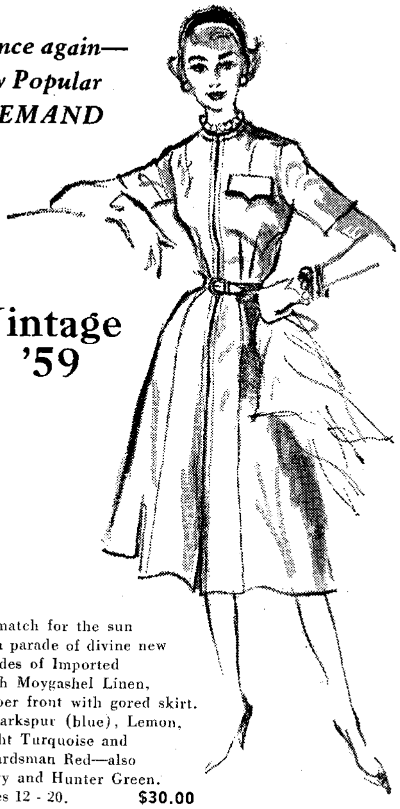

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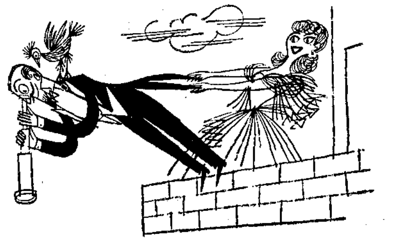

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ing to the conviction, for using the mails to defraud, of the founder of a Los Angeles cult called the I AM sect, "The chief wrong which false prophets do to their following is not financial. The collections aggregate a tempting total, but individual payments are not ruinous." It is a nice generalization, but it certainly did not apply to the payments made to Patten, who took every last penny from a considerable number of his followers. In Rode's case, when there wasn't another cent left, Patten extracted from the old man a final promissory note for $5,523.83—on the off chance, apparently, that after Rode's death some of his kin might be foolish enough to regard the note as a legal obligation.

ALTHOUGH Patten liked to claim that the initial "C" in his name stood for Cash, he might have said, with almost equal aptness, that it stood for Credit. Throughout his years in Oakland, he borrowed constantly from every source he could tap. "God's businessman of the hour" was what he often styled himself, and the bankers of Oakland seem to have been just as charmed as the congregation was by his bold, hearty manner, his open countenance, and his air of purposeful sincerity. For instance, as soon as he had collected enough money to make a first payment on the lot he had chosen as the site of his tabernacle, he engaged in what had become his standard practice: he negotiated a loan on the property. In this case, he managed to obtain a bank loan of ten thousand dollars immediately after making a down payment of eight thousand. The pleasure of obtaining a loan amounting to a hundred and twenty-five per cent of the collateral is something that the average citizen can never hope to experience, but it was by no means unusual for Patten. In one year, one bank alone lent him a total of $448,000, most of which, commingled in riotously unbusinesslike confusion with funds contributed by his congregation, he used in real-estate speculations, which he liked to call "business adventures for God." From the Bank of America and the Bank of Commerce, he obtained, during 1947, ten completely unsecured loans, totalling ninety-five thousand dollars. For several months in 1946, the Bank of Commerce permitted him to go along without making any payment at all on a loan of a hundred and seventy-nine thousand dollars, and almost daily during that time this same institution, where he had one of his personal check-

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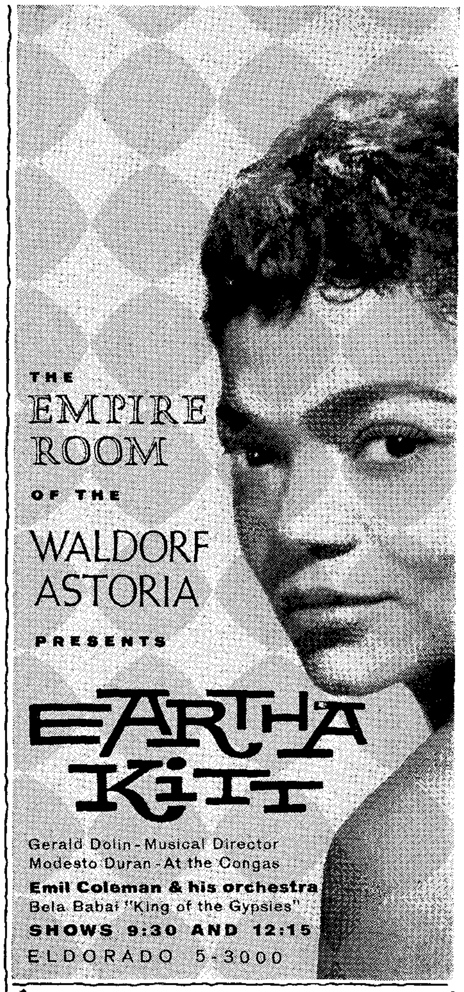
ing accounts, tolerated overdrafts running as high as twenty-nine hundred dollars. When he presently decided that he wanted to start a radio station, he had no trouble in getting a number of leading bank officials (one of whom later became Oakland's city manager) to vouch for his character and probity to the Federal Communications Commission. (Patten's success with banks furnishes substantiation of a theory once propounded by Joseph R. Weil, who, as the Yellow Kid, was famous as one of the shrewdest confidence men of our era; according to Weil, bankers are among the best marks to be found, and if a con man can't fool a banker, he should really consider taking up some other line of work.)

While still collecting funds toward the construction of the tabernacle, Patten began awakening his congregation to the need for building an orphanage forthwith, as well as for establishing the proposed radio station to spread the gospel powerfully and unceasingly. The idea for the orphanage came to Patten, he has said, while he was riding in a plane one day in May, 1946. As he later described it, he was sitting quietly in his seat, bothering nobody, when, out of a clear blue sky, God struck up a conversation with him as follows:

> GOD: I want you to build an orphanage for Me. Will you do it?
> PATTEN: Lord, I don't see how I can do it with everything else I have to do, but if You say build an orphanage, then I'll build one.

The collection receipts on the Sunday Patten reported this conversation were around ten thousand dollars, and subsequent offerings, as he colorfully embroidered the outlines of his latest grand design, were still more lavish. Under the stimulus of Patten's rhapsodic prose, the members of his congregation glowed as they thought how glorious it would be to hear broadcast from their own radio station, atop the tower of their own ten-story tabernacle, the sweet, childish voices of orphans who had found haven in their own orphanage, singing hymns of praise and thanks. As a site for the orphanage, Patten bought, for thirty-two thousand dollars, a four-hundred-and-twenty-acre ranch in handsome rolling country about eighty miles north of Oakland. Like other Patten projects, this one tended to generate a host of subsidiary ventures. The orphanage, it developed, was going to require building materials that were expensive and hard to get; it therefore struck Patten as logical to ask his followers to buy him an interest in a



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hardware store, and they did. The place had to be stocked, if it was to be worthy of being called a ranch, so blue-blooded cattle had to be bought, as well as sheep, goats, riding horses, chickens, and—for some reason that Patten at the time probably made seem not only plausible but even of the utmost urgency—peacocks.

It turned out to be much easier to acquire peacocks for the orphanage than orphans. As the months went by, Patten told one glib story after another. First he said he had seven or eight orphans in San Francisco, just waiting for the dormitories to be finished. (Dormitories capable of holding two hundred children were supposed to be under construction at the ranch.) Then he announced that New York City's chief of police was holding a batch of Greek orphans for him and would ship them as soon as he gave the word. Next, there were all sorts of legal and technical difficulties. It seemed that it wasn't as easy as one might think to get hold of orphans, but the congregation wasn't to worry, he'd get some somehow—he knew a man in Washington who would cut through the red tape for him. "It's all in knowing the right man to get things done, and also in having the ready cash," he sometimes said. A former student at the Oakland Bible Institute recalls that every now and again during this period a wave of rumors would go around that the orphans were on the way, and then there would be much excitement and elation. Once, teasing the congregation, Patten announced that there was one orphan settled on the ranch, at any rate. He was talking about the caretaker, a man in his fifties, whose parents were, true enough, no longer alive. And though the caretaker remained the only orphan on the place, Patten was presently able to persuade the congregation that the adjoining ranch had to be acquired—to prevent the children, when they did arrive, from being contaminated by a roadhouse that he said might otherwise be built there. "I bought another ranch" was the way Patten began his collection appeal on October 27th. "Now, hold it a minute. Let me tell you about it. I am not getting ready to start farming. We bought the ranch next to the ranch we have up there now. . . ." He then went into his explanation of why it was vital to acquire this new property. "That gives us everything we need. We will be opening the orphanage, I believe, by the grace of God, before the Bible School itself gets up there." The Oakland Bible In-

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"LIFE THAT IS UNEXAMINED," said Socrates, "is not worth living." Therefore, if you want a vivid and penetrating picture of the tone and mentality of an American city in which six of its Junior and Senior High Schools have been padlocked since September, keep a sharp eye out on Wednesday night, January 21, at 8 pm for a special hour-long program on the CBS Television Network.

It is called "The Lost Class of '59" and reports what is happening in Norfolk, Va., where 10,000 white students have been deprived for the past four months of their normal educational facilities as a consequence of the conflict over integration. The reporter is primarily a roving television camera, ably assisted by the inquiring voices of Edward R. Murrow and his staff who spent three weeks interviewing and photographing the teachers, ministers, politicians, parents, and boys and girls of the bitterly divided community. You will see and hear, among others, the 17 Negro children whose admission to the schools was directed by court order last Fall and was rejected at the order of the Governor of Virginia. You will also see the Governor, J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., and hear his side of the argument. "The Lost Class of '59" was produced by that indefatigable pair of television investigators, Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, who, as you know from past experience, leave no stone unturned.

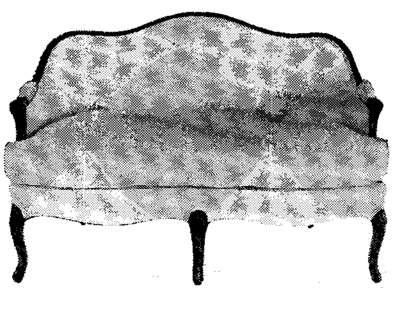
Speaking of Socrates, you should also keep an eye out this Sunday at 3:30 pm for the opening of a new series of discussions called "The World of Ideas," conducted by Dr. Charles Frankel, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University. Each Sunday Dr. Frankel will invite 48 people from all walks of life to talk about their basic attitudes, about life in general and present-day living in particular. Sunday, for example, they're going to talk about the question of censorship of the arts: is it ever justified?

CBS

stitute students were planning to visit the ranch the following month. "Now, I will tell you what we have got to have this morning. We have got to have three thousand five hundred and fourteen dollars and sixty cents. I haven't even got the sixty cents—ha, ha. You folks sure keep me broke. I . . ." And on he went, shifting from breezy congeniality to scorn and threats as the mood came upon him, or as he encountered any hesitation about compliance with his demands. "Some of you people are froze up—froze up. There's not much more life in you than in the North Pole. I'm telling you that God is knocking at your hearts and telling eighteen of you to give fifty dollars apiece. And somebody is going to get hit if you don't raise your hands and give. . . . All right, I would like two in the right-hand balcony. I'll tell you who the two are. One of them is Brother Sheppard. And Evelyn—where are you? Stand up, Evelyn. You pray right now, and I'll talk to your dad later. Bless you, Jesus. What do you say, Brother Sheppard? Bless you, you gave . . ." This collection, one of Patten's more arduous ones, took well over an hour.

COMPARISONS of the results that Patten obtained by his outrageous methods with the collections of other evangelists are difficult to make. With only a few exceptions—Dwight Moody, Gipsy Smith, and Billy Graham are the outstanding ones—evangelists have tended to be closemouthed about the size of their offerings. Many of them have maintained that they were financially accountable to nobody but their Maker—a claim that Patten's attorneys also made, as a defense, at his trial. The rip-roaring Billy Sunday, whose income from revivalism shortly after the First World War was rumored to be around a hundred thousand dollars a year, is known on occasion to have challenged his audience with "If there's any man here feels it's his business how much money I'm receiving, let him step forward and I'll knock his block off." During the twenties, it is said, Aimee Semple McPherson—who used to tell her audiences that her delicate ears were offended by the jangle of coins, and who passed clotheslines down into the auditorium for people to pin their greenbacks to—raised as much as twenty thousand dollars at one meeting of around five thousand people. The collections made in recent years at Billy Graham's meetings are quite another matter, both in the way they are taken

Timeless Charm



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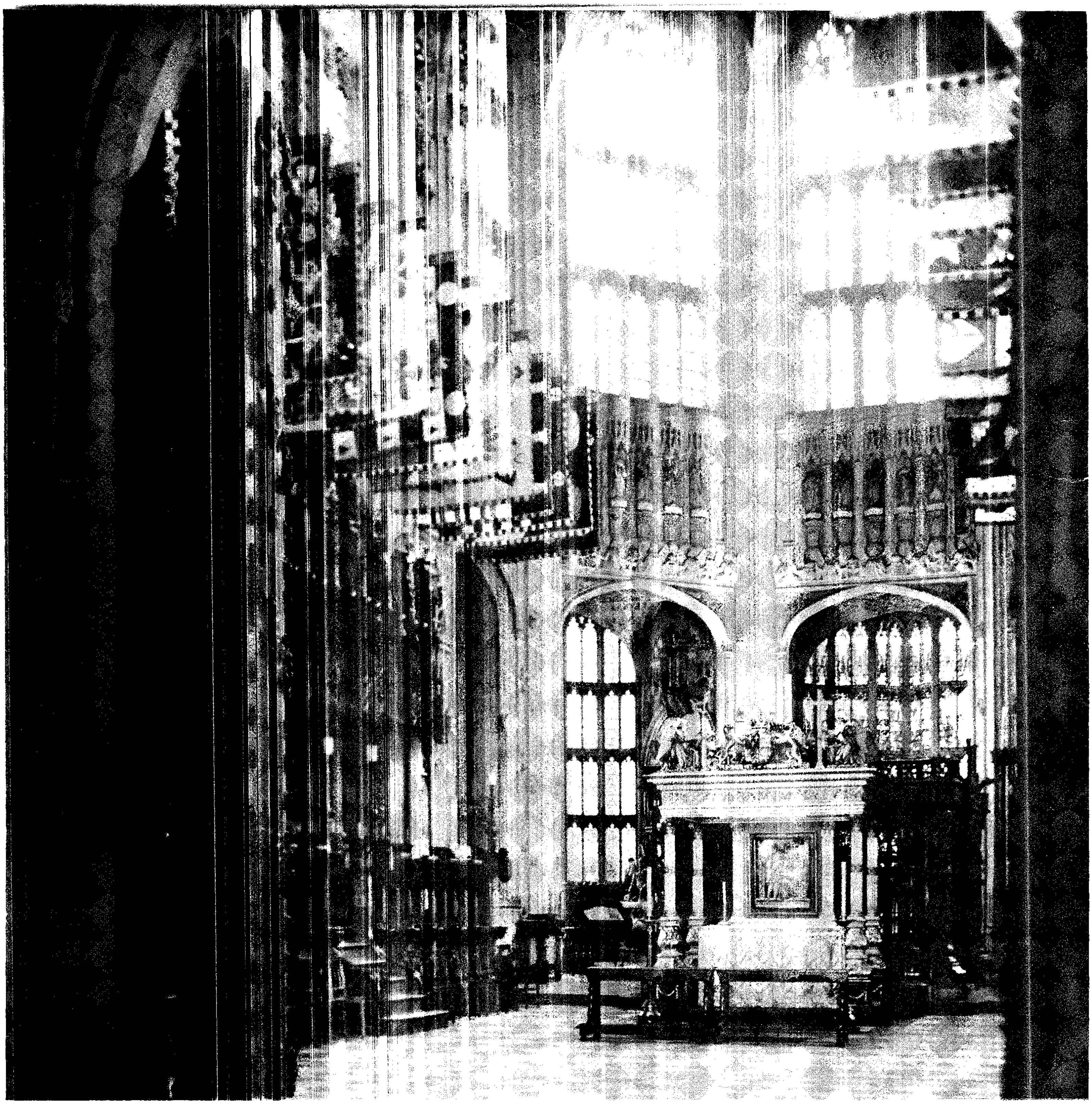

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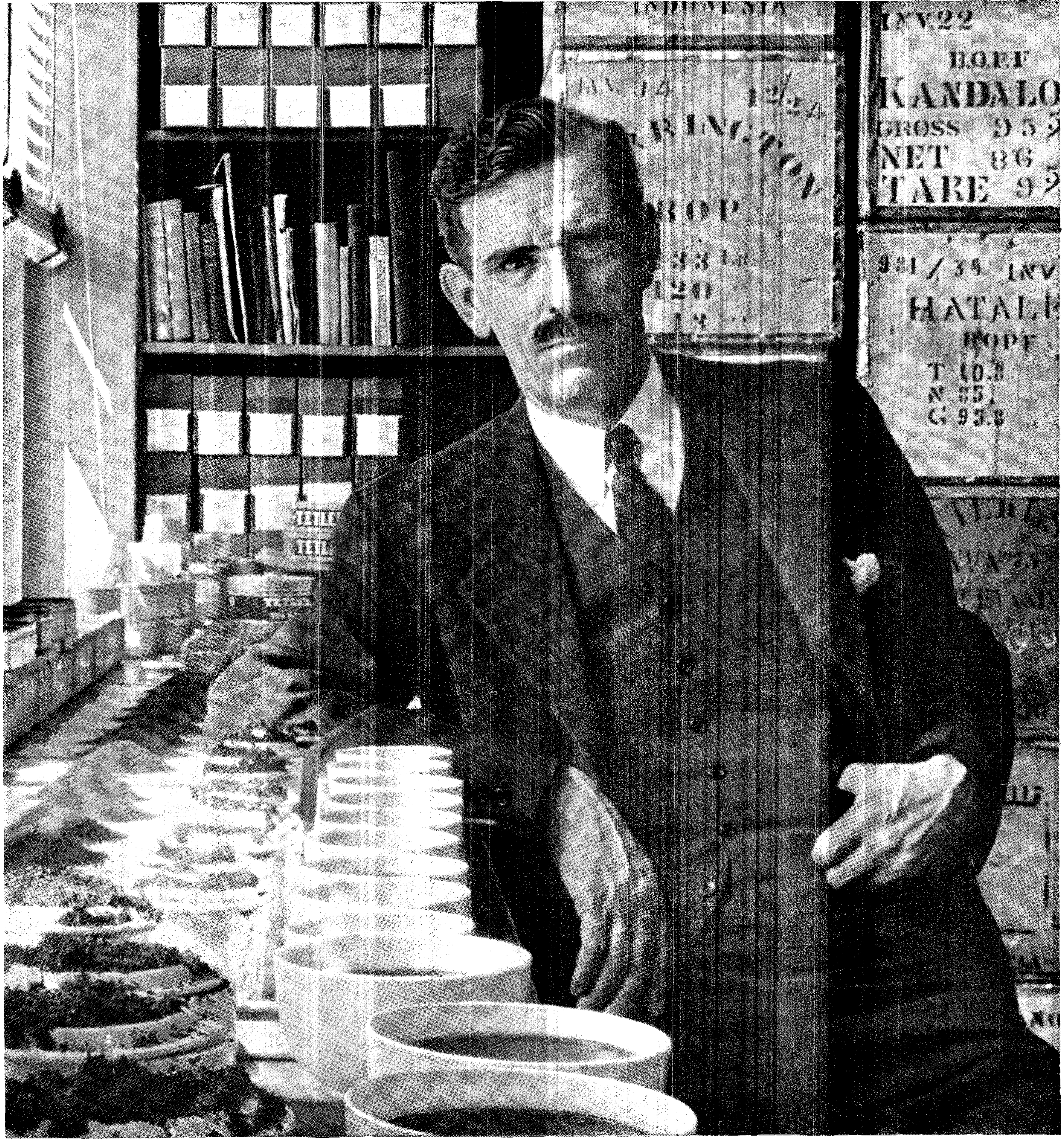

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TETLEY TEA
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TEA BAGS

up and in the way records of them are kept and published. Graham is, in fact, a sort of organization man of evangelism. A central corporation—the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Inc.—handles the financial aspect of his general religious activities, and a separate corporation is set up in every city where he conducts one of his campaigns. Each corporation is run by local businessmen, church officials, and other community leaders, and at services it is one of these people who calls for the offering. The largest collection ever made at a Graham meeting was in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars, from a crowd estimated at a hundred thousand people in Yankee Stadium in 1957. Graham himself takes up no collections, though at times he has been known to utter a crisp reminder of how costly it is to rent an arena these days. All the proceeds from Graham's books, films, television programs, and so on, go to the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, from which he receives a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. This glass-fishbowl type of operation has been worked out by Graham only in the last decade. Before 1950, he was a free, unincorporated agent, taking up his own collections and making his living from the customary "love offerings," accounting to no one, like most evangelists. The impulse that led him to break this pattern, he has said, was his distress at seeing, in an Atlanta newspaper, a photograph of stacks of cartons full of the money collected at one of his meetings, which seemed to him to convey the implication that he was capitalizing on religion. Such misgivings, it would seem, never disturbed C. Thomas Patten, who once posed for newspaper photographers wearing his dollar-sign-emblazoned necktie and with a bouquet of greenbacks sprouting from his lapel, and who used to say, "I read the Bible through, and I never found any place where it said a preacher had to be broke."

IF Patten was a virtuoso at collecting money, there is no denying that, as time went by, many members of his congregation developed increasing virtuosity at contributing it. One woman, who donated a total of around five thousand dollars to the Pattens, recalls that during their reign in Oakland she became as cunning as a bank embezzler at juggling the entries in her various checking and savings accounts to prevent her husband, who did not approve of her largess, from finding out what she was up to. Certain followers of Patten's seem at times to have deliberately courted ex-

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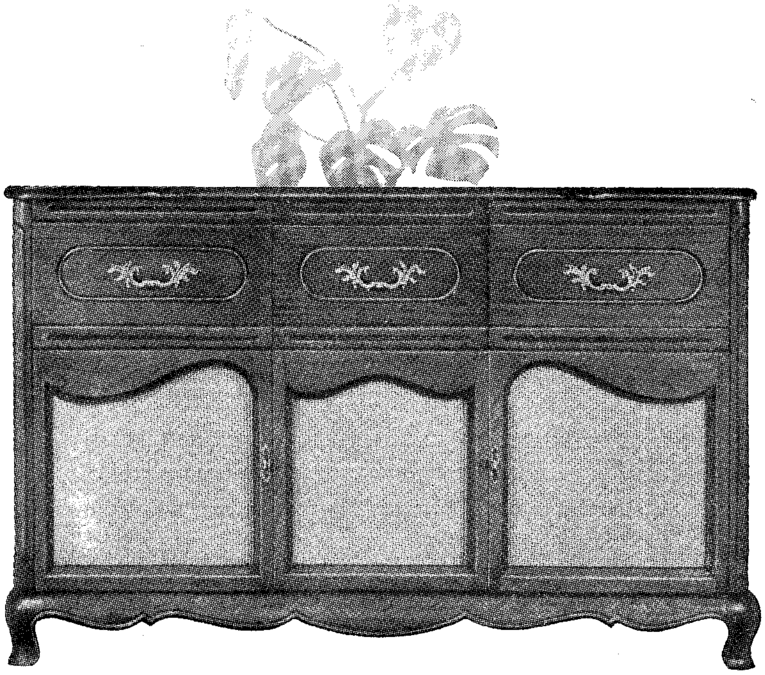

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ploitation. A woman named Mrs. Gussa Norton, for instance, a middle-aged nurse from Des Moines, whose great ambition was to become a missionary, was the victim of an unpleasant demonstration of Patten's rapacity. Shortly after she began attending the services, she dropped a ring into the collection plate one day, together with a note saying that she was donating the diamond but would like the gold setting back, because she wanted to pass it on to her daughter. Not only was the setting never returned but Patten was brusque and noncommittal when she ventured to ask him about it. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Norton received a check for the proceeds from a small inheritance the following year, she hurried down to Patten's office before cashing it, to ask him if he needed any money. "Man, man, do I ever!" Patten replied. "How much you got?" Her check was for $4,252. Patten figured out that she owed $425.20 as her tithe on the inheritance and $395 in back pledges. He then gave Mrs. Norton $232 in cash, saying that should be ample to take care of her wants and telling her that he would hold the remaining $3,200 for her. During the following ten months, this was simply eroded away as Patten persistently extracted new pledges and donations from Mrs. Norton. Later, when she went to him to seek an accounting, Patten asked her to let him see the I O U he had written for the $3,200. She handed it over, and he tore it up and walked away. It would be logical to suppose that at this point Mrs. Norton started looking for the nearest policeman. Actually, she did no such thing, but continued meekly as a member of the Patten church, as did most of Patten's other dupes.

While testifying as a prosecution witness at Patten's trial, Rode, the elderly barber upon whom Patten had planned to attempt posthumous extortion, reminisced with obvious nostalgia about the Patten church meetings, where, he said, he had so often experienced a "warm bath of blessed feeling." "The doors were hardly ever opened but I was there," he continued. "I attended every revival with the exception of a few, because they were so attractive to me." And he testified, with manifest gratitude and awe, that through her faith-healing prayers Bebe Patten had cured him of a hernia "in the twinkling of an eye." To him, and to most of the other members of the congregation during those years, all the things that were happening at the Patten church—the tremendous sums given for the projects that Patten had dreamed up, the purchase of the City

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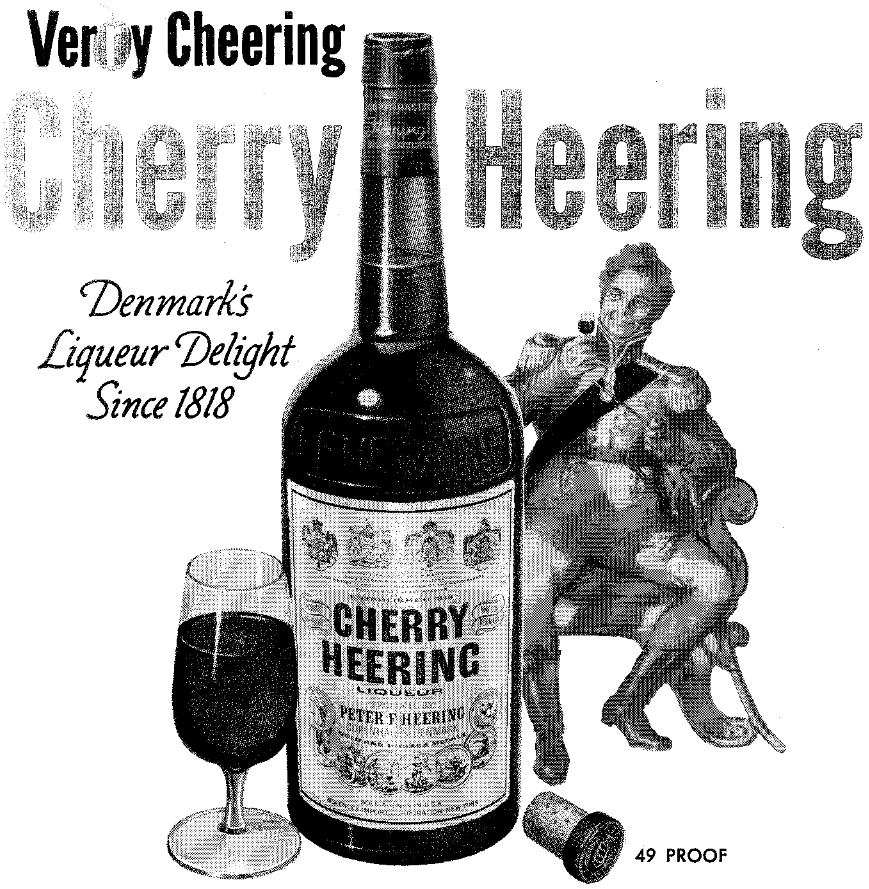
Club, the faith healings, the struggle against unbelievers—not only represented the central drama in their own otherwise drab lives but also loomed, in the words of the *Patten Revivalist*, as "the greatest miracle and the greatest work of faith of the present age. . . . It has surpassed anything yet seen and known by Christendom since the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost." The members of the congregation thought of Patten as possessing a special kind of fantastic practicality that would enable him, as one wrote in the *Portal*, "to accomplish the impossible with natural materials in a materialistic world"—in other words, to transform Rode's warm bath of blessed feeling into a brand-new, electrically heated baptismal tank. Long after it should have been obvious that Patten had no intention of keeping his promises, the congregation remained trustingly hopeful that all the visions would suddenly flower into fulfillment: the orphanage, the tabernacle, the radio station, and Glory! Glory!

As far as can be ascertained, none of these unrealized aspirations troubled Patten in the least. Occasionally, on a Sunday evening, he and his wife would drive up to the still orphanless ranch in one of their several Cadillacs, and spend a day or so in communion with nature, shooing the peacocks out of the way as they strolled about the grounds, and taking long horseback rides through the lovely countryside. No dormitories were ever built, or even started; no orphans were ever received; and a couple of years after buying the property Patten quietly sold it, pocketing the proceeds. The tabernacle and most of the other projects for which Patten ransacked his followers' pocketbooks and tantalized their faith suffered much the same fate. He always made what appeared to be a start toward the fulfillment of his exuberant promises, but then obstacles of one sort or another would inevitably be encountered, and ultimately, without consulting the congregation or rendering an accounting to them, he would liquidate whatever investment had been made, often realizing a good profit.

In Oakland, the Pattens lived luxuriously in a house that the congregation had bought them in the most fashionable part of town. Bebe Patten engaged the Hollywood couturier Adrian to design a form-fitting white satin gown for her, while Patten indulged his own brand of conspicuous sartorial consumption; at one point, his closet contained seventy-five suits and two hundred pairs of hand-tooled cowboy



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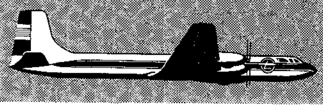

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boots, some of the latter having cost as much as two hundred dollars a pair. One might have expected the members of the congregation, austere in their own habits and otherworldly in their religion, to be appalled by the Pattens' high living; but, for some paradoxical, though no doubt psychologically explicable, reason, this seems to have been one of the least of their grievances. "We loved those people and wanted them to live well," recalled Mrs. Martha Griffith, a gentle-natured woman who, in addition to making heavy financial contributions as one of the congregation, served as the Pattens' cook for a while. During a talk with a reporter soon after she had served as a witness at Patten's trial, she showed no acute regret at the loss of the money she had given. "Money didn't mean as much to me as it did to Brother Patten," she explained. "It seemed to mean an awful lot to him." It was Mrs. Griffith's opinion that the Pattens didn't know when they were well off. "I do think they were two of the foolishest young people who ever lived," she said. "We wanted those people to have everything on earth they desired, if only they had kept their promises to us."

Indeed, it is very likely that if the Pattens had fulfilled even a token number of their promises, they could have continued their flamboyant and profitable career indefinitely there on California's benign soil, with a constant supply of lonely, rootless, susceptible migrants to draw on as replacements for sheep lost from the flock. If Patten had been cautious enough to avoid making specific representations—such as those concerning the tabernacle and the radio station—he could undoubtedly have gone on employing his "God says" technique with impunity, no matter how profanely he disposed of the money, for the fear of infringing on the First Amendment makes courts loath to prosecute religious figures. As a matter of fact, the California district attorney who later prosecuted Patten conceded that he was unable to find a precedent for a trial that hinged directly on the manner in which church collections were taken up and misused. At the very least, if Patten had chosen to be somewhat moderate, he and his wife would have been assured of an income of close to fifty thousand dollars a year whose legitimacy no court could challenge, this being the approximate annual total, according to the trial testimony, of the congregation's frequent "love offerings." But moderation was intolerable to Patten's reckless nature. Throughout his career, he seems to have been

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deliberately pushing his luck. One day in July, 1947, he pushed it farther than it could stand. Tempted by an opportunity to realize a quick profit of about two hundred thousand dollars, he sold to the Loyal Order of Moose, for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the City Club building that the church and schools occupied, the very building that had been dedicated so fervently three years before and that the Pattens had sworn would remain as a monument to God "until Christ comes again."

This was the greatest disillusionment the congregation could have suffered, and for the first time some members were bold enough to remonstrate with Patten. In his usual highhanded fashion, he retorted, "It's nobody's business what my wife and I do with our property." He brushed aside the suggestion that he was obligated to use for church purposes the money he had solicited at church meetings, declaring that evangelists couldn't be held financially accountable. "If I'd of wanted to, I could have throwed that money into Lake Merritt," he said. It was soon after this that, as an ultimate demonstration of his persuasiveness, he took up his collection for money to throw into that body of water. Despite such bravado, he presently decided that it would be expedient to pay off some of the loans his parishioners had made to him at the time he purchased the building. Walking into the auditorium one Sunday when the congregation had assembled for the service, he began taking wads of greenbacks out of his pockets and piling them on the pulpit. "All right, now," he called. "Come and get it, everybody here I've borrowed money from." He claimed to have paid off forty-five thousand dollars' worth of debts then and there, and even though the total was probably not as high as that, Patten being congenitally unable to resist the temptation to exaggerate, those who were present agree that the occasion was spectacular. The sight of Patten passing out money to members of his congregation, instead of taking it from them, was something many of them had never expected to see this side of Paradise. When he had disbursed all the greenbacks on the pulpit, the service proceeded on its normal course—hymns, prayers, announcements, and then, of course, a collection by Patten. There is no record of how much of his money he took right back.

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a hearing in Oakland on Patten's application for a radio station. This was his second hearing before the F.C.C., the first one having been held in Washington some months previously. At the Washington inquiry, Patten apparently got along quite famously with the F.C.C. members and their lawyers, representing himself throughout the interview mainly as a wealthy Southern real-estate man who liked to indulge his wife in her religious efforts. The Oakland hearing was a different matter. In the course of this session, a good many of the multitudinous misrepresentations that Patten had made, first in his application and then in Washington, came to light. Several of the people he had named as references repudiated him, and a spokesman for the Oakland Council of Churches told the F.C.C., "The Patten church meetings are highly emotional and hysterical. They are a racket dealing in mass hysteria, and a money-making device." Even though some of the bankers who had fallen under the spell of God's businessman of the hour came forth to vouch for his sterling character and remarkable sense of enterprise, on the whole the F.C.C. was most unfavorably impressed, and after deliberation it turned the application down. The denial was based chiefly, the F.C.C.'s report stated, on "grave doubt as to the credibility of the applicant." Among other things, it appeared that Patten had lied about his assets, his income, his sponsors, his purposes, his occupation, his relation to the congregation, his criminal record, his charitable contributions, and his status in the community. He had told the F.C.C. that he had never solicited money at church meetings for the purpose of building a radio station, whereas he had taken up numerous collections specifically for that project; moreover, one of them, amounting to something like thirty thousand dollars, was probably the largest of his career. Reviewing his testimony, the F.C.C. report declared soberly, "These misrepresentations indicate an underlying propensity on the part of the applicant to embellish or manufacture facts whenever he might consider it to his advantage to do so." The F.C.C. was obviously perplexed by the exuberant purposelessness of Patten's mendacity at times, for he seems to have produced some of his lies as unthinkingly as larks sing, but the Commission dug up an excerpt from a Supreme Court decision that it found relevant to such a situation. "We do not think it is an answer," the court had declared, "to say that the deception

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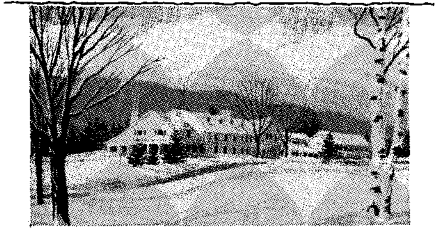

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was unnecessary and served no purpose."

The sale of the church building, followed by the fiasco of the radio station, marked a turning point, and from 1948 on the Patten star declined rapidly. Many people resigned from the congregation. The Veterans Administration withdrew its approval of the Pattens' schools, and enrollment fell off. Presently, it became known that Patten had sold both ranches and the site for the tabernacle as well. It proved difficult to find another location for his schools and church, and he delayed moving from the City Club building until the Order of Moose, eager to take possession, went to court and had him evicted. Eventually, he found another building, but his congregation was none too happy with it; all the gold-and-purple drapery could not hide its shabbiness. Despite the resignations, Patten and his wife still had a sizable congregation. A surprising number of followers found that disengaging themselves from the Pattens—in whom they had such a large stake, spiritual as well as financial—was not a simple or painless matter; most of those who did break away had to find other spiritual solace first.

A few of the disillusioned, however, went to the district attorney's office with their complaints. When Patten heard that he was under investigation, he seemed highly amused. "The D.A. can't prove I'm taking money under false pretenses. You can't prove that against a church," he told newspapermen. He blamed the moves against him on a cabal of Oakland's stodgy established clergymen. "All the other churches are mad because we cleaned them out," he said cheerfully. "None of them get crowds like we do. We have stolen their sheep."

With these various unpleasantnesses developing in Oakland, Patten began to seek diversion by slipping off to Reno for gambling sessions. The atmosphere of the casinos—the display of large amounts of cash, the sudden strokes of fortune, the swift gain and loss, the opportunities for suicidal recklessness and large, ruinous gestures—was probably very congenial to his spirit. But in Reno, as in Oakland, he pushed his luck too far. After his second visit, he paid for his losses at a casino called the Palace Club with two checks amounting to forty-two hundred dollars, which bounced. When the club sent a collection agent to Oakland, the amused Patten allowed that there must have been some mistake at the bank, and wrote out

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two more checks, which proved to be just as worthless. The collector came again, and Patten grandly traded him two brand-new rubber checks for the old ones. This episode quite disturbed the faith of the manager of the Palace Club, a man known as Baldy West. By Baldy West's standards, it was all right if ministers wanted to gamble, but it was unthinkable that they should welsh on their debts—not because West deemed them more honest than secular gamblers but because he took it for granted that they were more vulnerable to public exposure. "I knew he was a minister all along—that was why I took his checks," West later told a district attorney's investigator rather sorrowfully. "I figured he wouldn't dare run the risk of any trouble."

ON November 4, 1949, Patten was summoned before a grand jury, which asked him if he believed in God. Patten refused to answer the question, on the ground that his reply might tend to degrade or incriminate him. He responded in the same way to the jury's hundred or more subsequent questions, most of which, more pertinent to a jury's inquiry than that about his private beliefs, concerned his collections and what he had done with the proceeds. Shortly thereafter, he was indicted on ten counts of grand theft, embodying charges of embezzlement and two forms of fraud: taking money under false pretenses, and obtaining money by trick and device. On February 14, 1950, his trial began. It was unique in California's judicial annals not only because of its length—four and a half months, which set a record for criminal jury trials in the state—but also because of the camp-meeting atmosphere that Patten and his followers brought to the proceedings. Soon after the case began, a procession of Patten's embattled faithful, carrying signs that read "GIVE RELIGIOUS FREEDOM BACK TO THE UNITED STATES!" and praying for miraculous intervention, marched for hours round and round the county courthouse, like Joshua's army at Jericho. To their disappointment, the courthouse—a fireproof, earthquake-proof, and apparently prayerproof building—didn't even tremble. As the trial proceeded, these disciples, wearing their "P" sweaters, packed the courtroom day after day; they chorused "Amen!" to the testimony of defense witnesses, glowered at the prosecution table, laughed with delight at Patten's constant sallies and asides, and ran errands that he kept thinking up for them—all

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to the increasing exasperation of the judge and bailiff.

Though Patten's followers were intensely agitated, Patten himself remained unperturbed. (A court-appointed psychiatrist who gave him some elaborate but not particularly revealing tests could not help marvelling at the low score he racked up on the anxiety index.) From the start of the trial, he manifested a cheerful contempt for the processes of the law and made no attempt to modify his grand and reckless manner. Changing his garb during each luncheon recess, he wore twenty-one different suits in a row before his attorneys were able to persuade him that the effect of this display on the jury might not be entirely salutary. During the thirteen days he was on the stand, he appeared to be enjoying himself immensely. Lolling back in the witness chair until it was tipped at a most precarious angle—as if in this regard, as in all others, he was trying to see just how far he could go—with his legs crossed and a cowboy-booted foot swinging jauntily, he tossed off witticisms, suggested questions for his attorneys to ask him, helpfully pointed out to the prosecution statements in his testimony to which they might well register objections, blandly told lies, and then, his right hand upraised and his round, hearty countenance stamped with an expression of utter frankness and transparent honesty, even more blandly lied about the lies that the jury had just heard him tell. Often, after some particularly outrageous remark, he turned his head and beamed at the judge, and he did this so genially that the judge could not resist smiling back. Eventually, the judge had to turn his chair away in order to save the court's face.

In general, Patten acted as if he were being challenged not so much to refute the prosecution's accusations as to top them. An assistant district attorney, Miss Cecil Mosbacher, presented evidence to show that from 1944 to 1948 the Pattens had deposited $1,354,706 in their personal bank accounts, of which, after all other possible sources had been eliminated, $691,640 must have come from the church congregation. To this Patten amiably replied that, impressive as the sum of $691,640 might seem, it didn't really represent half of what he had obtained from his congregation during that time; he liked to pay his bills with cash, he said, so most of the money he collected never even got to the bank. After that day's session, he told reporters that he had probably been too modest in his assertion, and that

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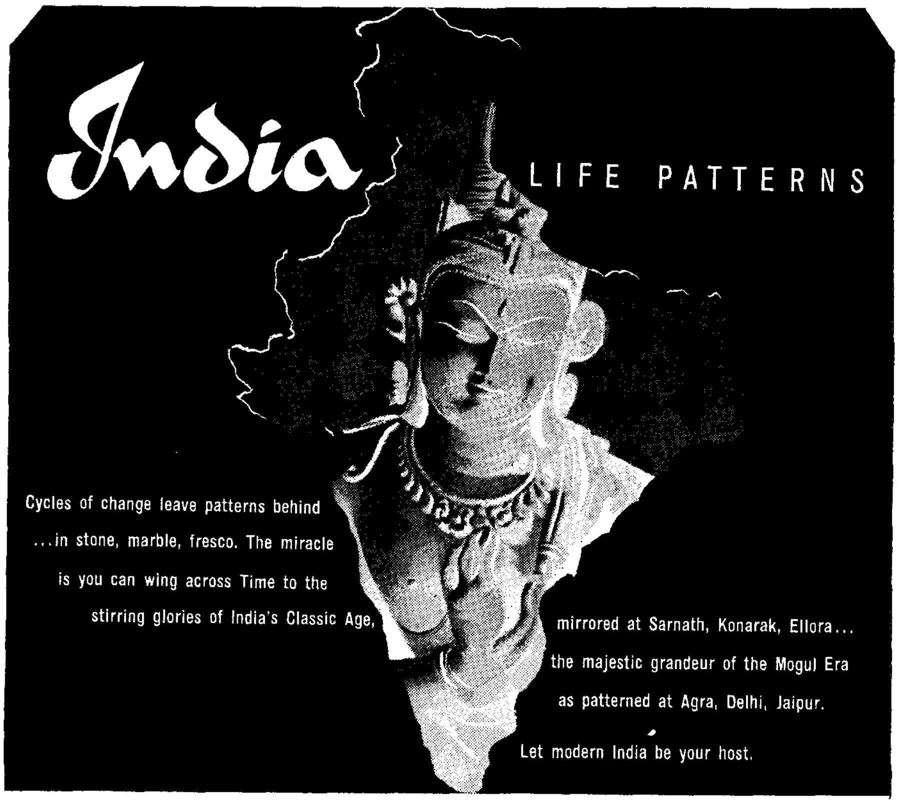
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the total of what he had got from his congregation was probably more like four times the prosecution's carefully compiled figures—in other words, over two and a half million dollars. (The mention of such considerable sums inevitably made a sharp impression on at least one observer—Ralph Read, chief of the Internal Revenue Bureau's Intelligence Unit in the district, who told the press that even though "income-tax evasion is very difficult to prove against persons in religious enterprises," he intended to start looking into Patten's tax returns. The Bureau, as is customary, did not reveal the results of his investigations, but it is understood that a substantial settlement was worked out with Patten.)

The only time that Patten seemed really stung during the trial was when Richard H. Chamberlain, the chief assistant district attorney, referred to an occasion when Patten had supposedly asked his congregation for an offering of twenty thousand dollars, which he had failed to obtain. "Mr. Chamberlain," Patten replied, becoming deadly serious, "I never attempted to raise a sum of money that I started in to raise without raising it." His equanimity restored, Patten offered to take up a collection in the courtroom to show just how the process worked, an offer hastily rejected by the state, whose attorneys apparently felt unable to vouch for the powers of resistance of anyone in the room—spectators, jury, judge, bailiff, court clerk, even themselves—if exposed to the full force of Patten's spellbinding. "Too bad," Patten remarked. "I was reckoning on raising a little something to help pay for what this here trial is costing me."

The state carefully constructed its case around the host of misrepresentations that Patten had made in his collection spiels and the myriad promises he had failed to keep. Patten's defense—when his lawyers bestirred him into offering one—consisted mainly of assertions of his righteousness and of his immunity, as a religious leader, from secular proceedings. There were occasional moments, though, when he seemed to be trying to convey the notion that he had really been just a speculative real-estate operator all along, in whose transactions the congregation had, for some reason, taken a special interest. His wife made only two appearances in court during the trial, and neither the prosecution nor the defense called her to the stand. For reasons that were never divulged, the state did not seek to indict Bebe Patten along with her husband, although in the course of the

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trial Miss Mosbacher told the jury, "It was she who made the emotional appeal, she who set the stage upon which he operated. . . . They conspired together to defraud and deceive this community." What happened to all the money that the couple acquired has never been explained. Some of it may have been lost in Patten's real-estate ventures and in his gambling; much was squandered on personal luxury and ostentation; an indeterminate amount was spent on church business; and an unknown—perhaps large—amount may have been tucked away somewhere. Every now and then during the trial, Patten dropped tantalizing hints about a steamer trunk full of greenbacks that, he said, his wife owned and kept the key to, but the existence and contents of this piece of luggage have remained a mystery.

At the end of nineteen weeks, a period that spectators with a sense of form may have recognized as that of the Pattens' revival when they first came to Oakland, the trial ended, with Patten found guilty on five counts. He was sentenced to seven years in prison, of which he served only three, before his release on account of a cardiac condition. During his stay in the penitentiary, his wife maintained the church and seminary in Oakland, in much reduced circumstances, as she still does. After his parole in 1953, and until his death last May, Patten assisted her with various duties, but only in a desultory fashion, being seriously hampered by the terms of his parole. These terms—probably as unusual as any that have ever been promulgated—were that he could go back into church work if he wished but that he must never again take up a collection.

—BERNARD TAPER

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OFF BROADWAY

IT is pleasant to reflect that the discoveries of Sigmund Freud have improved the lives and fortunes not only of madmen but of playwrights as well. Immense new prospects were opened when it became possible for a playwright to exhibit his hero laughing, say, at the funeral of his grandmother, in the comfortable certainty that a few words about the Oedipus complex would restore the sympathies of the spectator and stifle the censure of the critics. It is true, of course, that the Freudian drama was not always the miracle of finish and plausibility that we so admire today. Years of experiment were necessary to achieve that refinement. And last week an interesting relic of those years was brought to light (and almost immediately restored to darkness) when "The Failures," by H. R. Lenormand, opened (and closed) at the Fourth Street Theatre. M. Lenormand's play was first performed in New York in the early nineteen-twenties and failed, presumably because it was ahead of its time. The present production failed for the contrary reason, and therein lies its interest, for the play exhibits, much more clearly than its sophisticated successors, the limitations of textbook psychology in the drama.

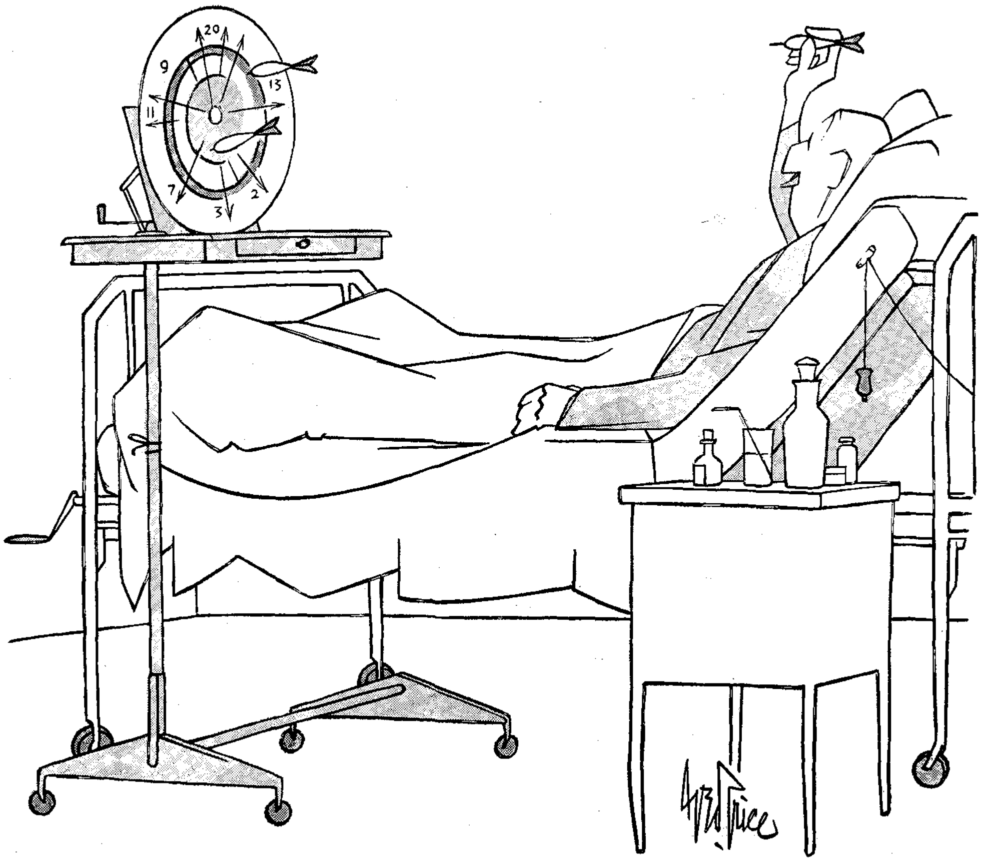
The principal characters of "The Failures" are a playwright, identified only as "he," and his wife, an actress known as "she." At the outset of the drama, M. Lenormand demonstrates that both are in the grip of an obscure, but overwhelming, compulsion toward self-destruction. He then trundles them smartly down the slopes of disaster, for the delight and recreation of the psychoanalytical spectator. First, the actress chooses to play in a touring company, despite the fact that her salary will scarcely cover food and lodgings. Then her husband is persuaded to accompany her, although he is aware that this will make writing impossible for him, and will also deprive them of their only reliable income, the money he earns by tutoring students. When the couple find themselves penniless, she turns to prostitution in order to raise their standard of living to the level of subsistence. For a time, this wifely sacrifice sheds a certain lustre on their love, but presently the husband, growing bitter, takes to drink. And finally, in obedience to the author's thesis, he kills his spouse and commits suicide.

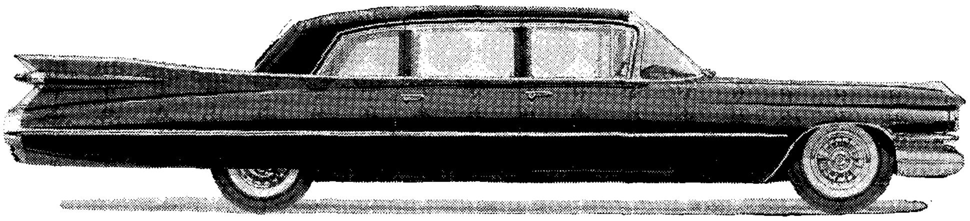
The psychological argument of the drama is curiously circular. If we ask of the play, "Why does the pair behave in this peculiar manner?," the play answers, "Because they have a deep, inner compulsion to destroy themselves." But if we persist in our questioning, and ask, "What exactly is this inner compulsion?," the play answers only, "The psychological quirk that compels them to behave in so peculiar a manner." Somehow this does not throw much illumination on the dim recesses of the mind.

Even so, the play might have succeeded as simple melodrama if the performance had been brisker. But the story was parcelled into no fewer than thirteen scenes, eleven of which required complete changes of setting, and the progress of the drama, in consequence, was exceedingly slow. The lights would come on, the characters would exchange a few words to indicate their strong bent for catastrophe, and the lights would go off again. And the spectator's attention would gravitate to the rather gnomish figures who pushed scenery about the gloomy stage. What were they like? one wondered. What were their dreams? Were they specially trained to see in the dark? It came as something of a wrench to be torn from these speculations by the returning light, and to have one's attention fixed on the protagonists once more, and their entirely predictable misfortunes.

Still, the performance had its compensations, chief among which was Peggy McCay, in the part of the actress. The role was a demanding one, since it embraced the portrayal of a loving wife, a businesslike prostitute, and an experienced, if unsuccessful, actress. Miss McCay was never at a loss for the right touch to make each aspect of the part distinctive and yet to reconcile them all to her single self. Albert Salmi was less happily cast as the husband. His invariable tone of wounded naïveté only intermittently suited the lines he was given to speak. Ed Preble and Dean Lyman Almquist were engaging as a pair of actors connected with the touring company, and Jeremiah Morris proved himself a deft satirist in his portrayal of an unlucky composer of acutely dissonant music.

—DONALD MALCOLM





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WHEN Bardstown won the Tropical Park Handicap at Miami the other afternoon, there was a chorus of hallelujahs from Calumet Farm's aficionados, who have been having a rather thin time lately. I recall hearing trainer Jimmy Jones remark at Belmont Park last autumn (I think it was after A Glitter had lost the Beldame by inches), "Seems like there are times when a stable just can't do anything right." Bardstown's victory may be the turning point. Remember how, after he won the same event two years ago, he went booming along through the Widener and the Gulfstream Park Handicaps? Now, at seven years old, he is almost as good as he ever was. Only a fortnight ago, he set a track record in the Orange Bowl Handicap at Coral Gables, and certainly he was pounds the best in the Tropical, carrying top weight, leading most of the way, and winning comfortably from Ricci Tavi, Nadir, and eleven others. Never underestimate Calumet.

FAR and away the most talked-about horse in California these days is Hillsdale, who won the San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend. For one thing, it was his third stakes victory in three successive Saturdays, and for another he beat Round Table the previous weekend, in the San Carlos Handicap. In the one before that, the Malibu Stakes, he romped away from the favored Jewel's Reward. Well, the form of the Malibu was amply confirmed in the San Fernando, for last Saturday Hillsdale gave Jewel's Reward four pounds, came from behind in the stretch, and beat him easily. It's the San Carlos, though, that Los Angeles racegoers are still mumbling about, because in that one Round Table headed Hillsdale in the stretch and looked home free, only to have Hillsdale rally in the last hundred yards, come on again, and win by a neck. They say that weight beat Round Table, who carried 132 pounds to Hillsdale's 115. I daresay it did. Round Table is down for 132 pounds in next month's Santa Anita Handicap, and Hillsdale for 113. I wonder whether both will go.

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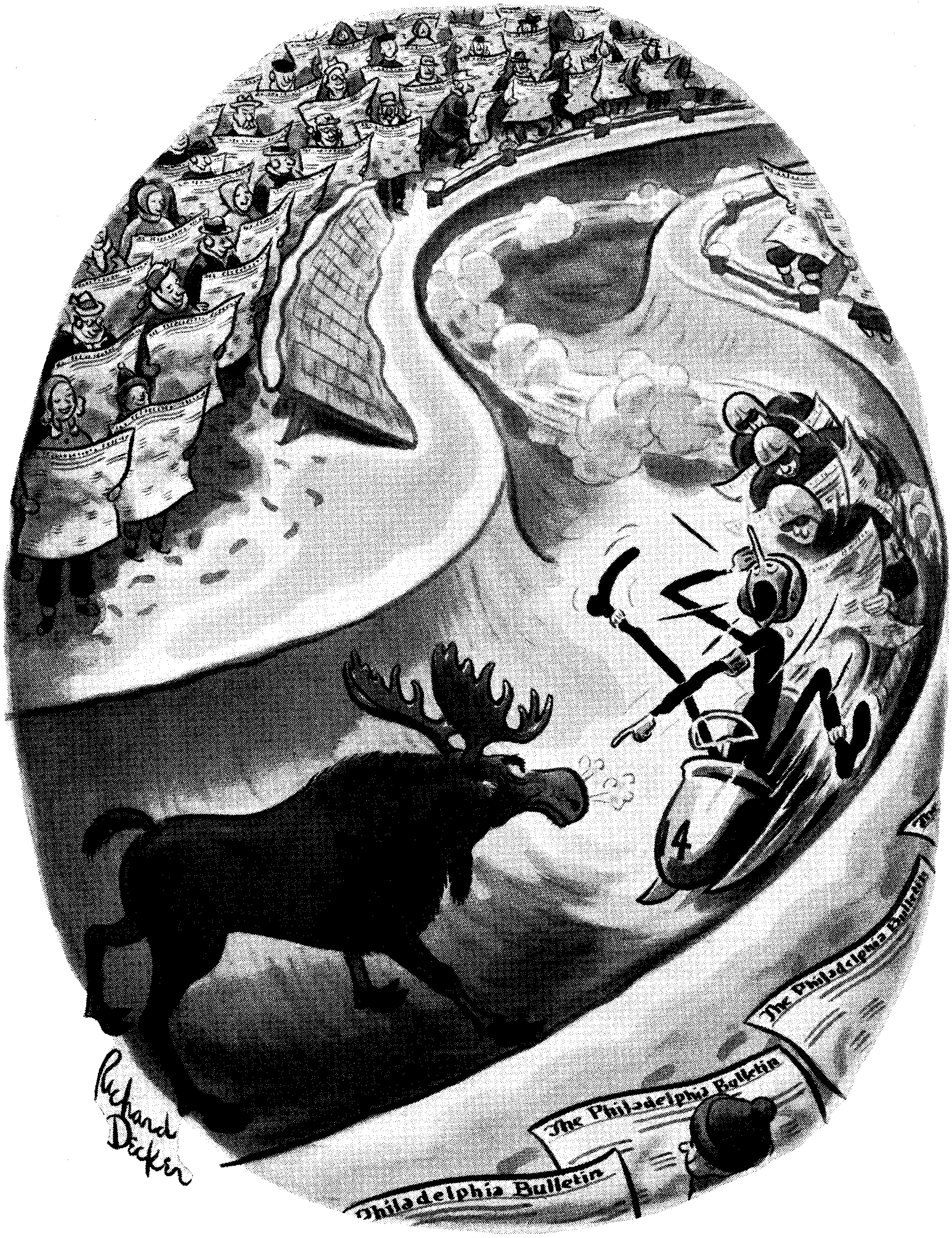
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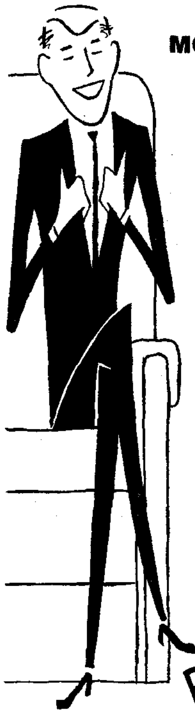

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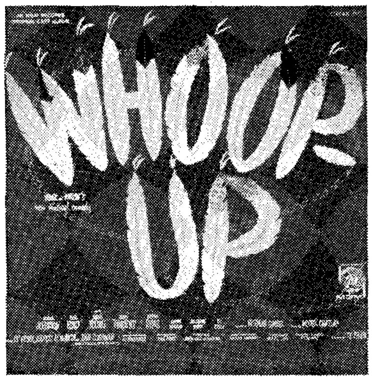

E3745 OC AND STEREO

by Clarence W. Smith, an old football blue who played for Georgia Tech from 1936 through 1939 and after that with the Chicago Bears. At present, he is the head of an engineering company, with offices in Detroit and Los Angeles, and is also a boxing promoter. Hillsdale's next start will be in the Santa Anita Maturity, on January 31st, and he'll be odds-on. By the way, he does not run well on a muddy track.

AFTER a good deal of conscientious study, I can find no point of dissension with Jimmy Kilroe, handicapper to the Jockey Club, over the weights he assigned for the Experimental Free Handicap, which is the annual official appraisal of the past season's two-year-olds. This time, he has rated a hundred and thirteen of the better colts and fillies, and First Landing is at the top, under 128 pounds, the highest weight assigned since 1954, when Summer Tan was given the same amount. First Landing won ten of his eleven starts last year and earned $396,480—a new high for a racer his age. In Mr. Kilroe's opinion, he is two pounds better than Tomy Lee and five better than Intentionally, who beat him by a length in the Futurity at Belmont last autumn. Incidentally, Mr. Kilroe thinks that Dunce, who was third in the Futurity, is as good as Intentionally, and indeed he may be if the leg trouble he had last season has cleared up. Atoll, Crafty Skipper, and Restless Wind, all fast runners, seem pegged just right, at 120 each, and Quill, the best of the fillies, is at 117.

Of course, some runner who was left off the list may pop up and surprise us. In fact, the other day a colt with the curious name of Ole Fols ran six furlongs in 1:08⅘ at Santa Anita, setting a track record for the distance. All the same, I'll string along with First Landing. Right now, he's wintering well, which is fortunate, for his stable intends to run him in the Flamingo at Hialeah, the Florida Derby at Gulfstream, the Wood Memorial at Jamaica, and, of course, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes—a large order for any three-year-old.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

He labeled as "nonsense" speculation that a military base might be set up on the moon.

Du Bridge declared further:
"I am ETAOIN SHRDLUH
—*Chicago Sun-Times*.

Etaoin, old boy!

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THE ART GALLERIES

Styles and Personalities

Divisionism is a crime in the Communist countries, but I've always felt that in a school of art it's a healthy manifestation—as the survey now on at the Sidney Janis, of a group of our top Abstract Expressionist painters, indicates. The development of any school of art, I've noticed, follows a fairly fixed pattern. First comes the breakaway, the time when about the only thing the artists feel is an acute dissatisfaction with the established painting purposes and procedures. But this is only the negative phase, and as the positive search for new methods begins it is followed by the theoretical, or let's-all-get-together-and-work-out-a-better-system, period. Then artistic personalities are lost in a welter of generalization—really lost, for to abandon a traditional style is like abandoning a well-travelled highway in a desert, fog-bound. It takes courage. But since no one knows for sure which way to head now, there is at first a tendency to huddle, and it's not till the fog lifts, or—to wrestle this metaphor back to its bearing on art again—till the mistier part of the theorizing clears and the new direction becomes plainer, that the artists' separate personalities can begin to emerge.

This, I think, is the danger point in any school's development, for this is the time for wider exploration, and the school's tenets and aims must be broad and well-founded enough to allow for it. The artists can no longer even go single file; they must be able to branch out on side excursions of their own, and if they can't do that and still retain a certain coherence within their group, then the school itself will surely die—as Orphism died, and Dynamism, Suprematism, and a number of the other once promising abstract movements that sprang up in the early part of this century. This is the "divisionist" phase. It's a testing phase, which may be one reason the Communists don't like it, since its effect in the end is to prove how strong or weak the school's philosophic basis is, by trying out its adaptability to broad individual interpretation. It seems to me that Abstract Expressionism is in that phase now, and the fact that it stands up as well as it does under the test is an indication of its vitality as a method.

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case in point. Eight artists are represented, each with a single canvas, and two of them, Josef Albers and Arshile Gorky, are not strictly Abstract Expressionist. Gorky, though, was a forerunner, and as his painting (untitled) demonstrates, with its floating, indeterminate figures and flowing pattern, he was unquestionably an influence on the school in its formative days. And while Albers' firm addiction to the geometric approach might appear to rule him out as an influence, one has only to compare his "Homage to the Square" with the blurred geometry of Mark Rothko's "Red, White and Brown"—both built on rectangular patterns and both striving for vibrant tonal effects—to see a definite affinity between the older man and the younger one. The five other paintings show further variations in the Abstract Expressionist approach. There has always been a good deal of diversification in the group, the distinction at its broadest being between the more or less calligraphic style of Franz Kline, say, and the flamboyantly colorful manner affected by Willem de Kooning. Both these men are in the show, Kline with a slashingly powerful black-and-white oil, "Delaware Gap," and de Kooning with a gentler study based on landscape motifs, "Suburb in Havana," which to me has a suggestion of van Gogh. Philip Guston's "The Return," a kind of waterfall of greenish lacery, doesn't show him at his best, and the same must be said of Robert Motherwell's lumpish "The Wedding." But to make up for that there's a handsome, intricate large "Frieze," by Jackson Pollock.

HANS HOFMANN, at seventy-eight, is the undisputed dean (and in a sense even the founder) of Abstract Expressionism, and his paintings, now at the Kootz, have an authority that is fully commensurate with his position. The exhibition is a two-part affair. The first section, closing this Saturday, is given over to his paintings of the past year, about twenty in number, while the second, running through the rest of January, will be devoted to a display of his earlier works, dated from 1940 to 1947. As for his current production, I must say that it seems to be his finest performance so far. Hofmann has always been primarily a colorist; indeed, the interplay of tonalities, one upon the other, has always been the factor that "made" his paintings, far more than any formal structure. His color now is fully as varied as ever. But he has succeeded in sharpening his compositional values,

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so the paintings seem stronger and denser in design. Exuberance is still one of the key words for Hofmann's manner, however, and there are times when, inevitably, it spills over into sheer flamboyance, as in the rather hectic "Towering Clouds," or into mere clutteredness, as in the awkwardly planned "Blue Spell." I feel, too, that the artist depends to excess upon tiered slabs of crusty color, laid on with the palette knife, for textural effect; used to excess, they seem to weight the over-all compositional fabric down, and I thought the otherwise admirable "Golden Blaze" suffered because of this. One can have little but praise, though, for such paintings as "Equinox" (with its climbing, varicolored patterns), the beautifully blue "Oceanic," and the handsomely organized "The Phantom."

NOT all the galleries are given over to Abstract Expressionism, even if it sometimes seems so. George Rickey surprised us in his first one-man exhibition a few years ago by demonstrating that a new approach was possible in mobile sculpture, till then ruled almost exclusively by Alexander Calder, and his present show, at the Kraushaar, reveals again his facility and inventiveness in the medium. Calder and Rickey can have small cause to quarrel, incidentally, for apart from the fact that both specialize in constructions that move, they are as little alike as two men could be—Calder, the romantic, going in for graceful, sensuous patterns and movements, and Rickey for crisply mechanical ones. It may be that Rickey has gone a bit too far in this regard. Sculpture, especially of the mobile sort, should never be a puzzle, and there are times now when one's attention is drawn away from the purely plastic qualities of his pieces to center on an effort to solve the sheer mechanics of their motion. But there's no denying the ingenuity Rickey has displayed or the enormous delicacy and skill of his craftsmanship, and in pieces like the rippling "Wave II," the twinkling "Queen Anne's Lace," and the nodding, majestic "Personage" he shows a truly poetic feeling for imagery.

AT the Perls is an exhibition of some thirty oils, all nudes, by Jules Pascin, probably the largest collection of this side of his works shown here since his death, in 1930. It's a full-scale affair, well calculated to reveal his development as an artist, for the range is from the dark, early "Le Modèle à l'Atelier," done in 1909, when he was still under Cézanne's influence, through a couple of examples from his brief Matisse period, to a half-dozen paintings in the luminous, almost transparent style of his last productions. Pascin had his faults. Behind his vast skill at portraying the flesh and the human body with all their subtlety of coloration and line there lurks a certain callousness, as if he were too little concerned about the being inside the envelope. Some of this appears in his design. While Renoir and other great modern painters of the nude placed their figures in a natural context, Pascin paid scant attention to background; the girl is just a girl, sitting, standing, or lying on a couch. Yet there are times, paradoxically, when his very lack of interest in such matters creates a value. Concentrating on flesh, he paints it triumphant, and the girl, vague of feature, inscrutable, her surroundings as irrelevant to her as she is to them, is only its exponent, and as inconsequential as a pagan handmaiden bearing the instruments of a miracle.

—Robert M. Coates

• •

A MARE

Lovely Fia was the summer queen
And the sun-bodied light of winter: she so slender
Of pastern, fine of cannon, sloped in the shoulders
To all perfection, with that gazelle head set
Arched beneath the drawn bow of her neck;
She who rose blazing from the dusky stall
And lunged on the snaffle, who reared on high white stockings,
Light-mouthed, light-footed, blasting her loud whinny,
Saying among the oak trees, "Ha ha!" She was a mirror
Of flame, and when she ran, then she ran burning,
Swift as the falcon that stoops through the windless sky.

Fiamma, who can tell of all your richness?
You were a dragon horde, gold-red and willful.
How dark the winter rains are falling now!
I cannot find your peer in any pasture.

—Kate Barnes

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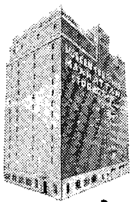

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To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

HAVING just read St. Clair McKelway's rousing presentation of "The Case in Favor of Talking Out Loud to One's Self" (*The New Yorker*, January 3rd), I would like to add a few cautionary hints from my own experience. Not that I talk to myself, except silently; I am merely a woman who married a man who talks to himself quite constantly. Now, Mr. McKelway seems to know when he is addressing himself viva voce. My husband does not. It often comes to him as a complete surprise to learn that he has been addressing himself in audible tones. Therefore, he is utterly unable to follow Mr. McKelway's cardinal rule concerning talking to one's self, which is first to make sure no other human being is going to hear you and then to speak out boldly and clearly. (An audience of animals does not matter, says Mr. McKelway; indeed, he has found that his talking to himself invigorates his cats, provided he speaks loudly enough.) Since my husband, poor fellow, was never able to know at what moment he might begin to hold a conversation with himself, he early developed the syndrome Mr. McKelway describes so graphically—the one that is so irritating to both man and beast: he mutters. He does so, of course, because he is afraid of being overheard and thought to be out of his mind. I was unaware of all this when I married him. Our engagement had been a short one and I had had no opportunity to observe this idiosyncrasy of my mate. But as his bride, many years ago, I soon became aware of his mutterings, and they alarmed me. I could only believe that he was unhappy in his new life. What else could I think? What had I done wrong? I was deeply in love and I was anxious.

One day when I was in the kitchen getting breakfast and he was dressing, the mutters from the bedroom reached a new peak—such a high one that I finally got up my courage to ask what they were about. It was a great relief to hear that in this instance he had merely been arguing with himself over whether to put on a wool tie or a silk tie. Quite soon, when again there were mutters from the next room, I again asked what he had been saying to him-

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self. My husband is a doctor of internal medicine, and this time it turned out that he had been discussing with himself a difficult diagnosis he had been called upon to make the day before. These two happy discoveries relieved some of my tension. My peace of mind was further bolstered when I confided to a trusted friend my anxieties about my husband's self-colloquies. It meant nothing, she said lightly. It seemed that talking aloud to one's self was a habit in her family. She did it occasionally, her brother did it frequently, and her father, a distinguished lawyer who had died some years earlier, had been an inveterate talker to himself. She told me a story about her father (a classic in the family, apparently) that this estimable gentleman must have first told on himself. He was walking alone on a crowded downtown sidewalk, loudly discussing a moot point of law. "I don't know," he said. "I really don't know." A passerby who had caught his words snapped back at him, "Well, if *you* don't, I can't imagine who does."

ALL is peaceful in our household now, and I have long since learned not to worry about sotto-voce remarks. So, too, at last, has our elderly poodle, who as a puppy was a mighty edgy dog. But for the sake of others I feel it only fair to point out that Mr. McKelway, in his uncanny awareness of his own soliloquies and his arguments with his alter egos, must be an exception to the general rule of those who talk out loud to themselves. For people like my husband, who are not so fortunate, the cardinal rule should be: Speak loudly at all times; *let everything you say be overheard.* If they can master this simple rule in their youth, there will be fewer self-doubting wives and husbands and a great many more happy dogs and cats.

Sincerely,
A. P. B.

To the Editors, *The New Yorker,*
SIRS:

I APPRECIATE the opportunity you have given me to read the above communication and to comment on it. I am, of course, gratified to know that my initial and more or less fragmentary study on the subject of talking out loud to one's self has brought such an illuminating response from one of your readers. But at the same time I feel it is clearly my duty, as one who has gone deeply into this subject, to oppose in every way I can think of the over-optimistic and wildly reckless recom-

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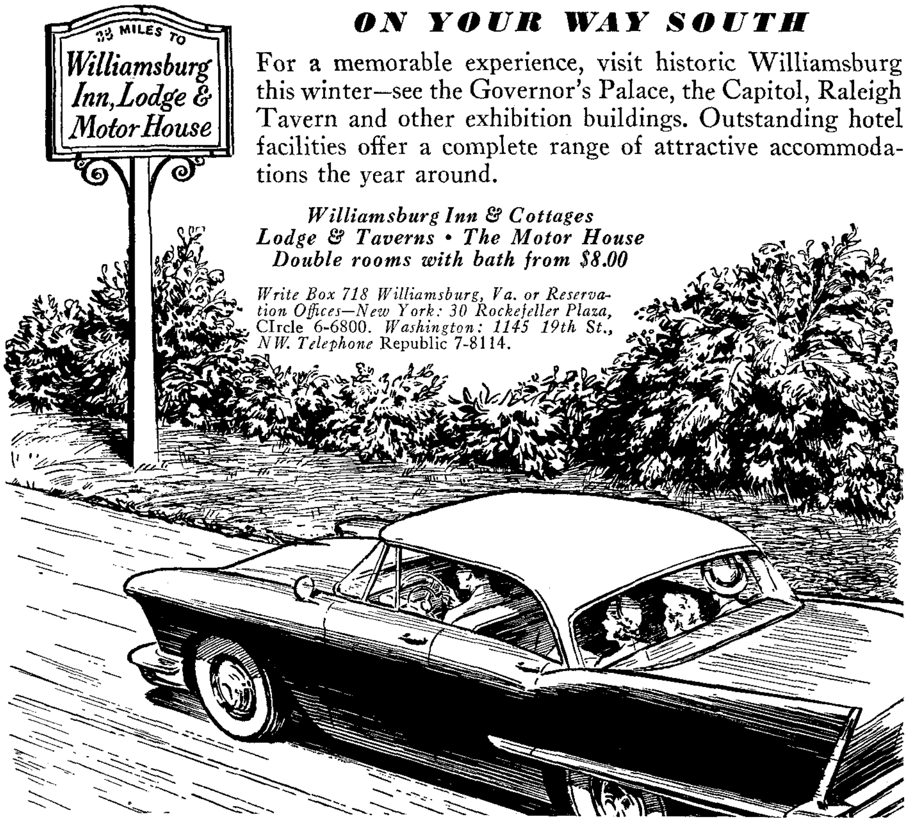

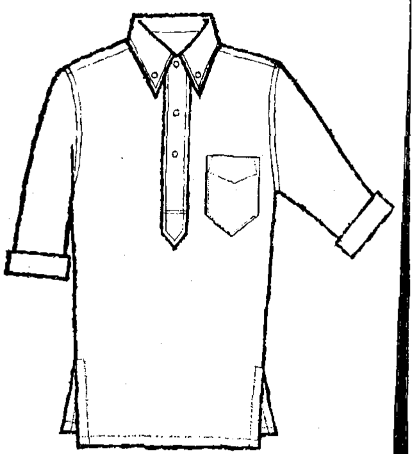

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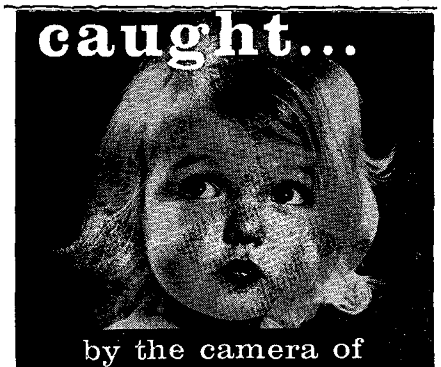

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Fred R. Clausen,
Gen. Mgr.

mendation of A. P. B.'s that appears at the conclusion of her letter. Science is only just beginning to know something about talking out loud to one's self. There is every reason to believe that if at this point all of us, or even some of us, began to "speak loudly at all times; *let everything you say be overheard*," as A. P. B. recommends, chaos would result. Let us not permit ourselves and our other selves to be carried away by the innocent and charming euphoria that characterizes the well-intended advice of this happy housewife. Although I am not yet ready to make public my findings, I would venture to say that someday it will be recognized by one and all that the persons who can lightheartedly allow everything they say to themselves to be overheard by other human beings are the exceptions, and that those who, like me, are equipped with anywhere from one to a dozen alter egos—any one of whom, with very little warning, may at any time take over a soliloquy initiated in good faith by the main, or leading, ego—represent the common run of mankind and womankind. Let us not go off halfcocked.

ST. C. MCK.

•

WALLINGFORD, Oct. 12—Dr. George St. John, Headmaster Emeritus, spoke in chapel this afternoon, discussing the theme, "It doesn't so much matter what happens to you as the way you take it."

Dr. St. John illuminated his sermon by citing specific instances in which Choate boys and masters weathered their personal times of affliction. First he discussed the homesick boy who, instead of distressing his family and school by complaining to them, tells them that although he is at the moment homesick, he understands that his feeling is merely "Part of the experience of going away to school."

Next Dr. St. John remembered the courageous football player: "And I remember Joe Smith coming off the football field, the coach at his elbow. It is the last game of the season; he has played a wonderful game, but now he's hurt. The stands are cheering him to the echo. But he is wagging his head to show it isn't deserved.

"I move down the sidelines, walk with him over to the Infirmary. His mouth has a wide cut and two teeth are dangling. 'It's too darn bad, Joe,' I am moved to say.

" 'It's all . . . . all right, Mr. St. John,' he says. '*My mouth . . . shouldn't have been there.*' He had missed the signal, messed up the play. His mouth was where it shouldn't have been, and it got hurt, and that was that. No show of pain that he can help, no self-pity, but love of his school and his team—and his missing the signal has let them down. 'My mouth shouldn't have been there.' . . . It doesn't so much matter what happens to us as the way we take it."

—*The Choate News.*

Besides, some dentist probably made a nice penny out of it.

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WITH the waning of winter in northern Norway in 1943, a group of Norwegian patriots set out to blow up a Nazi submarine base that had been established on their soil. They failed in this endeavor—indeed, all but one were killed—and the lone survivor, Jan Baalsrud, lit out across the snows, pursued by meticulous and murderous Germans. These are the facts on which the Norwegian movie "Nine Lives" has been based, and, as related here, they reveal Mr. Baalsrud as a man of incredible stamina, courage, and ingenuity. Directed by Arne Skouen, who adapted it from a book about Mr. Baalsrud by David Howarth, the picture has as its principal performer a sturdy, convincing actor named Jack Fjeldstad, who looks as if, should the burden ever be put upon him, he might survive some of the awful trials the Nazis imposed on the man he is representing. Among these, I might mention the necessity of trudging through snow on a shattered foot, breasting an ice-choked fiord, sitting out a howling blizzard with nothing but a rock for cover, and then, snow-blind and starved, undertaking a terrifying trip over a mountain to the Swedish border with the help of another Norwegian patriot. Since nature is evidently in cahoots with the Nazis, our hero is always in double jeopardy, but the Norwegian underground, any member of which is liable to instant death for assisting him, aids him bravely all along his dolorous way. Not only Mr. Fjeldstad but the rest of the cast Mr. Skouen has assembled is most satisfactory, including Alf Malland and Henny Moan, who play a farmer and his wife vastly helpful to the hero. As a climax to the affair, Mr. Fjeldstad falls in with some upstanding Lapps, who allow him to join a herd of reindeer they are urging along to Sweden. Behind the herd come the hated Nazis. Although I've been skeptical of this sort of whoop-it-up finish in my day, I confess that here it seemed pretty legitimate. All in all, "Nine Lives" is a sound adventure film.

"MAD LITTLE ISLAND," a British film, is a sequel, more or less, to the very funny movie called "Tight

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Little Island," which was released about a decade ago. Like its predecessor, "Mad Little Island" is based on a novel by Compton Mackenzie, but there, I think, the similarity ends. In this go-around, the residents of the Hebridean island called Todday are trying to frustrate some advance men for a rocket project who are looking for a site on which they can put down a few launching pads. Their efforts to mix up the authorities are by no means as comical this time as they were when the preoccupation of the islanders was to get their hands on some whiskey during the war, and those concerned—Donald Sinden, Roland Culver, Ian Hunter, and Jeannie Carson, to mention a few—aren't quite up to the standard set by the inhabitants of Todday on the previous excursion.

"BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE," an adaptation by Daniel Taradash of the John van Druten play about a witch who falls in love with a man, is an exasperating exercise. In it we have Kim Novak, who looks less like a sorceress than like somebody recently worked over by the students of an embalming college; Jack Lemmon, who is supposed to be supernatural, but who plays bongo drums for a living, thereby wrecking any otherworldly illusion; and James Stewart, as the object of Miss Novak's attentions. They all try to be cute as buttons, and so does a cat who turns up somewhere along the line. Aelurophobia is what I got at that point.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

COMEAU—COMEAU

CHURCH POINT—A pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Mary's Church here, when Father Camille Comeau, parish priest, united in marriage at a double ring ceremony, Marie Angelina, a graduate of Mount St. Vincent College and until recently a teacher of English at Halifax Vocational School, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Comeau of Church Point to Joseph Clarence, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Comeau of Comeauville.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, looked charming in a long white gown of nylon organdy and an elbow length veil held in place by a pearl crown. She carried a bouquet of pink roses and satin streamers. Miss Rose Marie Comeau, her sister, was bridesmaid.

Immediately following the nuptial Mass a reception was held at the bride's home.

Edward Comeau, best man, proposed the toast to the bride.

The couple motored around the Maritimes and on their return will reside in Comeauville.—*Halifax (Nova Scotia) Chronicle-Herald.*

They'll be among friends, anyway.

"Harrumph! They think I'm an old softie because I like the kids to call me Long Distance every week!"

"Softie, indeed! Sure I am! Ever since my son and daughter married and moved away I have 'em call me every week—and make it collect!

"They go on and on about how my grandchildren did 'this' and did 'that.' But I really like it. And I'm looking forward to another call tonight!"

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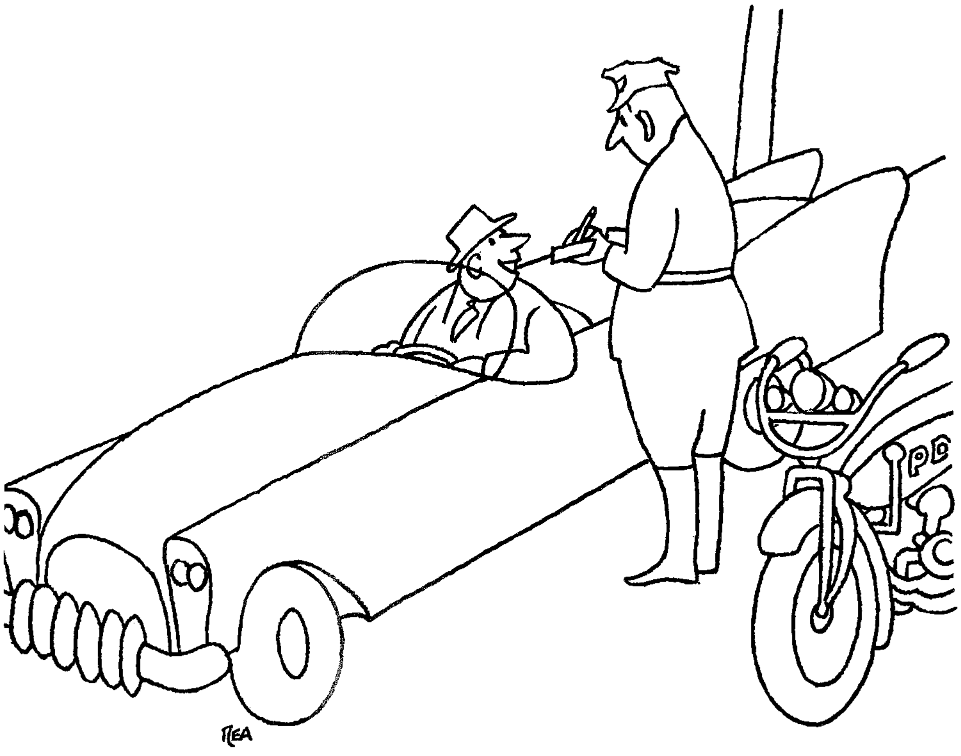
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 8

ALL week, there has been an atmosphere of excitement here—of surprise and anticipation of further surprise, of change accomplished and impending—very much like the excitement existing in the early days of a new administration that has promised to make the old give way. There are new names and faces everywhere, new men of power, a new star in the flag; rebellion and innovation have been the order of the week. The House Republicans, a most unlikely group of insurgents, have cast down Joe Martin, of Massachusetts—a great symbol of continuity and of enduring values—evidently for the sheer hell of it, since the only known difference between Joe Martin and Charles Halleck, his successor as Republican leader, is that one is seventy-four and a New Englander, while the other is fifty-eight and a Hoosier. For the hell of it, too, one of the most amiable and harmless of traditions has been flouted; Stephen Young, the new Ohio Democratic senator, issued a statement to the press saying that he refused to be accompanied down the aisle by his colleague Frank Lausche, another Democrat, because "if Senator Lausche supported me for election it was a well-guarded secret. . . . Apparently I did not need Senator Lausche's support then, nor do I now. I will not be bound by tradition and custom on this occasion." There were some who said that if this was the way the new man was going to behave, he would never get anywhere near the inner circle of the club. But maybe even the inner circle is about to be cast into the outer darkness. Senator Young was receiving so many handclasps and congratulations that he failed to respond on his first roll call. Later, he received a handclasp and congratulations from Senator Lausche himself.

In a quite serious sense, it can be maintained that these actually are the early days of a new administration. It is perfectly plain that the Eighty-sixth Congress intends to take matters into its own hands as far as possible, and that it would like to provide the direction and leadership that its large Democratic majority (and a good part of its Republican minority) feels are not coming from the White House. It was two months ago that Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic leader in the Senate, issued his State of the Union message, and he amplified it with another report to Senate Democrats yesterday. Weeks before the President was scheduled to deliver *his* message or provide any authoritative information on his budget, congressmen of high and low rank were telling the press how they hoped, by legislative action, to strengthen the nation's defenses, improve its foreign policies, and provide for the common welfare in ways that the executive branch was overlooking. The phrase "Congressional government" has been heard ever since the November elections, and with mounting frequency these past few days. No one who has watched developments here lately doubts that the focus of attention through the last two years of the Eisenhower regime will be on Congress. On the plains below Capitol Hill, though, there is a question as to whether Congress can fulfill its Constitutional responsibilities and at the same time speak for the Republic, as a vigorous President can. It takes one man, and not five hundred, to speak for a people before the world, and the only man the Congress has to offer is Lyndon Johnson. He may be a statesman of infinite resourcefulness, but it is hard to see how he can at once be a state, a regional, a partisan, and a national leader—a gas-and-oil senator from Texas, a field strategist for the Southern faction, a maker of harmony in the Democratic Party as a whole, and a promoter of a great united effort to conquer outer space and achieve other desirable objectives. And even if he proves able to master what appear to be the contradictions in his own role, he does not—for all his power, and all his skill in using it—command forces of the kind that seem capable of gaining the ends he seeks. By acts of legislation and appropriation, Congress can try to fasten on the executive departments its notions of the urgency of the world crisis and of the government's responsibility for the common welfare, but it cannot really do more than pass out money and order that the money be spent within a stated period. It cannot staff the executive departments or write the policy directives or imbue the government personnel with added determination and will. The American system requires a President, and no branch of government outside the executive can provide an acceptable substitute.

Today, not even the most dedicated Eisenhower Republicans would deny that the President is a dim, remote figure, of whose doings one learns mostly at second and third hand. He shows up on a few ceremonial occasions (earlier this week, though, it was unsettled whether he would go before Congress with his State of the Union message or simply have it read), but for the most part he is an unseen and unfelt eminence; his views are reported, often with hostility, by congressmen who have visited him or by reporters who have



"*Tell you what. I'll race you to the next exit, double or nothing.*"

talked with some assistant to an assistant on his staff. Nor are his views sought with much diligence. There has been very little speculation about his State of the Union message or about White House attitudes on any pending questions. He does not seem a real presence in affairs here, nor do any of his deputies. (Mr. Dulles's recent illness was another powerful factor in creating the sense of vacuum that is now so strongly felt.) Unless this unhappy situation changes, congressmen who believe that initiative is called for have little choice but to attempt to supply it themselves.

IT has been several years since the Senate chamber was the scene of a drama as gripping as the brief encounter over the rules that took place yesterday between Lyndon Johnson and what the press has taken to calling the "bipartisan liberals," a group whose efforts to end the filibuster have been stoutly supported (though rather feebly articulated) by the Vice-President. For most of those in the galleries and for a large number of senators, the dialogue might as well have been in Greek or Choctaw, for it turned on some of the most abstruse procedural details, and the action was so swift that even those well versed in such matters had a difficult time following it. When it was over, Roy Wilkins, the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and himself no mean student of the Senate rules, which he regards as an obstacle to the Association's programs, said he wasn't sure exactly what had happened or whether, from his point of view, it was good or bad. He bravely hazarded the opinion that Senator Johnson wasn't sure, either. But he did not advance the argument that Senator Johnson had painted himself into a corner, nor did anyone else who watched the whole affair, on tiptoe in the galleries or with slack jaws on the Senate floor. What everyone sensed was that the majority leader was at the very peak of his form; that, for the time being, he was making no compromises with the liberals in his own party; and that he was using power and guile, rather than his celebrated charm, to bring the new Democratic senators, whose careers he can influence greatly in the coming weeks and months, to his support. He got the Vice-President, who had plainly hoped to emerge from the session with the civil-rights people heavily in his debt, so rattled that Mr. Nixon, ordinarily a fearless and adroit performer, sounded as uncertain of himself and his rulings

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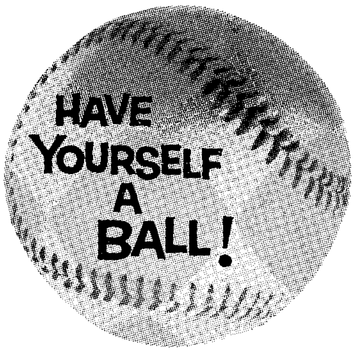
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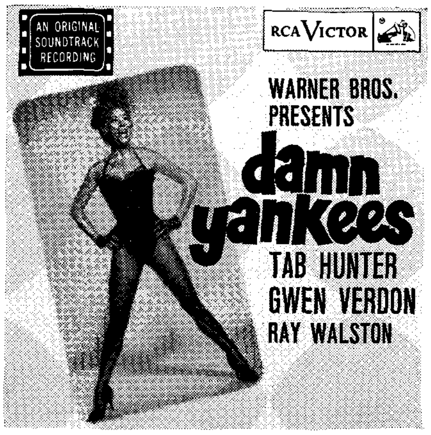

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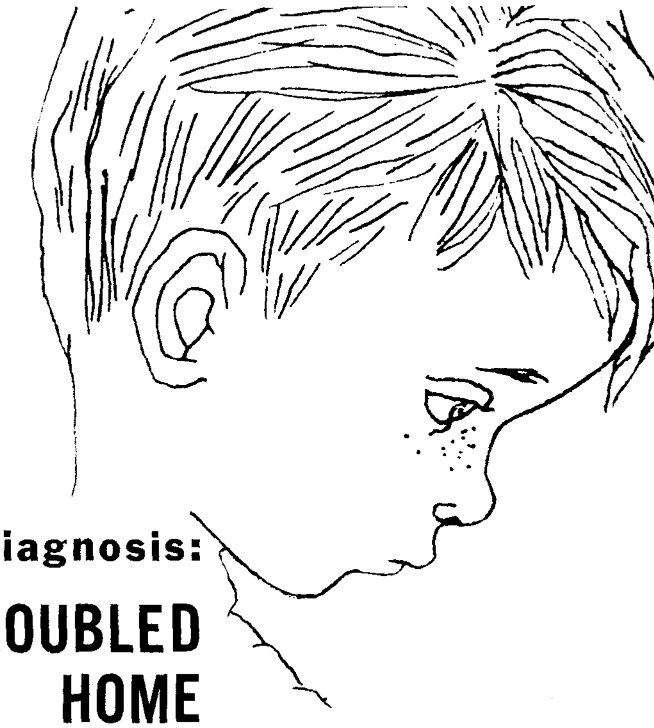
as a student-council president on his first day in the chair. Finally, Mr. Nixon stumbled into a parliamentary error—it consisted of recognizing Senator Anderson, of New Mexico, when Senator Johnson had the floor—and had to admit his error. By this time, it suited Mr. Johnson to move adjournment—a non-debatable motion, and the kind of motion he likes best—which would give him time to use his charm and give others an opportunity to dwell upon the perils of engaging him in parliamentary combat. It carried, 73–23.

In the session that began early today and is running far into the night, Senator Johnson has an initiative that may be the foundation for a total victory, and even a quick one. The Senate today is debating a proposition that to anyone who has not been exploring the labyrinthine ways of the Senate rules for the last few days might appear plain silly. This is a resolution, sponsored by Senator Anderson (whose recognition Senator Johnson did not contest this morning), that calls upon the Senate to proceed immediately to a consideration of the rules under which it shall function once it gets to functioning. Senator Anderson and his supporters—the civil-rights enthusiasts in both parties—have made it clear that what they wish to propose is the readoption, as "new rules," of the old rules, with the exception of one; namely, Rule XXII. This rule provides that cloture, or termination of debate, may be had only upon the vote of "two-thirds of the Senators duly chosen and sworn," except in debate over Senate rules, where no cloture is at present provided for. Since a consideration of the Senate rules was exactly what was taking place before the Anderson resolution was submitted, and since what everyone was eager to discuss was a revision of Rule XXII, the Anderson resolution would seem offhand to be a coals-to-Newcastle exercise—much as if an actor in a company rehearsing "Hamlet" were to circulate a petition calling for the players to agree that it was "Hamlet" they were rehearsing. The resolution, though, is not quite what it would seem offhand, for what Senator Anderson and his associates are seeking is to establish the principle, if it can be called one, that the Senate is not a "continuing body," with no need for new rules, and that, like the House of Representatives, it must dissolve every two years and reform as a successor to the dissolved body. Thus, to get the Senate to agree that what it is doing is adopting "new rules" is to get it to acknowledge—at



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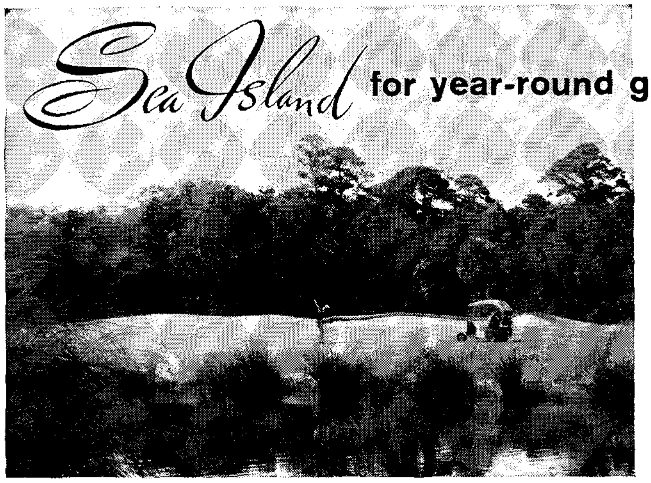

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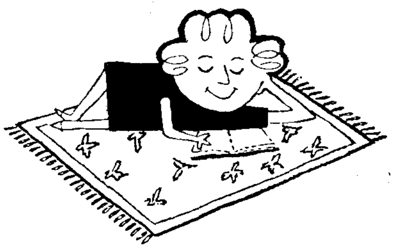

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least in words—that it is not a "continuing body."

The importance that the liberals attach to this matter is at once a tribute to the skill of Senator Johnson and a reflection of the fact that they do not altogether trust this estimable politician, who is the chosen leader of so many of them. For Senator Johnson has given them his word that none of this is necessary; several times in the course of this debate he has assured them that he wants to change Rule XXII as much as they do, and as soon. He has said that any senator is entitled to propose any change in the rules he may desire, and to have the Senate vote on his proposal. Senator Johnson has a modest proposal of his own, but he has conceded that it may be faulted in various ways, and he has said that he will be pleased to have amendments introduced—even total substitutes. He has not disputed the Vice-President's opinion that a change in the rules can be made at any moment by a simple majority, or his opinion that, for the time being, the Senate is not bound by the "continuing-body" theory. But although no one will say that Senator Johnson is anything but an honorable and upright man, as well as an exceedingly clever one, all his adversaries feel that there must be a trap somewhere in all this bland talk, and that unless they get it down in black and white that they are adopting new rules, and hence are not bound by Rule XXII, they will find their attempt to break the filibuster broken by a filibuster. "We don't know what the trap is or where it is," Senator Douglas, of Illinois, said this afternoon, "but we just can't help feeling that there is one somewhere, set and baited for us, and we are trying to cut away the underbrush so that we may find it and spring it with a stick, without harm to ourselves."

And so the argument on the "continuing-body" theory will go on until the Anderson resolution is either adopted or defeated, or else tabled, as it was two years ago. Senator Johnson wanted a vote on tabling—another nondebatable proposition—this afternoon, which surely meant that he knew he had the votes to win. But Senator Morse, of Oregon, who earned the filibustering championship in 1953 by talking for twenty-two hours and twenty-six minutes and is a staunch proponent of anti-filibuster rules, upset the majority leader's plans by demanding four hours of floor time this evening—he cheerfully admitted that he planned an anti-filibuster filibuster—and now the vote is to be held half an hour before the opening

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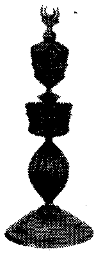

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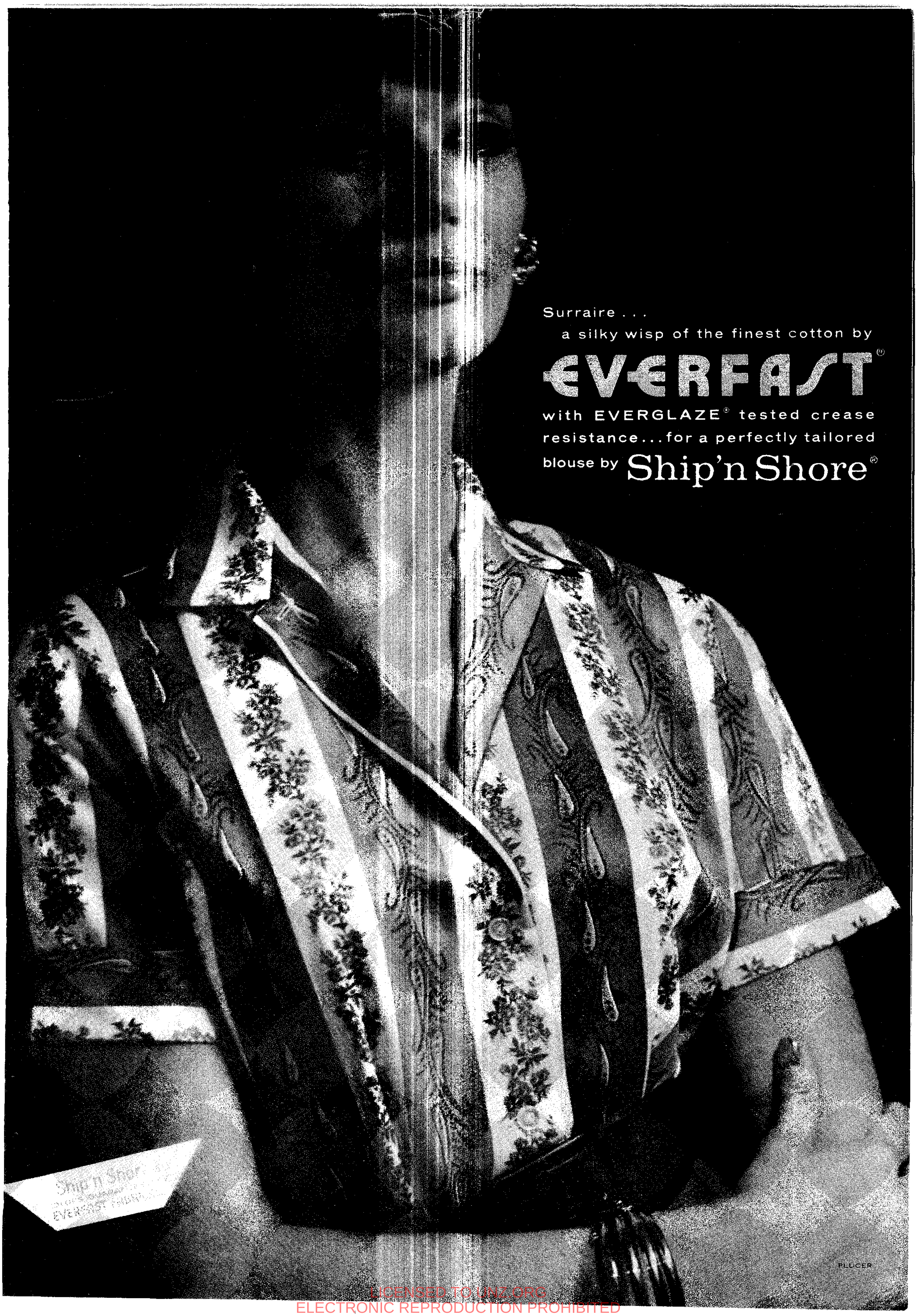
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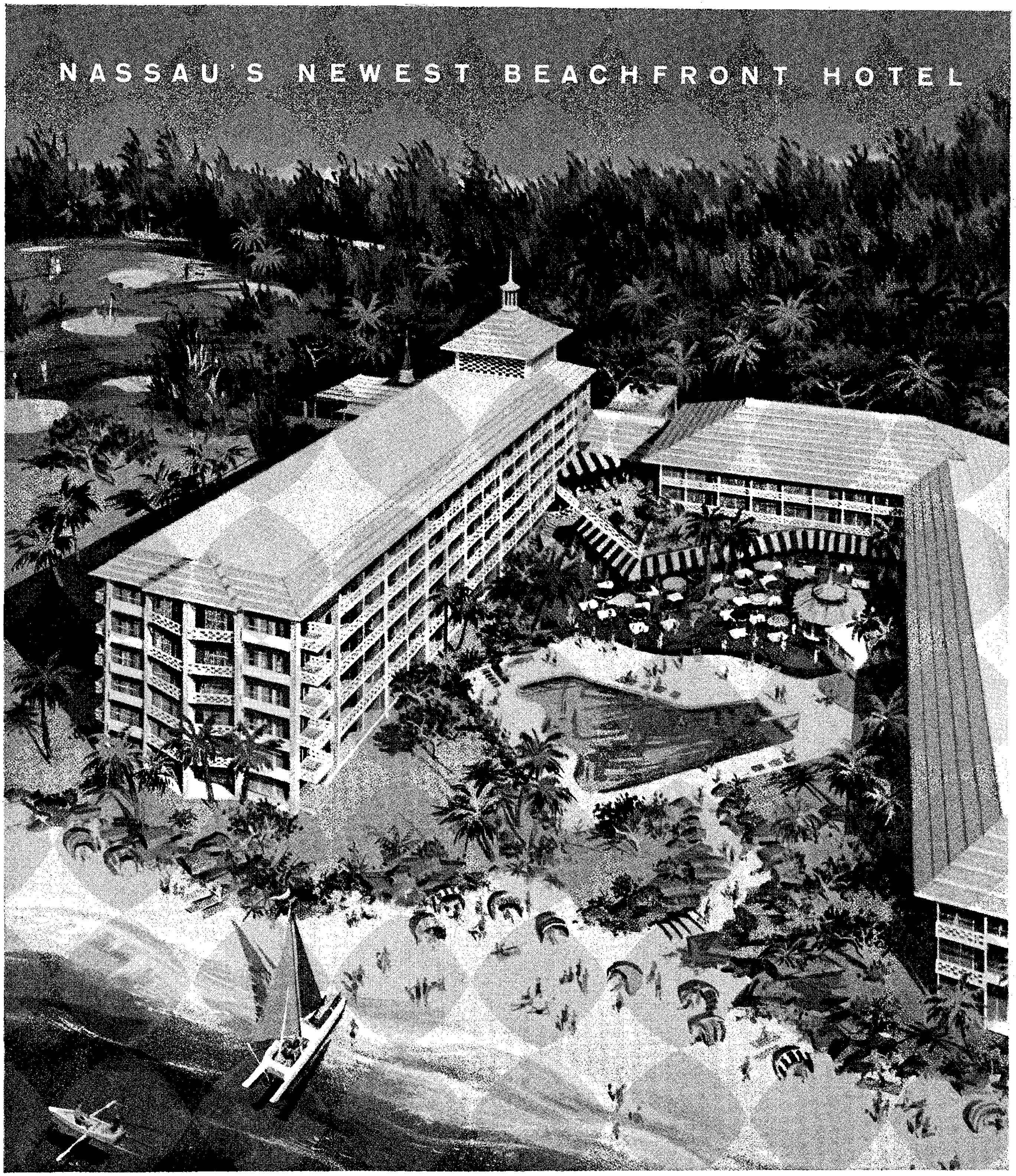

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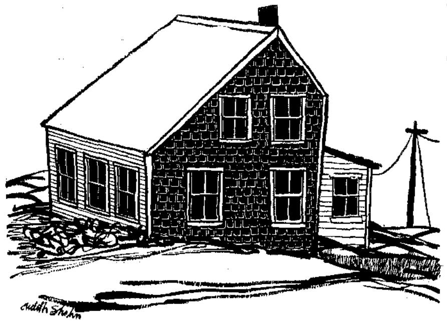
of the joint session to hear the President's State of the Union message. (The delay no doubt suits Mr. Johnson fine. Having taken on the Vice-President in a contest for Senate dominance, he will tomorrow take on the President in a contest for dominance of the headlines.)

The day's debate has been skillful and high-flown, but as a discussion of principle it has been the sheerest nonsense. The Senate, only a third of whose members are up for reëlection in any election year, naturally has more "continuity" than the House, but a "continuing body"—for example, the nation—has as great a need as any other form of organization for a workable means of changing its own rules. Positions in the current controversy derive mostly from positions on the place of the Negro in American society. A substantial majority of the Northern senators in both parties want to pass legislation that will give—or at least appear to give—Negro citizens the same rights as other citizens. Almost to a man, the Southern senators want to stop such legislation. (There is reason to believe, however, that many of them don't feel half as strongly about this as they profess to, and will be happy when the miserable problem is finally laid to rest. There is also reason to believe that many Northern senators don't feel as strongly as *they* profess to.) The Northerners oppose the "continuing-body" theory and deny that there is anything to be said for "unlimited debate," because these doctrines get in the way of the fulfillment of their legislative promises. The Southerners consider both doctrines sacred for precisely the same reason. There are a few objective souls who feel that it is a good thing to have one organ of government where unlimited debate is the rule and where a determined minority can hold out against a headstrong majority, and there are a few men from the less densely populated Northern and Western states who feel that the filibuster is needed to defend their territories against the depredations of the larger states, particularly in the matter of their natural re-



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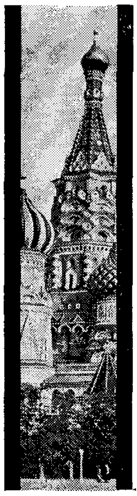
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sources. But, by and large, all these issues are antecedent in Washington politics to the question of whether there shall or shall not be "civil-rights" legislation.

IF the Anderson motion is tabled, the Senate will proceed immediately to debate Senator Johnson's proposed revision of Rule XXII, which would permit cloture on the vote of "two-thirds of the Senators present and voting," rather than on the vote of two-thirds of the whole membership. It would apply this requirement to votes on changes in the Senate rules as well, and it would declare that "the rules of the Senate shall continue from one Congress to the next Congress unless they are changed as provided in these rules"—which seems a way of asserting and nullifying a principle in a very few words. The liberals will insist that there are no concessions at all in this, since attendance is always close to a hundred per cent on civil-rights bills, and some of them may argue that it actually strengthens the South's position by making it easier to muster the one-third plus one that is necessary to maintain extended debate. They will seek to amend it with the rules revisions sponsored by Senator Douglas and a number of other Northerners; these are rather more elaborate than the Johnson proposals and call for cloture by a Constitutional majority—fifty senators. But *no one* expects any substantial revisions in the Johnson proposal, for if, as everyone suspects, the majority leader has the votes to table the Anderson resolution, he probably has the votes to keep his own proposal intact.

In the long run, though, the strategy of the Southerners is bound to fail, and, in a sense, Lyndon Johnson's present support of a sectional interest is an act of courage and selflessness for a man whose aspirations appear to be national. Each new Congress brings to Washington more congressmen who have pledged themselves to support legislation in aid of Negroes and other minorities, and in each new Congress it becomes more and more difficult for the Southerners to rally the Northern and Western assistance they need to sustain filibusters or the threat of filibusters. In the Senate, the basic strength of the South is twenty-two. Under the present rules, the South needs eleven sympathizers from other sections to stop the majority, and presumably it would need the same number, or only one or two less, if the Johnson revision should be written into the rules. A few years ago, it was no trick at all to find

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the required number. Today, however, a Northern, Midwestern, or West Coast senator who voted to sustain a filibuster against civil-rights legislation would do so at his peril, and even in the border states and the thinly populated areas of the West the lines are breaking. The day is not far off when the Senate will be free to pass any civil-rights bill its majority wishes to pass, and it will then have to face the really large question of whether it is actually possible to provide or protect civil rights by law.

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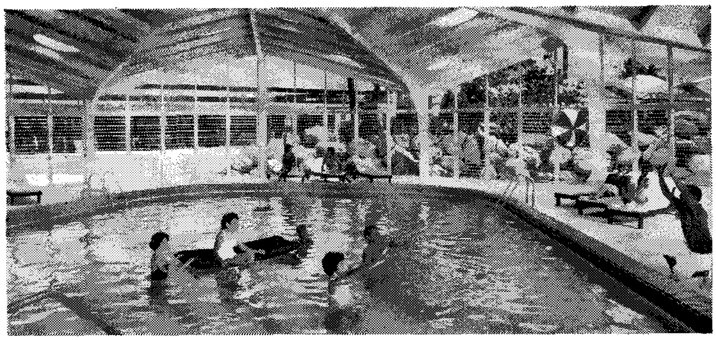

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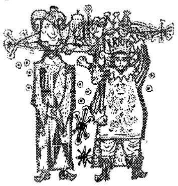

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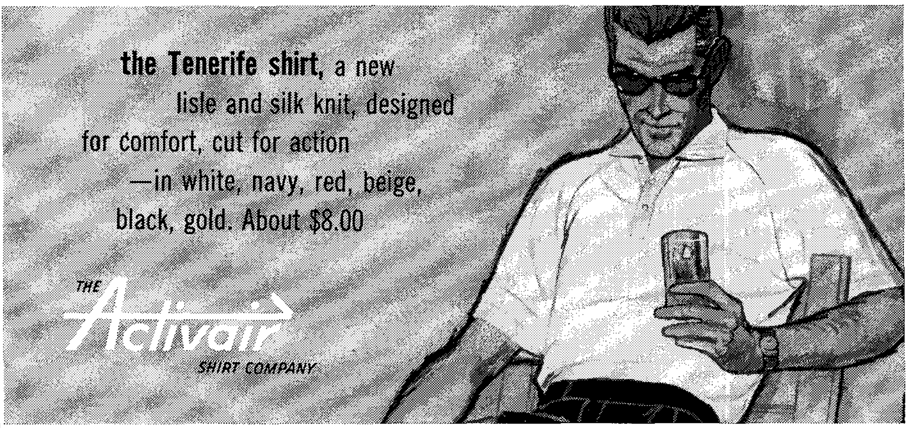

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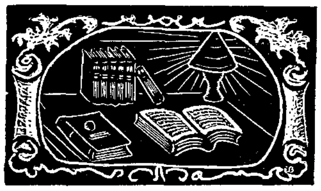

NINE COACHES WAITING, by Mary Stewart (Mill-Morrow). Linda Martin, a pretty, intelligent twenty-three-year-old, is the daughter of an English poet, who died when she was a child, leaving her destitute in Paris, where she was born. Now, after some miserable years in an English orphanage and some even more miserable years working in a boys' school in England, Linda returns to her beloved France to take up the post of governess and companion to the nine-year-old Comte Philippe de Valmy, a puny but immensely wealthy orphan who is the ward of his evasive aunt and sinister uncle. It takes Linda only a short time to discover that her little pupil's life is in danger, and her emotions are complicated by the arrival on the scene of Philippe's grown-up cousin, the handsome and reckless Raoul de Valmy. The setting is a large, luxurious, remote château that is part of Philippe's inheritance from his parents. This is an expertly written, very feminine novel of romance and suspense.

VALOR, by D. A. Rayner (Holt). In the first half of his book, Mr. Rayner tells how an imaginary battle between the armored forces of imaginary enemies, which bear more than a token likeness to the English and the Germans, is won by the English through pure strategy, part of which requires the sacrifice of two companies of men. The last half deals with what happens in the identical situation when a couple of officers, disobeying direct orders, go to the support of the beleaguered companies, and, though hopelessly balling up the strategy with their "valor," still come out on the winning side. Mr. Rayner is struggling with the classic knot at the center of all militarism—the individual versus discipline. It remains firmly tied.

THE HUSTLER, by Walter S. Tevis (Harper). Mr. Tevis, who has a swift and careless but effective style, describes the crucial moment in the career of a professional gambler. The gambler, Eddie Felson, is young and good-looking, and wants only to be the best pool player in the world. His severest test comes in Chicago, where he pits himself against a master player called Minnesota Fats. The time is the present, and the action ranges between the poolrooms of Chicago and Lexington, Kentucky.

ALL MY PRETTY ONES, by Roger Hall (Norton). Mr. Hall's humor is thin and sometimes low, but his spirits are high as he charges through this affectionate account of love, war, and changing fashions in the model-agency business in New York.

GENERAL

ON WAR, by Raymond Aron, translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin (Doubleday). In this brilliantly lucid essay, M. Aron, a French political theorist, considers the military possibilities that the world faces—total peace, total atomic war, or lots of little non-atomic wars—and concludes that if we are smart and lucky, we may do no worse than the last. The trick we have to learn is to keep the little wars little until we work out a way to avoid wars altogether. It's not going to be easy, but it can be done, M. Aron thinks, and because he foresees neither Utopia nor catastrophe but only complicated, risky, changing situations to be met—the historic condition of mankind—his views seem, if not exactly comforting, extremely plausible.

THE SUGAR PILL: AN ESSAY ON NEWSPAPERS, by T. S. Matthews (Simon & Schuster). "This is a book with a thesis," its author announces. "The thesis is that the Press is not our daily bread but our daily sugar pill." Put more simply, this means that Mr. Matthews, who used to be an editor of *Time*, has discovered that a lot of the stuff that newspapers print—including some news stories—is deliberately intended to be entertaining. (He thinks this is bad.) After a small dose of argument, the book becomes a study of two important English newspapers—the rowdy *Daily Mirror*, of London, which has the largest circulation of any daily in the world, and the respectable Manchester *Guardian*, whose circulation is small but thoughtful. They are interesting newspapers; Mr. Matthews is a good reporter; and, since he keeps quoting

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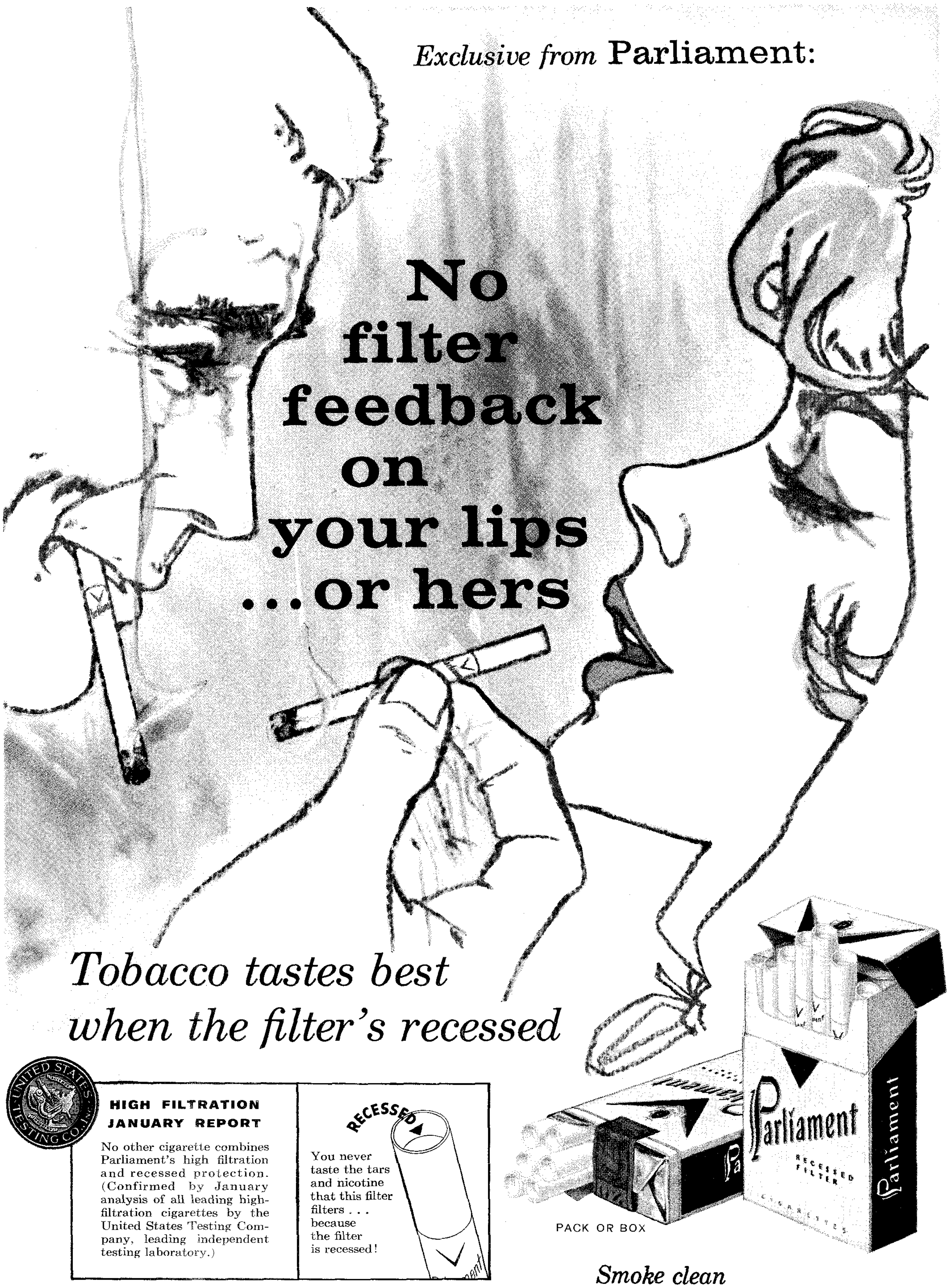
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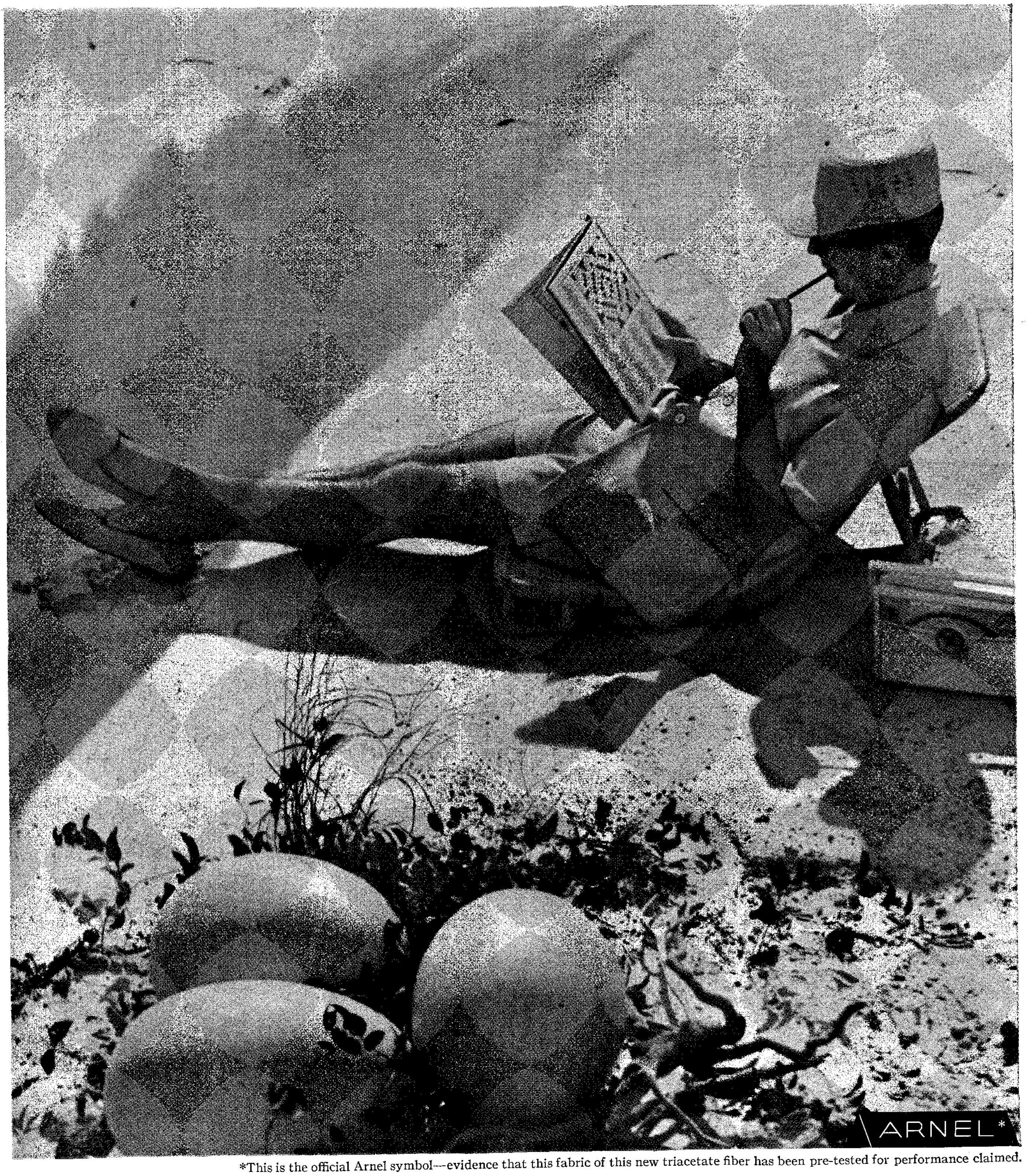

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both papers to show how irresponsibly diverting they are, this is a pretty amusing book.

MY TEN YEARS AS A COUNTERSPY, by Boris Morros, as told to Charles Samuels (Viking). The author came to the United States from Russia in the nineteen-twenties and worked his way up in show business until he became a well-known movie producer. He tried to help his family in Russia through Russian emissaries in this country, and, in return, they demanded favors that involved him in espionage. Morros went to the F.B.I. and, from 1947 to 1957, worked as their agent inside a Russian spy ring. Since spies and counterspies are statistically rare in the population, almost any book about them is likely to contain information that is news to its readers; the most striking novelty here is the impression of a spy ring as a collection of unattractive drabs—a drunk, a henpecked husband, a couple of dissatisfied wives, an avaricious but unsuccessful businessman. This is not to say that these nasty fools did no damage; they did. The book's merit (perhaps because Mr. Morros remained at heart a businessman, with a businesslike attention to detail and a liking for efficiency) is that it shows espionage as it probably is—fundamentally, a career that attracts incompetents.

EVELYN WAUGH: PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST, by Frederick J. Stopp (Little, Brown). Long, earnest, often tedious, and always admiring, this book, the work of a Cambridge professor who is a Roman Catholic, has the virtue of being the first attempt at a full-dress study of Mr. Waugh. Its other virtues, though they exist, are less apparent and imposing. It relates, briefly but in more detail than any other source at hand, the facts of Mr. Waugh's life—his racketing school days, his indolent years at Oxford, his lively youth, his travels, his marriages, and his conversion to Catholicism—and it reminds us that his works, for all their savage frivolity, their occasional oppressive sentimentality, and their increasingly smug and parochial religiosity, are the works of an artist. Its faults are a plodding academic style, a too minute scrutiny of Mr. Waugh's novels, and a determination to see in them far more than even their author would claim. Illustrated with two portraits of the subject and one of his drawings.

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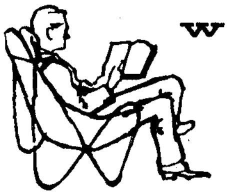

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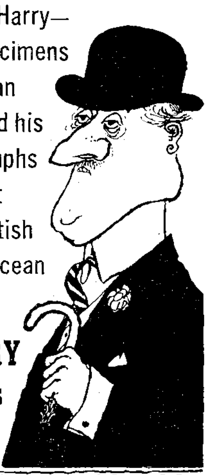

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MEDITERRANEAN IN ANCIENT TIMES, by Lionel Casson (Macmillan). Mr. Casson is probably the best-known classics professor in the New York area, having expounded Greek tragedy on television at dawn. He also likes to sail, and in this book he breezily combines his two specialties. Everybody knows that ancient history proceeds, in order, from Egyptians to Phoenicians to Greeks to Romans; Mr. Casson shows each of them proceeding on the water from timid coastal runs to bolder journeys, which led to international trade, exploration, piracy, and whopping naval battles. He describes these profitable and gory activities with spirit and an intelligible nautical vocabulary.

MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY, by Richard H. Barker (Criterion). This is very likely, for practical purposes, the best biography of Proust. Pierre-Quint's is out of date; André Maurois's, though it made use of new material, was in the nature of an official job and contains less information than Mr. Barker's. This new biography differs from Maurois's, and also from Harold March's "The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust," in attempting no exposition of Proust's philosophy and little psychological interpretation. What Mr. Barker does do—and in a prose somewhat sounder than we usually get from American writers on literary subjects—is to thread his way through the labyrinth of Proust's correspondence and the innumerable memoirs of people who knew him at different periods and in different connections, and to coördinate all these records for a detailed but clear account of Proust's life. Mr. Barker also traces Proust's development as a writer and summarizes the content of his books. Useful and extremely readable.

PROUST RECAPTURED: SIX RADIO SKETCHES BASED ON THE AUTHOR'S CHARACTERS, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (University of Chicago Press). The idea of a radio series of imaginary conversations between the characters of Proust's novel may not seem particularly happy, yet Miss Johnson has been astonishingly successful. The sketches stand up in print and will much amuse anyone amused by Proust. Miss Johnson has sometimes presented (by narrative and dramatic dialogue) an actual episode from Proust, sometimes elaborated on an episode (such as Charles' relations with his wife,

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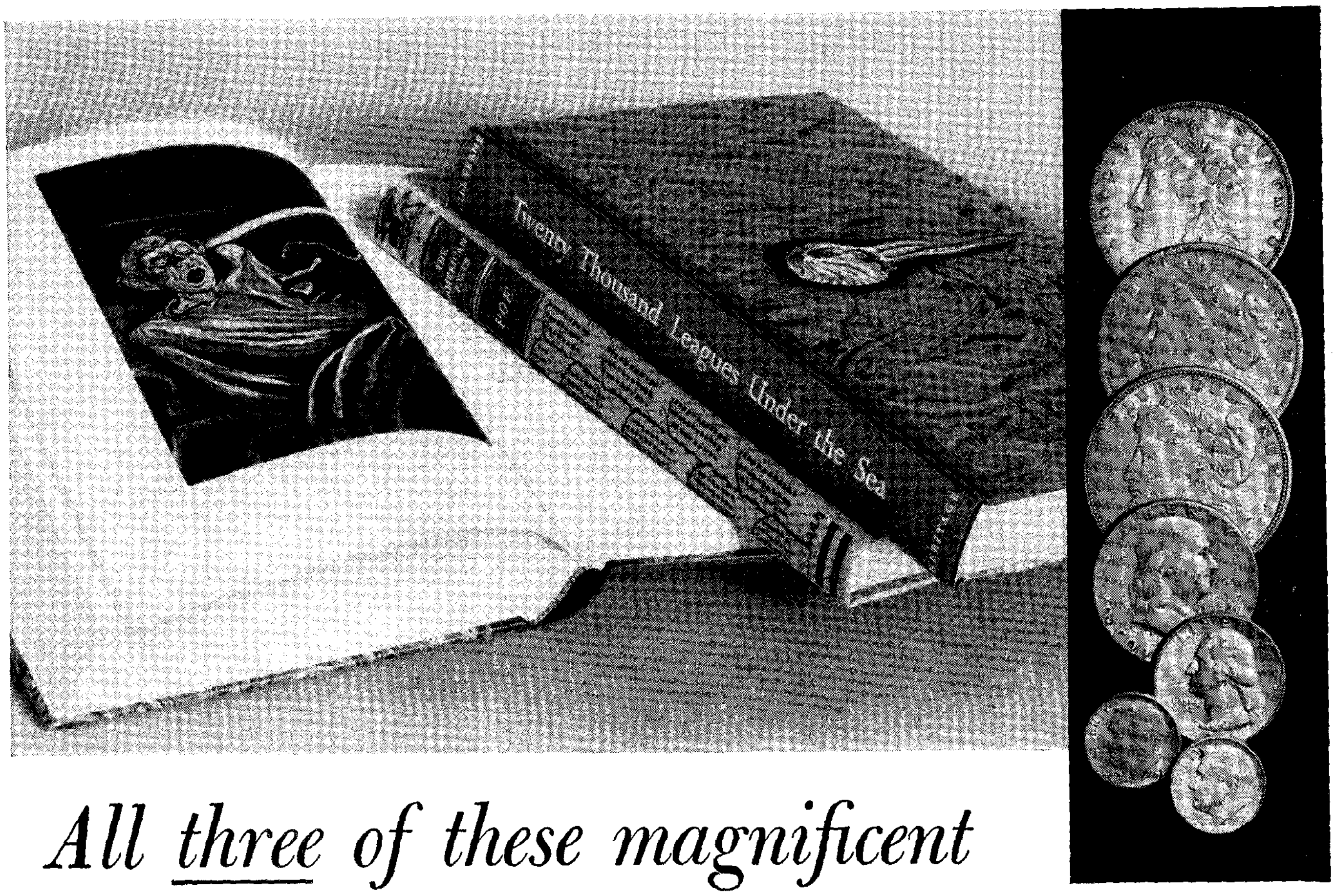

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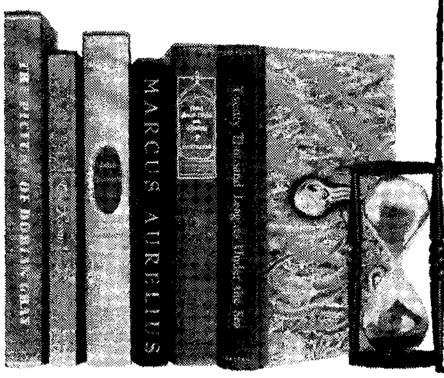
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which are only touched upon in the novel), and sometimes (as in her picture of the Proustian world under the German Occupation of the nineteen-forties) invented a new, anachronistic episode. Marcel, in this wartime sketch, can never be sure whether Albertine is working for the Resistance or the Germans. A sketch called "Albertine Regained" takes the reader's breath away by reviving Albertine—the wire about her death was a hoax—and having Marcel, in deference to his mother's tears, actually marry his dubious mistress. He is no longer excited about her but enjoys having her beside him, "like a great, comfortable cat." She turns out to be rather banal.

DALI, by Michel Tapié and A. Reynolds Morse (New York Graphic Society). Dali may assume the poses of a mountebank, but behind the posturing he is an extremely talented, versatile, and subtle painter, and this book, possibly the first to deal with him seriously and at length as an artist, is a valuable one. Like the text, the hundred and thirteen reproductions cover pretty much his entire career. Starting with an example done in 1916, at the age of twelve, and including a couple from his little-known Cubist phase, they, too, testify to his amazing facility and dexterity. For good measure, Dali contributes his own interpretations of some of his favorite pictures—"hyperlucid," "rhinocerontic," and so on, but rarely depreciative. Fifteen dollars.

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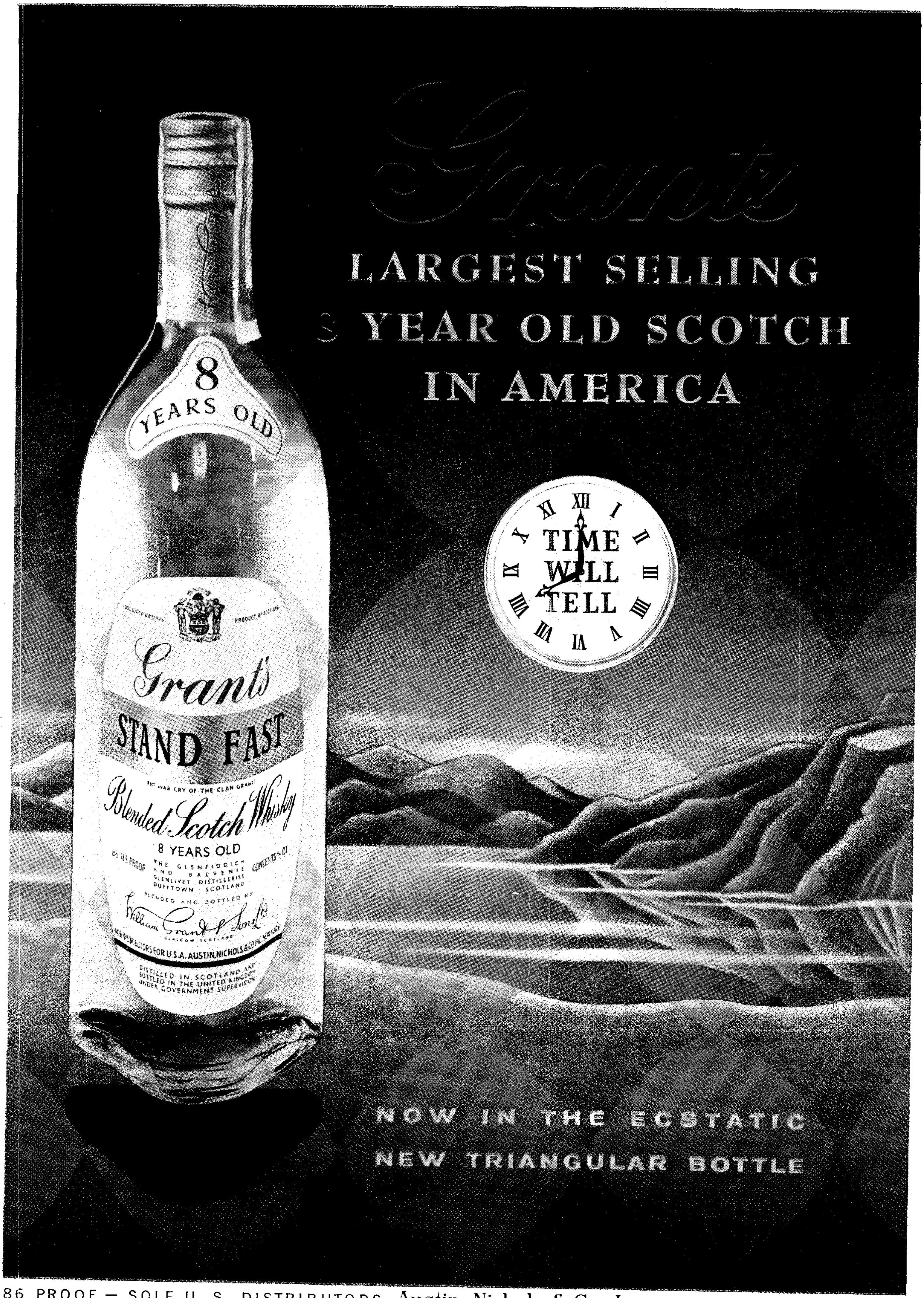
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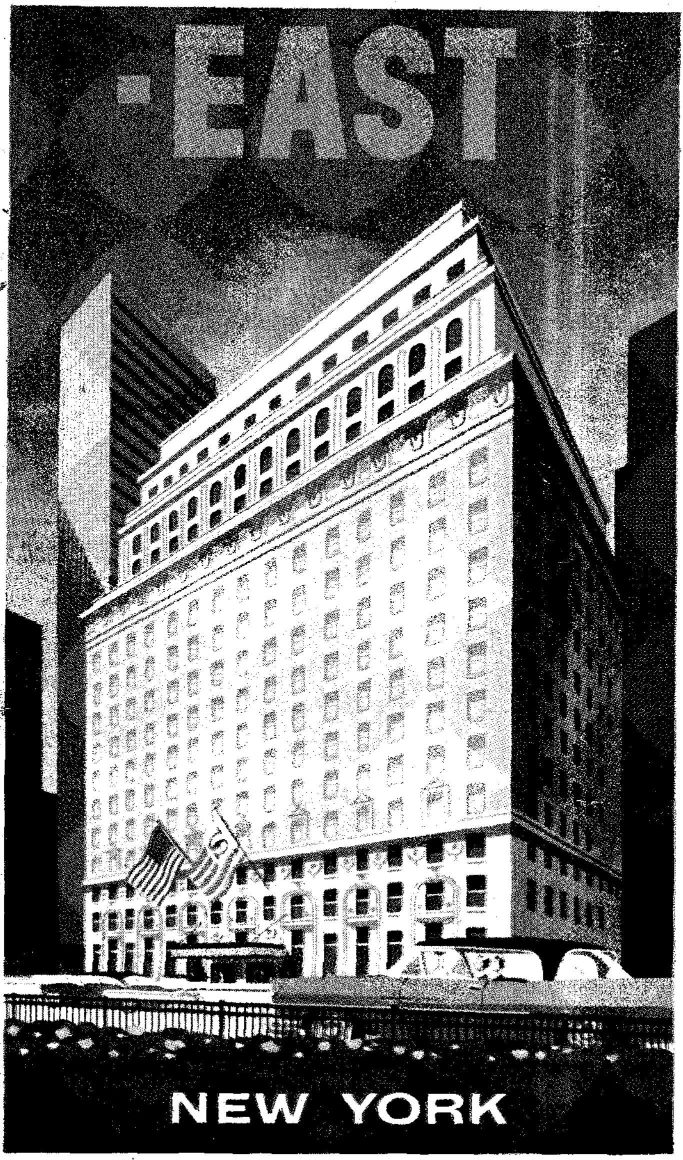

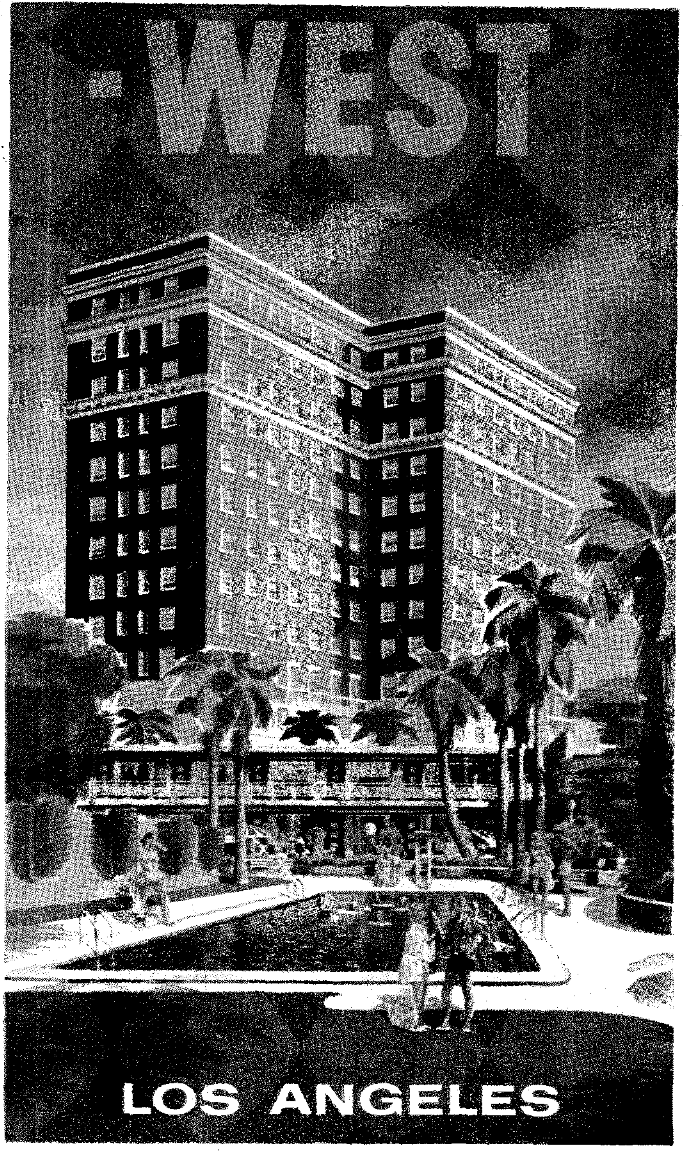

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